Beginning

Woman in Love a new novel **By Kathleen Norris**

Collier's

THE ATIONA KLY

July 21, 1934

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PAUL SHIVELY

ULY 21, 1934

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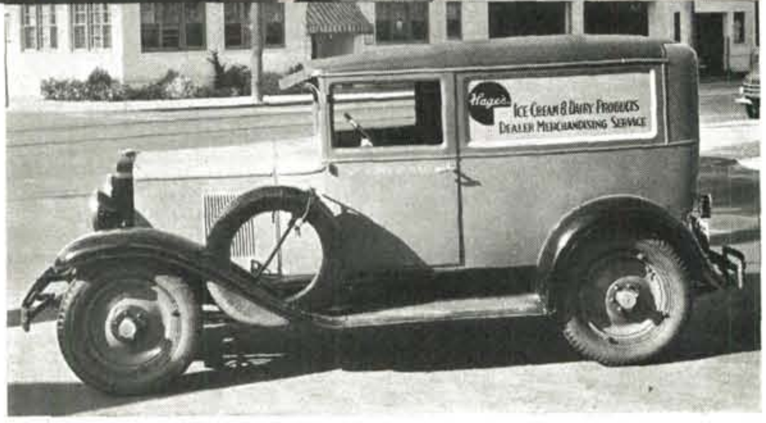

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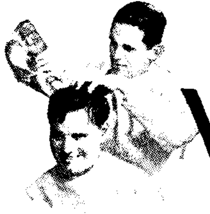

VITALIS

Keeps Hair Healthy and Handsome . . .

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THERE were two men in Lucia McQuinn's life, both personages of standing and importance in Eastwood. One was her husband Ross, who had been born in Snyder Junction, who had made his own way and his own fortune. The other was Willis Renwick, a fifth-generation aristocrat.

The same calamity overtook them both, and Lucia was caught in the falling fabric of an industrial empire. Willis Renwick met disaster like a gentleman of the old school; Ross McQuinn chose another way. Which was the "Man of Honor"? Eastwood made its choice at once and Lucia, watching them both, made a final and different decision. In an illuminating story of modern morals Elmer Davis puts the problem up to you.

LET'S go back to April for a minute, to the huge and hideous capitol in Albany. Do you see that roomful of people, chatting, wrangling, dozing? That's the New York State legislature; but pay no attention to them. There are only four men in this room that count. They're at work: they're passing laws to govern a sovereign people *at the rate of two a minute.* It will be worth your while to look carefully at this set-up—it's the most perfect device in the world for "Misrepresentative Government." John T. Flynn shows you how it works.

THE neat manila envelope that young Senator Colton handed to Sylvia Deane had a world war wrapped up in it. And to have the makings of a world war in your pretty hands is a man-sized responsibility—especially for a girl.

"Wear 'em," Colton told her. "I don't want you to turn those papers loose for a minute." In "The Thirty Thousand Dollar Bomb," a fast-moving short story, Hugh Wiley shows you how Sylvia rescued the man she loved—and, incidentally, the peace of the world.

IS IT ever possible to get better than a "natural" score from a deal in contract bridge? The answer is yes. The masters of the game have tried it successfully again and again. At dramatic moments in tournament play they have "shot" for impossible scores—and made them. In the best bridge article you have ever read Shepard Barclay shows you these "Shooting Stars."

AGATHA CHRISTIE contributes the uncanny story of a vision seen "In a Glass Darkly." Frank Condon writes the Short Short. Quentin Reynolds, Kathleen Norris, Ray Tucker, W. R. Burnett and others add to the dash and vigor of a strenuous life. So be prepared.

This Week

●

July 21, 1934

Cover by Paul Shively

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Woman in Love. **Beginning Mrs. Norris' most brilliant novel. Page 7**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Wolf's Clothing, **by Henri Duvernois. Page 10**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Artful Dodger. **Casey Stengel's recipe for running a ball club. Page 11**

OWEN P. WHITE
Carolina Moon. **Better known as Corn and better consumed sparingly—unless you're from North Carolina. Page 12**

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
Emergency Room. **Bandit or interne? The nurse had to decide. Page 14**

DON MARQUIS
So the King Stopped It. **Civilization is thrown for a loss. Page 16**

FRANK BUCK
Bearer of the Tooth. **The biggest elephant in the world—and peevish. Page 17**

ERNEST HAYCOX
The Other Hero. **What's family life to a rodeo rider? Page 18**

JACLAND MARMUR
Dark Landfall. **Two men and a girl against the sea. Page 20**

LUKE FAUST
Act Natural. **Show business—where you'd better smile when you say "sir." Page 22**

W. R. BURNETT
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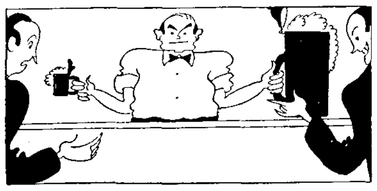
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Hand-picked facts. Page 36**

EDITORIAL
All Opposed—Say Something. **Page 58**

●

Any Week

WHILE General Johnson in Washington was, as we are advised from that exhausted city, "resting on his quarrels," Mr. Carl Mack of Chicago, Illinois, was writing a code for tavern keepers. It is, says Mr. Mack, the Beer Stein Code and is "for the guidance of tavern keepers whose steins vary in size, the price being uniform at ten cents." For example: "Eight-ounce stein, hold two inches below tap; twelve-ounce stein, hold six inches below tap; sixteen-ounce stein, hold twelve inches below tap; twenty-ounce stein, hold eighteen inches below tap; twenty-four-ounce stein, hold twenty-four inches below tap. Tavern keepers offering larger steins to be guided by conscience. The official insignia of this code shall be a bubble. The official slogan: 'Hold 'em high down low Chonny, ve get so much for der bubbles as ve do for der beer yet.' "



MR. LEONARD WALZ of Salt Lake City, Utah, finds that our editorials cause him "less suffering than most" but wonders whether we make the most of our chances. "Out this way we have editorial writers who can turn a perfect day or a rise in wages to horrid omens for the opposition. For instance, when the news reached us that New York City practically kicked holes in the sides of our battleships in their eagerness to get aboard them, one of our leading writers took pen in hand to tell us that this meant a 'return of the fine old patriotism of '98.' He probably never heard of 1917. But having gone that far he feared nothing. He said: 'It likewise signifies a return of national sanity which will crush under foot such teachings of Russia as the NIRA, the AAA and unsound money.' Gents, you are pikers."

AND Mr. F. L. Snyder of Albany, Oregon, simply throws up his hands. "I'm just a blacksmith and know nothing about political economy," says he. "But the farmers here are offered only twenty-five cents a hundred for potatoes, the canneries offer only two cents a pound for strawberries, so that hundreds of crates lie unpicked. And there are tons of last year's hay that can't be sold for any price and still they go and kill thousands of cattle in the Middle West for lack of feed and people in the industrial sections could do with those potatoes and strawberries and—"

MR. ROBERT R. McILWAINE of Bristol, Virginia, was born in Japan and lived there until he was fifteen. Therefore he admonishes us gently for an illustration we used recently showing a referee of a Japanese wrestling match sitting instead of following the bout on his feet. He likewise sends us a card from a Japanese schoolboy in Nakamura to illustrate his point. The schoolboy sketches thereon a match he had just witnessed and writes: "The schoolboys weresting was held on last day, under the auspices of Nankokunippo. I went to see it, the crowd of people full in arena, I think more than one million of bystander. At last the champion flag carried away by school of Sukumo."

HAVING read Owen P. White's "Spare that Desert," Mr. James O. Brier, who toils daily at Boulder Dam, was moved to invite us out to look the place over. "Ever see any of this country?" he asks. "Great place. The wind blows on Sundays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. When it doesn't blow on those particular days it blows on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays. And most of the scenery blows with it. This country is the darnedest collection of jagged mountains, coarse sand, fine sand, sage brush and wind you ever saw."

FOR the benefit of Mrs. Frank Slovak of Gordon, Nebraska, we advise that Teresa Hyde Phillips, who wrote "Private Case," is a mother. Mrs. Slovak doubted it when, having read the story, she noticed that the baby in "Private Case" "gained fourteen ounces in two days." Mrs. Slovak was shocked. Says she (speaking from experience), "Babies should gain from five to eight ounces a week. And eight is quite enough; they get so big at that rate that they quickly become hard to carry around."

MR. R. P. CRAWFORD of Shreve, Ohio, finds us "slowly waking up to the fact that the return of the bootlegger has not stopped bootlegging." He's right. We shall have several pages of things to say about that soon. "I get great joy," says he, "watching you bump your head on immovable facts and note the way you squirm." We didn't think we did that. But Mr. Crawford excuses us, saying: "You are so young. Time will cure that."

WE HOPE not.

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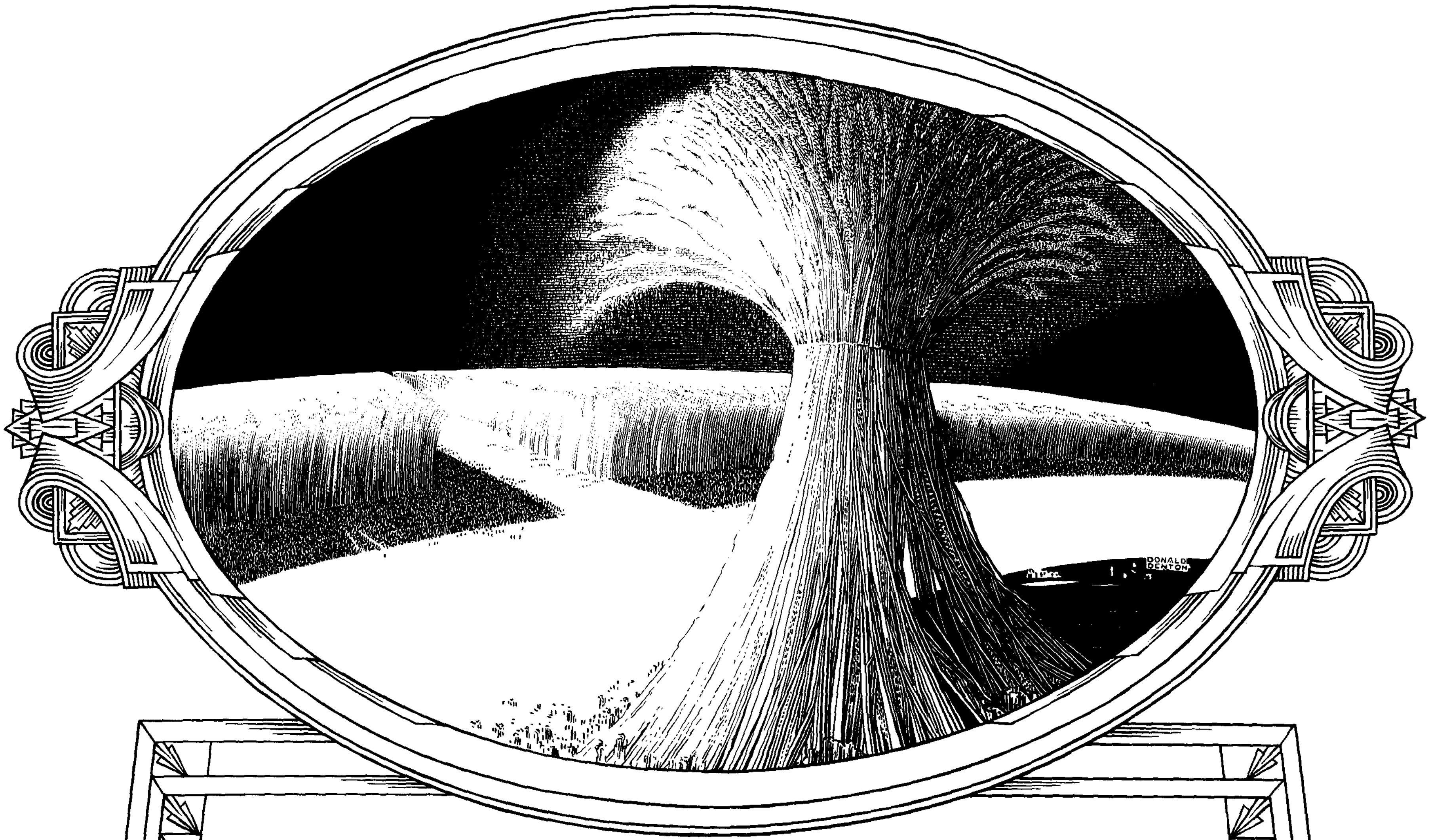

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This year's golden harvest also marks the passing of fifty growing years for the Mimeograph. And well we know that its phenomenal success is not due entirely to our own efforts. Mimeograph users, and all those interested in Mimeograph distribution throughout the world, have done their full share in this important development, the seed-idea of which was stencil printing. The growth of that idea has brought a simplified and highly efficient duplicating process, by which thousands of exact copies of letters, forms, bulletins, graphs, etc., can be easily produced in every hour of the working day. It has been a sturdy growth. And well we know that gratitude should ever play its gracious part in the fields of business. If the Mimeograph has become a useful servant, if it is working economies and betterments in industry and education, it is because it has never had to stand alone. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

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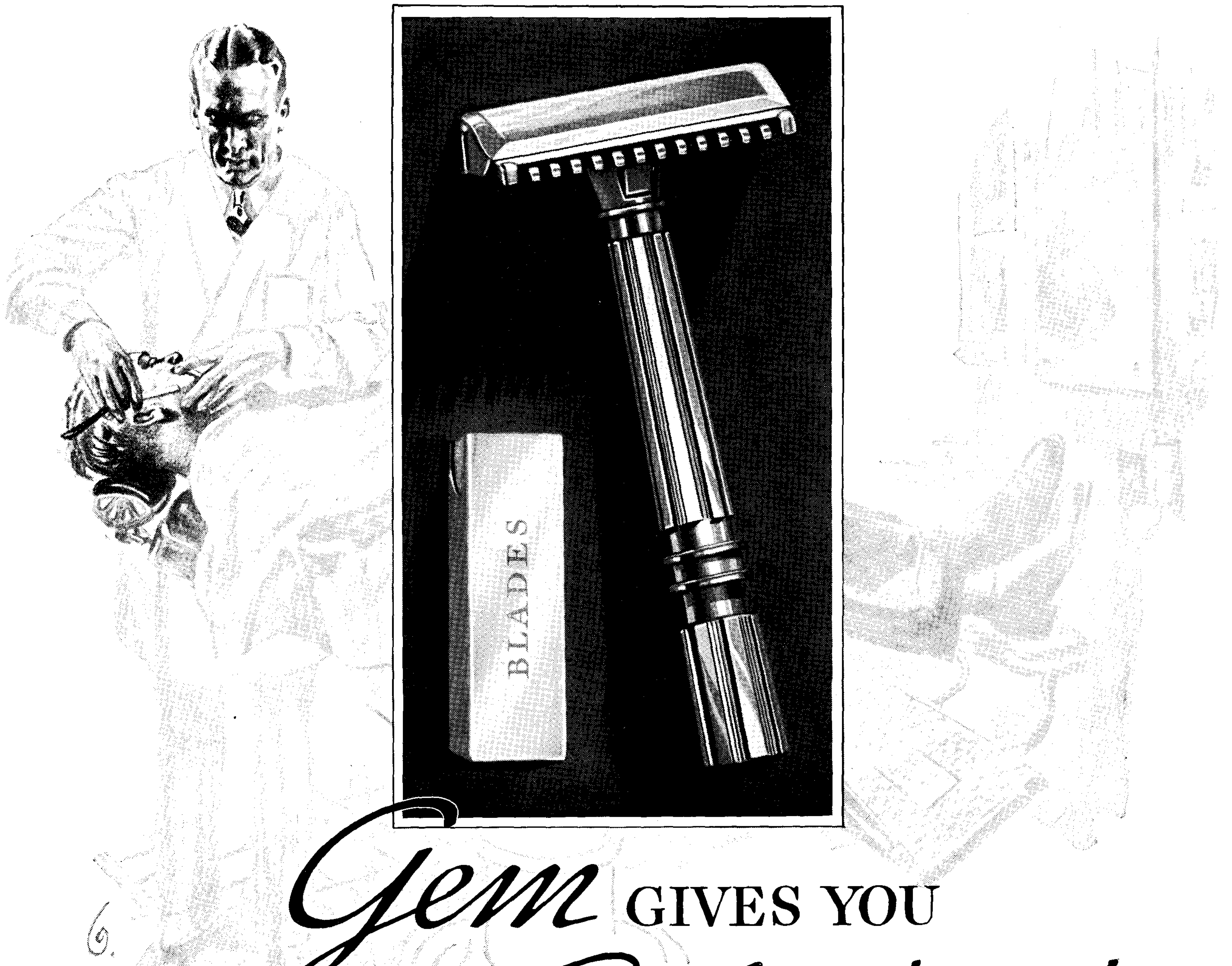

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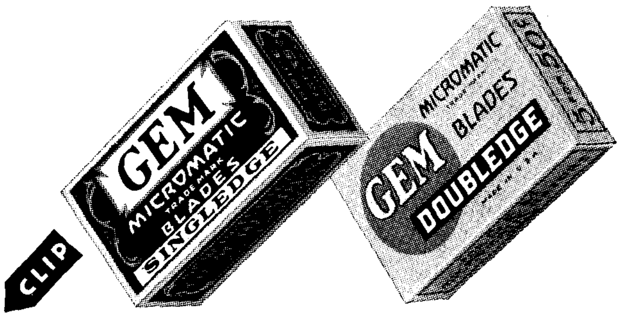
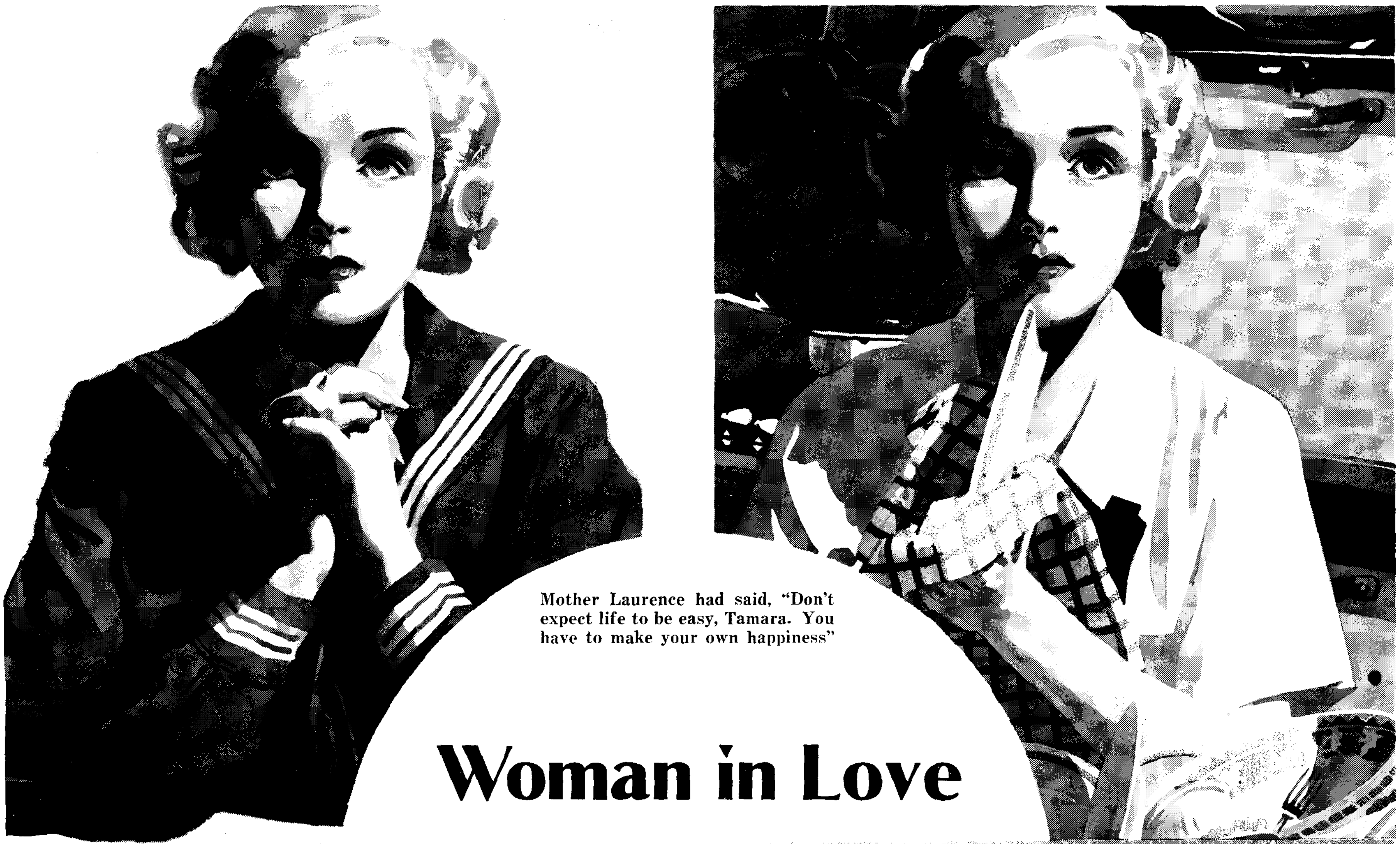


GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades

Collier's The National Weekly for July 21, 1934



Mother Laurence had said, "Don't expect life to be easy, Tamara. You have to make your own happiness"

Woman in Love

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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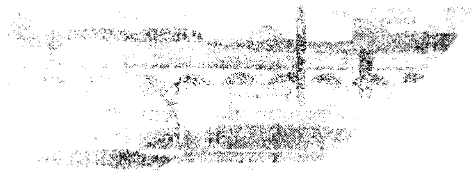


Beginning the adventures of a girl who left the quieter ways of life and learned, through bitter experience, that beauty can be a lodestone for strange perils

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

DID Mother Laurence send for you yesterday and go into her specialty dance about being a good, true, fine woman, worthy of Saint Bride's?" Pauline van der Venter asked suddenly. Tamara Todhunter only laughed a little, shocked laugh, but Helena Frost answered carelessly:

"She talked to all the graduates, didn't she? I imagine she always does. Yes, she gave me quite a little monologue."

"I like Mother Laurence," Tamara said suddenly and shyly. "She was awfully sweet to me all the time I was at Saint Bride's."

"I can't stand the woman!" Helena said, in her negligent, superior way. She stifled a yawn, looked out of the train window at the forests and meadows of Oregon flying by, and opened her handbag to refresh her young beauty with powder and rouge. "I always hated her," she said, the words stopping another yawn. "How long were you at Hell Hole, Tamara?"

"Five years. My mother brought me there when my father died, and I've been there ever since."

"Vacations and all?" Helena asked, in a tone that said that there was something distinctly wrong about spending vacations at Saint Bride's.

"Well, all except one. My Aunt Tamara was at Lake Louise that year, and I went there to be with her."

"The only Tamara I know is some actress named Tamara Townsend," Helena said.

"That's Tam's aunt," Pauline said.

"No? Is that so?" The splendid Helena was interested for a moment. "Didn't she—" she hesitated. "Didn't she die?" she asked, in a lower tone.

"Last year, yes. She was killed in a motor accident in Florida."

"What was her big play, now?"

"The True Lie. She made a comeback—or at least all the critics said she did, as the aunt. It played a whole year in New York, and Aunt Tee—we called her Aunt Tee—had gone down to Florida for a rest, and she was killed."

"Your mother's an actress, too," Pauline encouraged Tamara, seeing that Helena was inclined to patronize them both for the moment. Helena had been the most important girl in Saint Bride's, and Pauline was going to live in the same city with her, and had been warned by her mother not to lose Helena's friendship.

"Well," Tamara said hesitatingly. "I don't believe she's been acting lately. She—she keeps house for my brother and sister. They're on the stage."

"Your brother and sister are?" Helena demanded, surprised.

"Lance and Coral, yes. They may not," Tamara added, in strict honesty, "they may not be acting now, but they're both actors."

"Like the Barrymore family," Helena said, in admiration.

"Not exactly. At least we're not at the top," Tamara explained honestly, with a fine wrinkle between the dark, clear wings of her eyebrows. "But the whole family's been in the profession, always, I guess. My aunt, and my father—my uncle was Billy Ingraham—"

"When I was in New York—oh, five years ago, I saw that play about the Barrymores," Helena, following her own line of thought, interrupted. "I adored it. I mean, meals at all hours, and the most delightful brother coming in with parrots and swamis, and the darling old house—where does your mother live, Tamara?"

"I don't know San Francisco at all. I've never seen their apartment," Tamara said. "But I know the number—222 Turk Street."

Helena laughed.

"Oh, no, you don't know the number, my dear!" she said lightly. "*That* isn't the number! It's more likely to be Washington or Pacific Avenue."

"Well, I don't know," Tamara agreed, willing to withdraw whatever Helena found so objectionable. "I *think* that's the address. Anyway, it's an apartment hotel—the Valhalla."

"No, darling, nobody lives on Turk Street, except perhaps some very flossy ladies indeed," Helena said. "You've got that wrong. Are you going on the stage, too, Tamara?" she asked.

"I think my mother rather expects me to. But Mother Laurence said she earnestly advised me not to, and that she was praying for me not to, and that it was a terrible life for a girl," Tamara explained, in her soft, reedy voice that had so many notes of appeal and indecision in it.

Helena gave a short, impatient laugh. "Isn't that exactly like dear, old Reverend Mother!" she said. "What's it to her what we do, as long as we graduate? She was giving me a great line yesterday. I am to be a débutante, and to have a prominent social position, and the world looks to convent girls to set an example of purity and fineness and all that! I almost said 'Yeah?' I've never been so bored in my life."

"DID she tell you your besetting weakness, Helena?" Pauline, eagerly taking the other girl's lead, asked with a laugh that matched Helena's for scorn.

"Oh, of course. I'm proud. And a little pride is all right, if it makes you value your self-respect and preserve it. And a lot more like that—I adored it!" Helena said. "And now she doesn't want you to go on the stage, when your whole family's been acting for generations—I love it," Helena said.

"It wasn't quite that, Helena," Tamara offered. "But she's always been a good friend to me—she was only Sister Mary Laurence when I went to Saint Bride's and she used to teach history. So I sort of feel that I know her. And she said that she thought it was a mistake for a girl to go on the stage unless she had marked talent."

"I'd go on the stage like a shot if I had your chance," Helena said. "What *sort of parts is your sister playing?*"

"She was in Perfect Alibi—just a maid's part, I think."

"Mother Laurence trying to make you go against your own mother. My mother'll boil when I tell her that!"

"Oh, I don't think she did, Helena! But she was saying how proud she was of this year's graduating class, and how much she hoped for us all, and that she wants us to make fine women of ourselves—keep up our French and our music. She was awfully anxious for me to go to Rome with the other girls and Sister Paul of the Cross, but my mother said she couldn't afford it this year. My aunt was putting me through school, and after she died there wasn't much left, it seems."

"We may go this summer," Pauline said. "We'll probably go to Santa Barbara to my aunt, and go east in September by the Canal. I'm not coming out until after Christmas anyway."

"I'm having the usual jamboree in November—Lord, how I hate all the débutante fuss!" Helena said. The other two girls were respectfully silent. If a van der Venter, with the Risings and *the Folletts for aunts and uncles, could* be bored with the prospect of her twentieth winter in San Francisco society, then there was small hope for anyone else.

HELENA was pale gold of hair, clear pink and white of skin, clear blue of eye. The sum total was not, somehow, successful. Her nose was a little long, her expression a little haughty; she was a tall, thin girl with long, aristocratic hands and feet, but despite the correctly modeled head and the red, red lips, Helena did not achieve beauty; there was something untouchable, unlovable about her quick arrogance, her assurance, her languor.

Pauline was pretty; the newspapers would presently be describing her as one of the loveliest of the season's buds. Her short, curled mop was shining and black, her cheeks were red, her dark eyes darkly lashed; she had a trim figure and well-groomed hands, she dressed well, and she had charming, smiling, endearing little manners quite her own.

The girl who completed the group of three in "Drawing-room A," as the train rushed through the early summer afternoon on the long way from Victoria to San Francisco, was distinctly beautiful; in her pleated white skirt, bluejacket blouse and flying silk scarf she had been the beauty of Saint Bride's; she would be the beauty wherever she went. Just as Helena's blue and gold and scarlet coloring did not add up into loveliness, so Tamara's mysteriously did; her purple eyes were deeply set, her wide mouth showed fine, big, square teeth when she smiled, and when she brushed the dark gold of her loosely waved hair severely from her low forehead, as she had done in the dusty, weary heat of the train this afternoon, she wore an air of freshness and sweetness and weariness like that of a tired baby. Helena was very tall, and Pauline short almost to the point of being described as cunning; Tamara was apt to impress the observing world as being of just the right height between the two extremes, as being of a rounded slenderness that the squared shoulders and straight little chin gave dignity.

"It's five o'clock," Tamara said. "Just one more hour and the Angelus will be ringing, and darling old Sister Xavier saying 'ze angele of ze Lort declarit unto Marie—' "

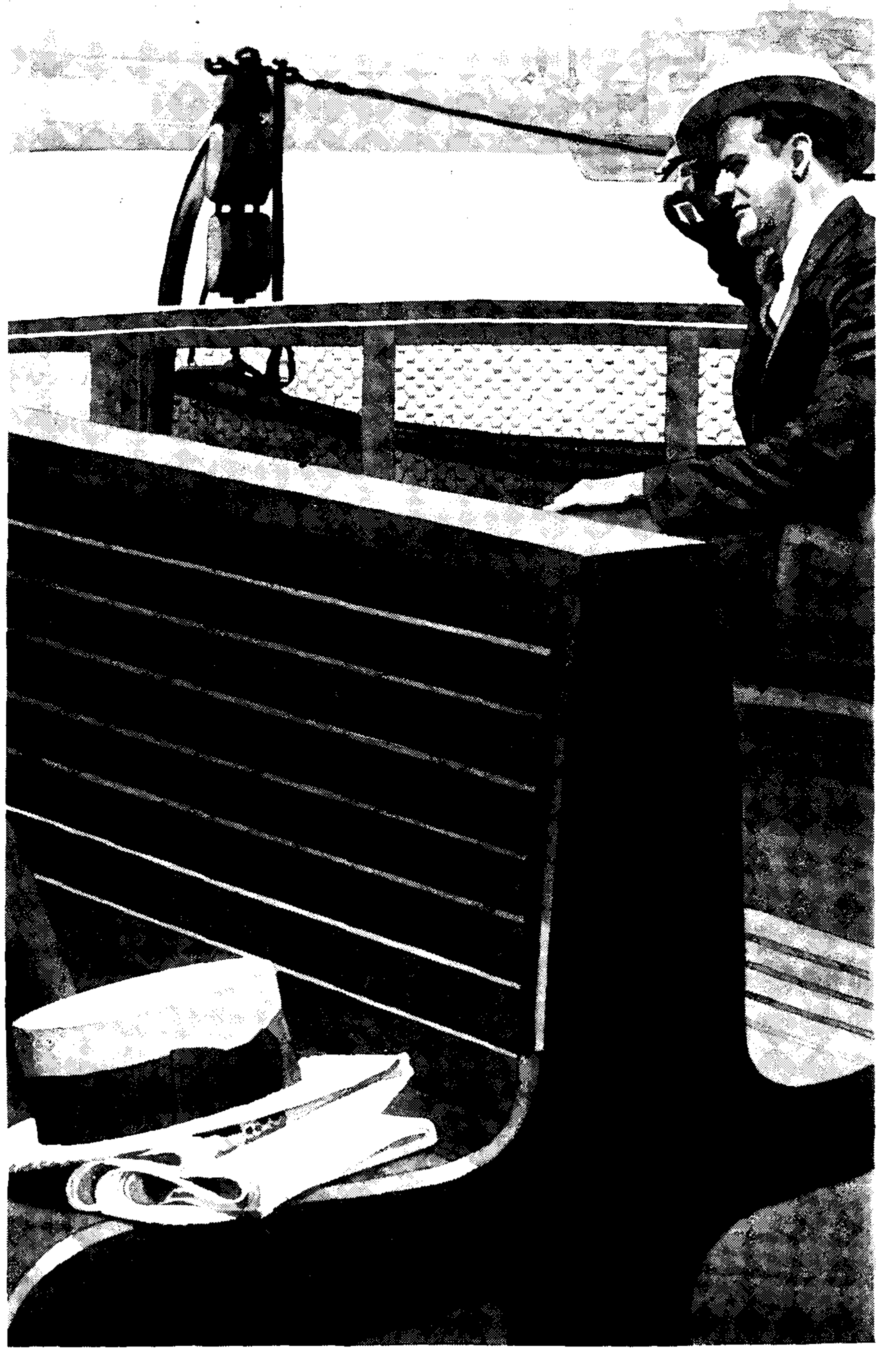
"Don't. I loathe it all. My mother never would have sent me there," Helena said, "if I hadn't been interfering with my sister Marjorie's affairs. Boys were calling on me by the half-dozen, and poor Marge, who's been out three years, didn't have a date. So Mamma *sent me off. She promised me a new* car if I'd stay a year and graduate and so I did. But if anyone thinks I *liked* it—"

TAMARA was not listening. The train had passed Benicia, now, and was running southwest. Villages were thickening on both sides; in the shabby late afternoon light everything looked rather gray and ugly. They were passing bay-windowed cottages with radio antennæ on their roofs; apartment houses set at odd angles against empty lots between straggling, advertisement-plastered fences; boys screaming like wild birds as they swooped about corners. A hot sun was setting off toward the hazy west; it glittered in the windows of a thousand modest homes on the rising hills behind Berkeley; it spilled through the low branches of oaks like poured fire.

Oakland, and goodbys to Helena. A smart car, a liveried chauffeur, a kissing mother in white linen were waiting at Sixteenth Street for Helena; Tamara and Pauline, smiling down from the car windows, could see rather than hear the *jumble of welcome and talk and direction.* Helena, with Tahoe and "the Hillsborough place" and her coming-out in society definitely within her grasp at last, vanished from their lives; Tamara and Pauline went on alone.

On the boat there was another parting, this one almost without words. Tamara was looking for Lance, and Pauline was absorbed by an elderly woman and a handsome little boy of ten, who carried her off upstairs. There was no Lance to be found. Tamara felt somehow a little chilled; her brother would meet her at the San Francisco ferry after the twenty-minute trip, of course, but it was a little humiliating to have the other girls so eagerly absorbed, and not to be met oneself at all. After all, she had not seen her own people for almost five years.

The boat was large, drafty, and



filled downstairs with ranks of cars. There were also ranged seats downstairs, deep, slippery curved seats of dark brown wood, with iron handles dividing them into narrow stalls. The floor was black and littered with cigarette stubs and odds and ends of rubbish and paper. There was a smell of wet wood, horses, salt wind and shoe polish in the big black space; men lounged in the seats, read newspapers, chewed gum.

THE gum came from a bright booth faced with magazines, and banked in with silver-wrapped chocolate bars and peppermint rings. A girl was in the booth, talking across the counter to a young, pimply-faced man. She had almost turned her back to her wares, to shut herself off from the world, and to purchasers gave but casual attention, over her shoulder.

"Take it, and leave the nickel there," she said to magazine buyers, and instantly was deep in talk again. "Listen, Walt, Eva was coo-coo. Listen, she was coo-coo. Gazina said—of course she was there—of course she was—"

Tamara would have liked to walk through the boat to the open deck in front, to see the city as they approached it. But great iron doors had been closed upon the motor cars, and in any case she did not like to leave her luggage; her two bags, her hat box. Aunt Tamara had sent her the hat box, and an adorable velvet hat inside it, last Christmas.

After a while she said shyly to the bootblack, "Will you keep your eye on my bags?" and went upstairs. Lance might be upstairs.

She saw no one she knew, but going forward she had a fine view of the long, low roof of the gray ferry building, and the clock tower, and the radiating streets of the hilliest city rising behind them. The sun was smothered and smoldering red behind blankets of fog, now, and the air was cool. Gulls circled the boat; other boats came and went with toots and whistles; the gray waters of the bay were moving in briskly from the Gate, and when the Piedmont finally made her pier, waves churned busily among the rocking piles and washed with noisy slaps against her hull.

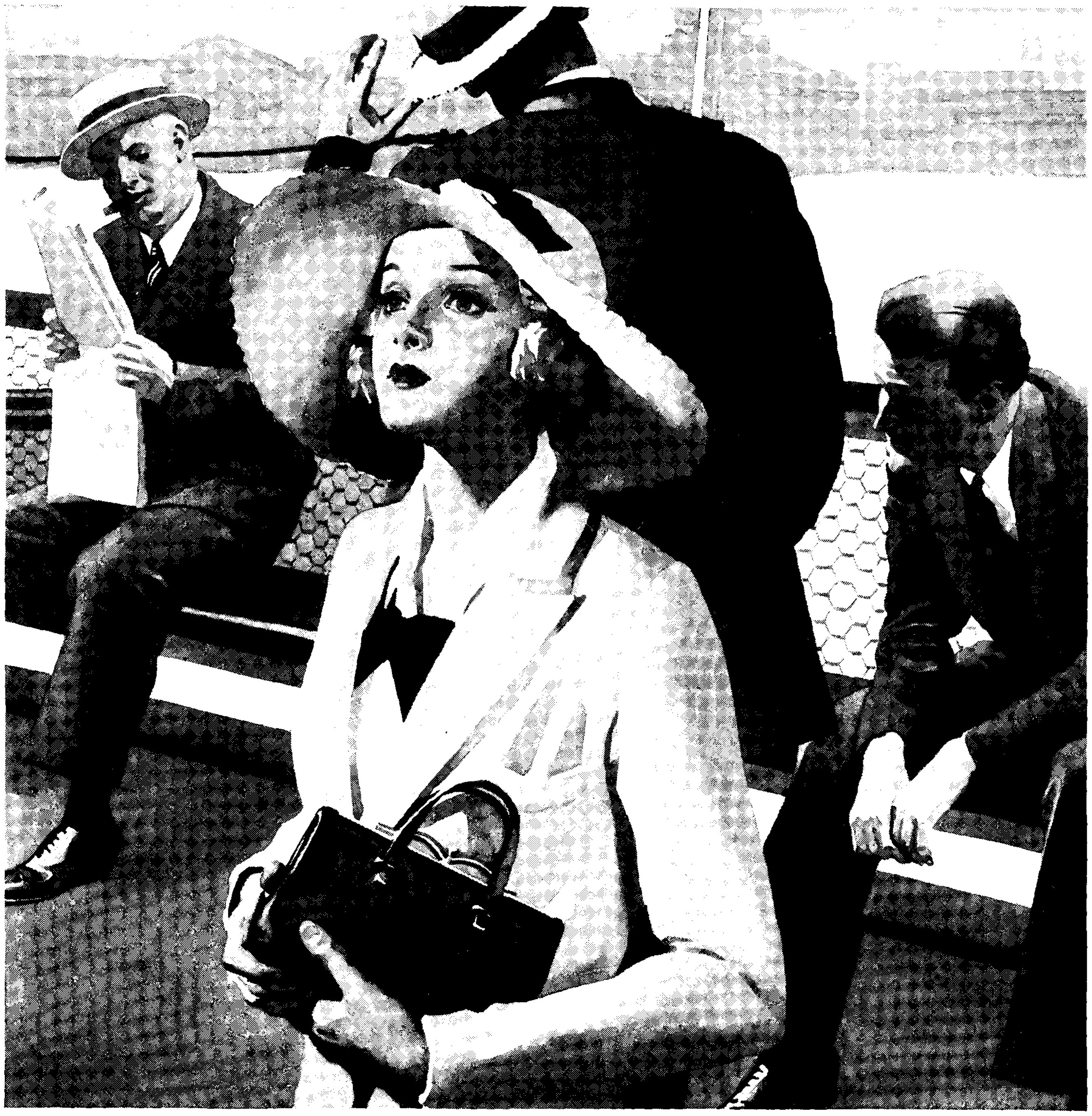
The lean boy in the slouched felt hat was Lance—Tamara surrendered her baggage and herself to him and gave him a kiss. They made their way through the surging crowds at the ferry to a taxi, and Lance gave the street number; "222 Turk." She had been right after all, and Helena wrong, and Helena had lived all her life in San Francisco, Tamara thought amusedly.

"How's Mother?"

"She's fine. She said to tell you she'd have come if she hadn't had a cold."

"Oh, I'm sorry she has a cold."

"Oh, 'snothing," Lance said. Tamara had felt her heart sink a little, chill a little, upon first finding him. She could not quite think why, or would not think why. Now she asked herself if he had



Tamara was looking for Lance; there was no Lance to be found. She felt, somehow, a little chilled

said " 'Tisn't nothing." But no, Lance wouldn't say that.

"Coral home?"

"Sure, where would she be?" Lance needed a shave, that was it. That was partly it, anyway. And his clothes needed pressing, that was partly it, too. And his hair looked rather long and straggly; perhaps he was playing a poet's part or something.

"Are you working, Lance?"

"Hell, no," he said mildly enough, but Tamara winced at the unfamiliar word. "Nobody's workin'," Lance added, and there was no mistake about it this time; he distinctly dropped the final g. "They say there are seven thousand actors—darn' good troupers, too, walkin' up and down Broadway lookin' for jobs, and askin' their friends for a dime to buy a sandwich," he said.

"That's awful. I know things are bad there."

"They ain't as bad as they are here," Lance said morosely.

Tamara was studying Market Street as they drove along; handsome big buildings, handsome big shops; everyone going home at this hour; motor cars moving toward the ferry in streams and the pink fog coming down over the steep, strange hills and dropping soft veils over the roofs.

"Funny kind of a July, Lance."

"Oh, you'll get used to that. It's the damnedest climate I ever saw. Hot at Christmas and in summer like this."

"Frame houses, and no trees!"

"Sure."

"But why not brick houses?"

"I don't know. No snow, you know."

"Not ever?"

"Nope."

"Do you like it, Lance?"

Lance was not listening. They had turned into one of the streets that ran at a northwest angle from Market Street, and had stopped in a horrid neighborhood of shabby hotel doorways, movies, candy and delicatessen shops, cigarette and fruit stands. The sidewalks were full of people, and not very attractive-looking people. Tamara saw a showy restaurant window upon which the words "Valhalla Grill" were painted among red and gold scrolls, and for a moment her heart failed her.

"Is this it?"

"Sure. It's the fifth floor, apartment Five B," Lance said. "You work the elevator yourself. Tell Ma I'll be home for dinner, late. Listen, Tam, got any money?"

SHE opened her purse willingly enough; she could even manage a faint maternal smile. But her soul was sick within her. Lance picked the only large bill from the little sheaf she produced.

"Can you let me have a twenty until tomorrow night? Honest, can you? Say, you're keen, Tam. All right, see you in the movies! Wait a minute, I'll put these in the elevator for you. Tell Ma if I'm not there by seven I'm not coming!"

Tamara had worked automatic elevators at school; she pressed number five with a firm gloved hand. Once she swallowed deliberately, and felt the swallow, somehow, tingle in her eyes, but she was smiling when she stumbled through a dark upper hallway, and rang the buzzer in apartment number Five B. She could hear voices all about, and something sizzling and steaming; the thick, close air was scented with dust and the odor of frying onions, carbolic acid and old carpets and wash-day operations in laundry tubs—warm suds, yellow soap, boiling linens.

"That you, Tam?" called a voice she knew from behind the door. "It's open, honey!"

Tamara went into a small sitting-room that had two draped and curtained windows looking into Turk Street. The house faced northwest, and through the dirty glass and looped lace, and past the chenille fringes, sunset light was streaming. There was no fog yet this far uptown; every ugly detail of the ugly room was illumined by the hardest and least merciful light it ever knew.

Tamara set down her bags, went to the couch, sank down beside it and took her mother into her arms. After their kiss they looked at each other. The girl had an impression of uncorseted softness, perfume, hair artificially reddened and curled into a mop beneath which the graying straight wisps were protruding, powdered face, loose painted mouth, magnificent eyes filled with laughter, amusement, affection and welcome and pudgy soft small hands whose nails were painted dark red.

Her mother wore what was perhaps a nightgown of peach satin, with bows on the shoulder and lace at the breast. Over this was a thin silk kimono of a creamy ground splashed with great red poppies and black daggers. She lay in innumerable cushions all limp and dirty; satin pillows, baby pillows showing faintly pink and blue under soiled linen cases, velvet pillows. Beside these on the couch was a once-elegant cover of pale green satin and a woolly Canadian plaid. And on Willette Todhunter's feet were newspapers and theatrical magazines in a drift; a banjo, candy boxes; two long-legged dolls with cheap faces in the costumes of Spain and of Punchinello; a tissue-paper hat, a woman's felt hat with gloves on top of it, and vaguely outlined other things that Tamara could not identify.

SHE did not see all this at once, nor the other furnishings of the room, but the general impression was made instantly and she did not afterward find any reason to change it. It was an impression of dust and stuffiness and ugliness; the lamps were cheap and ugly, the furniture was just such a set as one saw in the windows of second-rate shops; the rugs were dirty and common and laid on top of each other.

"Don't give her your cold, Willette," said the stout elderly woman, who was sitting in a rocker a few feet from the couch.

"That's right, too," Tamara's mother said, pushing the girl away to get a good look at her. "You wait till your sister makes you go get your hair set, Tam," she said.

"Looks like Arch," the visitor said, managing gum and a dental plate with an adroit movement of her tongue.

"She's the image of Arch," Mrs. Todhunter said. "Lance meet you, lover?"

They exchanged brevities. Had the graduation been lovely? and had the trip been hot? And how was Coral?

Mrs. Yellick was introduced.

"You don't know me, dear," she said in a wheezing voice full of good will. "But everyone knows me—your blessed mother here knows me as Ivy Lippinger. That's who I am. Lippinger and Smith. We did big time for eleven years." Her eyes filled with tears. "Nights, in our room, I used to say to Jim Smith, 'Honey, three more good seasons and we're set!' " she went on, in her hoarse yet somehow sonorous voice. "Your girl looks at me, Willette," she added amusedly. "She's just from the convent. I was married to Jim Smith, dear," she explained to Tamara, "and they don't make men like him any more. Oh, no, they don't. He was a king, that boy. Just one of God's own."

WHILE the visitor wiped her eyes after this tribute, Tamara said:

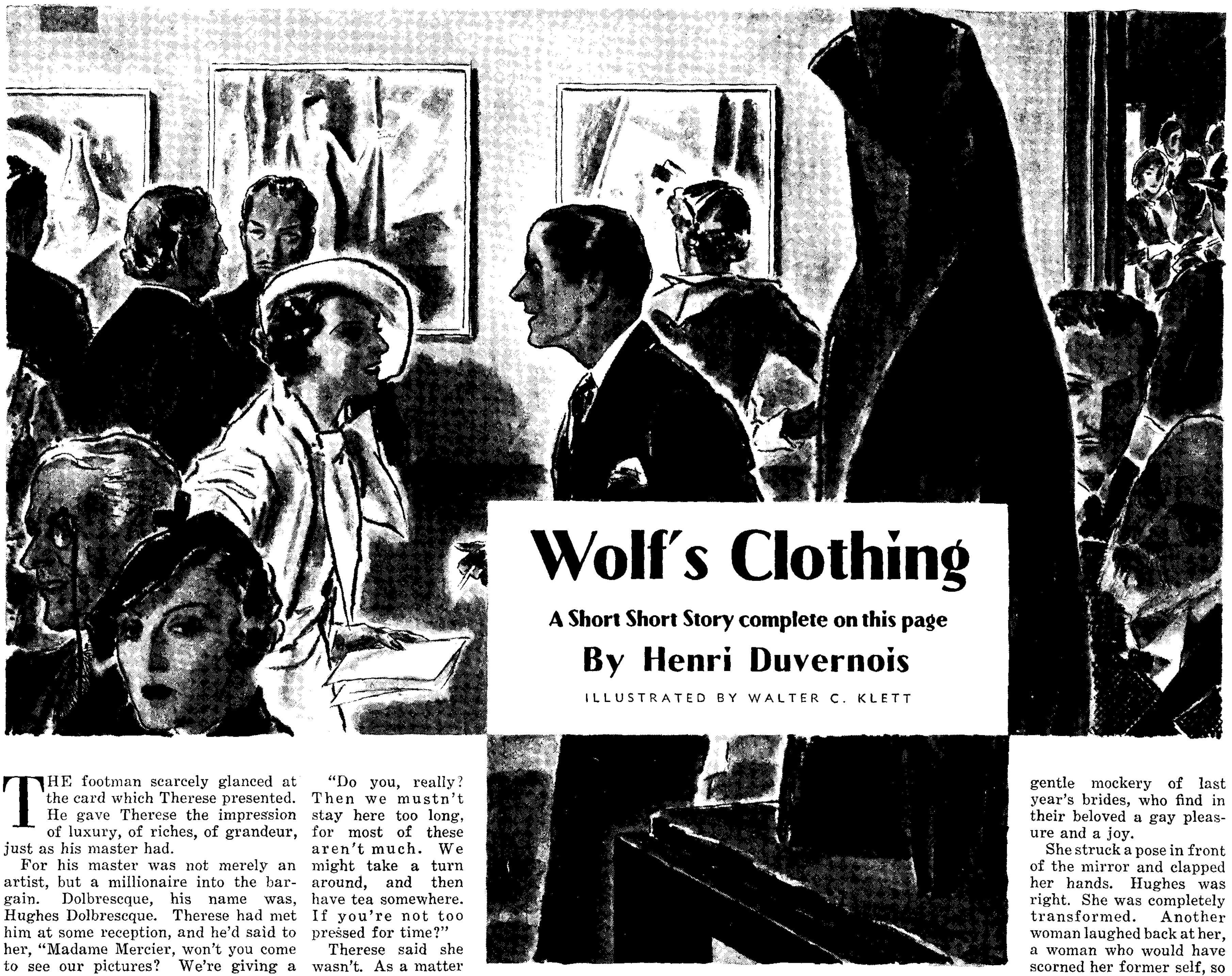
"Where do I sleep, Mother? I'll take my things in and get unpacked."

"In the back room, lover. You can have the lounge, or you can double up with Coral. Lance sleeps on this."

Tamara went into the bedroom; there were three rooms in the apartment, unless one counted the dining alcove that occupied one side of the kitchen as a separate room. There was also a small bathroom smelling of wet wood and scented soaps, and the bedroom.

The bedroom was dark; after a few moments Tamara got accustomed to the gloom in there, and emptied her smaller bag, and found room for her large one

(Continued on page 44)



Soon he was asking her when he might see her again

Wolf's Clothing

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

THE footman scarcely glanced at the card which Therese presented. He gave Therese the impression of luxury, of riches, of grandeur, just as his master had.

For his master was not merely an artist, but a millionaire into the bargain. Dolbrescque, his name was, Hughes Dolbrescque. Therese had met him at some reception, and he'd said to her, "Madame Mercier, won't you come to see our pictures? We're giving a show, on the seventeenth." She'd told him her name and address, being sure that he'd forget.

Then, one fine morning, the postman knocked, and there was this invitation for her.

"Antoine!" she said. "Just look! Who could have sent me this?"

Antoine didn't know, and didn't seem to care. They'd been married a good many years, and he appeared displeased to be roused from his private meditations for such a trifle. He was hard to get along with, there was no question about that: peevish, and morose, and ill of temper, and quick to show his discontent. Right after they were married, his sudden fits of anger had amused her, and she had provoked them, like any naughty little girl. After that, she let him rage, and thought her own thoughts, quite unconcerned with him.

And it wasn't Antoine she was thinking about, right then. There she was, in this charming picture gallery, looking at portraits of fine, substantial men, and of women whose smiles were as gracious as their pearls. There were snow scenes, too, little idylls of Switzerland, and pastels of unsteady vases and unlikely flowers.

While she was looking gravely at a water color, in came Dolbrescque, who had sent her the invitation. "Madame," he said and bowed, and she blushed and smiled. "It's so nice of you to have come."

"Oh! I'm so much obliged to you for the card. I love pictures."

"Do you, really? Then we mustn't stay here too long, for most of these aren't much. We might take a turn around, and then have tea somewhere. If you're not too pressed for time?"

Therese said she wasn't. As a matter of fact, she didn't feel at home among the artists, and the artists' friends, some of whom were quite beautiful. As for Therese, she was sure she was getting a run in her stocking, and *that* her gloves must smell of benzine. This new young man, her very first young man, how provincial he must think her! Why in the world hadn't he let her alone, instead of trying to blow away from her the dust of ten years' boredom?

But that didn't seem to be his notion at all. Soon he was asking her when he might see her again.

"I couldn't," said Therese, "my—my husband—"

"There'd be no harm in it," he said with flattering untruth. "It's only that we'd have a little more opportunity to know each other. Look here. If you're seriously concerned about this husband of yours, all you have to do is this: Put on a brand-new dress, a different sort of hat, wear a string of colored beads, quite different from those pearls. You see, just now, you're like a dove; try being a peacock for once. Change your style and nobody will know you.

"Dear, I wouldn't tell you to wear a veil or that there are a dozen exits from my apartment or anything of the sort. All that's like something from a play. It isn't quite your husband that's worrying you. You'd like to be anonymous, quite innocently, quite harmlessly. Well, that's what we all want, at least at times. But with a girl it's simple. Put on a red dress, blacken your eyebrows with kohl. Nobody will know you and you won't know yourself, either. You'll be a different person, not so frightened or—distrustful, of yourself, or me."

Tremulous, she consented, or half consented. Only he mustn't try to see her for—well, for several weeks. She was going out of town, she was going to be so busy. She'd let him know when they could meet again. Yes, surely she would.

Then began a time of saving, of niggardliness for Therese. She pared on her housekeeping money, on the laundry, on this and that, and in two months she was ready.

What pleasure it was to go shopping for all these frivolous things—the dress, exotic and bizarre; the slippers, as fragile and impermanent as a maiden's whim! Here, the necklace; there, a piece of jade, a hat as gay as April, a perfume as bright and fleeting as a smile. Shopping was such fun, shopping for something new, something different, something that wasn't for herself, but for the gay, laughing girl she might have been.

Then, one day, all was ready. She locked her door and tried on all her pretty new finery. Her mirror smiled at her, and she blew it a kiss. Here at last she was, full of the beauty and the gentle mockery of last year's brides, who find in their beloved a gay pleasure and a joy.

She struck a pose in front of the mirror and clapped her hands. Hughes was right. She was completely transformed. Another woman laughed back at her, a woman who would have scorned her former self, so humble, so meekly bowing her shoulders to life as she bowed them beneath the abuse of a brutal husband. Another woman! Her smile was arrogant, brilliant; she seemed taller, mysterious, alluring. For the first time in her life she felt self-confident. When she got back from the rendezvous it would be time enough to resume her meekness, with her shabby dress. She admired herself.

AT SIX o'clock she was still admiring herself. "It's time to change," she thought, "time to hide all this in the top of the closet behind the suitcases." But she couldn't do it. At six-thirty she shook herself. "This is madness. Antoine will be here at any minute. . . . I've got to undress—at once!" But the thought of Antoine, like an evocation, set her dreaming. If he were to see her like this he would be thunderstruck. . . . He never saw her except when she was tired out. . . . It wasn't fair, really. . . . Nonsense! Small attention he paid. . . . Nevertheless all men paid some attention to details like these, even Antoine. . . .

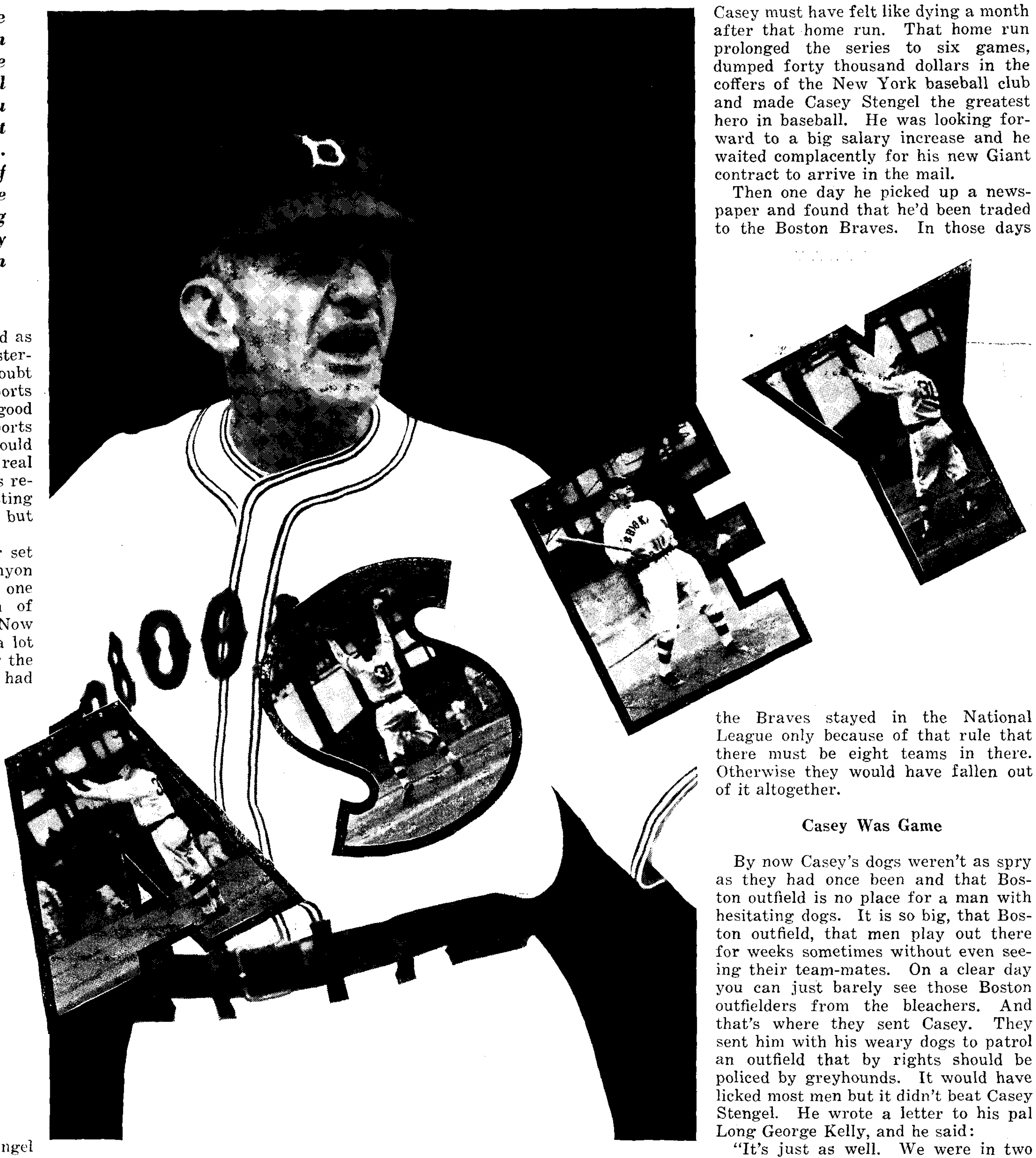
She shivered. He was coming in. He was closing the front door with his usual gentleness. Therese could still lock herself in the bedroom, undress quickly, put on her old dressing-gown. But an implacable force held her motionless. And then, with a triumphant shout, "Antoine!" she cried, "my dear, come here and see how beautiful I am!"

Artful Dodger

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

When Casey Stengel became manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, he issued these training orders: "Drink all the beer you want, and if you have a toothache, take a shot of grog—it won't hurt you. But don't let me catch any of you guys sneaking out of the hotel at three in the morning to mail a letter." Naturally Casey's players consider him a great boss



Manager Casey Stengel, who believes that hands are made for three things: to hold a bat, to throw a baseball and to throw a punch

THERE is nothing in the world as dead as the sports page of yesterday's newspaper and no doubt only those of us who write sports for a living remember the really good stories which appeared on the sports pages at one time or another. Should one of the boys in our set write a real sweetheart of a story we sometimes recall it when sitting around hoisting friendly steins and telling obvious but pleasant lies to one another.

One of the brightest boys in our set is known by the name of Damon Runyon and he is quite a hand at putting one word down after another—which of course is all there is to writing. Now on October 11, 1923, Runyon put a lot of very good words down one after the other and when he had finished he had constructed one of those stories. We in the craft remember. It was the story of the first game of the 1923 world series between the Giants and the Yankees and it went like this:

"This is the way old Casey Stengel ran yesterday afternoon running his home run home.

"This is the way old Casey Stengel ran running his home run home to a Giant victory by a score of 5 to 4 in the first game of the world series of 1923.

"This is the way old Casey Stengel ran running his home run home when two were out in the ninth inning and the score was tied, and the ball still bounding inside the Yankee yard.

"This is the way—

"His mouth wide open.

"His warped old legs bending beneath him at every stride.

"His arms flying back and forth like those of a man swimming with a crawl stroke.

"His flanks heaving, his breath whistling, his head far back. Yankee infielders, passed by old Casey Stengel, as he was running his home run home, say Casey was muttering to himself, adjuring himself to greater speed as a jockey mutters to his horse in a race, saying: 'Go on, Casey, go on.'

Casey's Biggest Moment

"The warped old legs, twisted and bent by many a year of baseball campaigning, just barely held out under Casey until he reached the plate, running his home run home.

"Then they collapsed."

Well, that's how the story started and it got better as it went along because Runyon kept thinking of so many good words to put down one after the other. Then, too, he was writing a story about Casey Stengel and it's just as easy for a sports writer to write about Casey as it is for a leather-lunged politician to make a speech on the Fourth of July. Casey has been living a good story ever since he bobbed up in Terre Haute many a long year ago. He did a lot of living between that day and the day in 1923 when he ran that home run home for John McGraw and the Giants.

That was the big moment in Casey's life and maybe he should have died then. It's like a man getting a royal flush in a poker game—everything must feel drab and dull after that. Anyhow, Casey must have felt like dying a month after that home run. That home run prolonged the series to six games, dumped forty thousand dollars in the coffers of the New York baseball club and made Casey Stengel the greatest hero in baseball. He was looking forward to a big salary increase and he waited complacently for his new Giant contract to arrive in the mail.

Then one day he picked up a newspaper and found that he'd been traded to the Boston Braves. In those days the Braves stayed in the National League only because of that rule that there must be eight teams in there. Otherwise they would have fallen out of it altogether.

Casey Was Game

By now Casey's dogs weren't as spry as they had once been and that Boston outfield is no place for a man with hesitating dogs. It is so big, that Boston outfield, that men play out there for weeks sometimes without even seeing their team-mates. On a clear day you can just barely see those Boston outfielders from the bleachers. And that's where they sent Casey. They sent him with his weary dogs to patrol an outfield that by rights should be policed by greyhounds. It would have licked most men but it didn't beat Casey Stengel. He wrote a letter to his pal Long George Kelly, and he said:

"It's just as well. We were in two world series while I was with the Giants and they gave us watches, rings, fobs, cuff links and necktie pins. If we win another, the only thing left to give us is earrings and old Casey would look great walking around with earrings bobbing out of those big sails of his, wouldn't he?"

Now Casey is the dignified manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers and he's done as well with that aggregation of youngsters and veterans as any manager in the game could have done. That, at any rate, is what the players tell me. And if you don't think the players go for him, listen to this.

Hack Wilson had had a couple of bad years and he appeared to be all washed up. He was getting so he couldn't hit the ball with a paddle and when he was

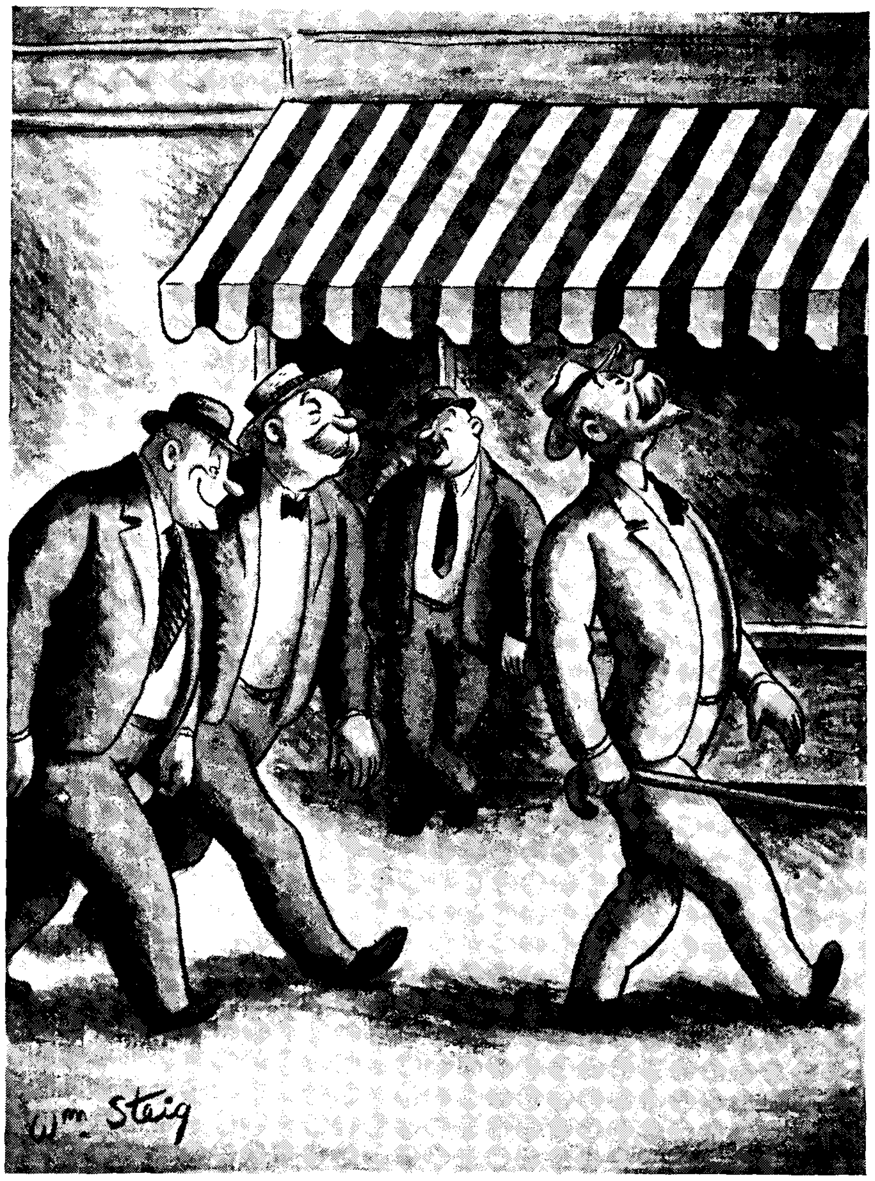
(Continued on page 32)

Carolina Moon

By Owen P. White

When a state elects a repeal senator by a big majority, then votes down repeal by 173,000, the natural suspicion is that there must be an angle in it somewhere. In North Carolina the angle is corn liquor. Some of the citizens of the state approve of corn as a beverage but they don't like to see it decorated with expensive federal revenue stamps. As a result they have worked out a new device for protecting what they regard as a state right. Collier's sent Mr. White to investigate, first asking him to sign the pledge

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



The not-too-elusive odor of corn lingers on the breaths of passers-by in every North Carolina city

THE old gentleman's goatee was literally quivering with excitement. "You lay off us," he growled. "Don't you dare to make fun of the drinking habits of the people of North Carolina, or . . . or . . ."

"Or what," I said as I edged toward the door, "or what'll you do about it?"

"Plenty," retorted the belligerent Tarheel. "Plenty. We'll resent it. We'll prohibit Collier's from circulating in this state. That's what we'll do."

Seriously, though, there can be little danger that that fine and fiery old man will carry out his threat. He will have no occasion to, as I have no intention of offending him. I couldn't and be honest about it, because instead of being disposed to make light of the drinking habits of the Tarheels, what I feel inclined to do in this article is to express my admiration of their prowess.

Never anywhere have I seen anything to surpass it. When I visited the state recently, motoring lengthwise across it from the Dismal Swamp section on the coast, where stills capable of producing thousands of gallons daily were in operation, clear over to its beautiful city of Asheville, perched as it is on its Appalachian pinnacle, the one thing that I could never get away from was the odor of corn. It was everywhere. The bottles were gone but the memory of them lingered on in every hotel room I occupied. Something reminiscent of a recent drink was frequently to be noticed on the breaths of passing citizens, and even as I drove along the open highways, sniffing the fragrance of the dogwood, the redbud and the wild honeysuckle, it was seldom that I inhaled a lungful of atmosphere that was not laden with the scent of something delightfully illegal. That's it. That's the point. Its delightful illegality gives to Carolina corn the distinctive flavor that the Tarheels love. Moreover, it makes it very cheap. Why then, so long as their well-established system of liquor control appealed both to their appetites and their pocketbooks, should they yield to the hue and cry for law and license that recently swept the country and put the Eighteenth Amendment permanently out of business? Had they done so they would have been out of step with the spirit of their forefathers who, when they signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, designated as a public enemy any power which interfered with any of their private liberties.

And isn't a man's right to make corn liquor out of his own corn a private liberty? Of course it is, and in more than one instance during the late period of national prohibition insanity the Supreme Court of the United States so declared. Still, under the impulse of reform a majority of the states have voted to forgo that liberty. But the North Carolinians couldn't see it that way. On the contrary they stuck to their principle of protecting their rights, and at the mere thought that perhaps Uncle Sam might step in and begin to put a tax on their booze and stick stamps on their whisky bottles they moved in droves to the polls and voted overwhelmingly against him. That happened last November, the majority against repeal being 173,000; but what about the vote of the preceding November when Buncombe Bob Reynolds, who was running on a dripping wet platform calling for more corn for Tarheels, and who whooped it up *for* repeal at every crossroads, gave Mr. Cam Morrison, the noblest dry of them all, the worst licking that any candidate for the national Senate ever got in North Carolina?

Thinking that probably that question would embarrass them, I asked it of perhaps a dozen more or less prominent Tarheels and in every instance I was disappointed. It didn't embarrass a single man. On the contrary, they were all amused at the idea that the rest of the United States is so thick-headed that it doesn't appreciate what North Carolina's attitude toward corn liquor really is. Here, therefore, is the composite reply that I got to my question regarding those contradictory votes.

Strategy; That's What It Is

"Of course," agreed all the men I talked to, "those votes are contradictory, but what of it? They represent strategy—strategy of the cunningest kind too, which, if you only lived here in the state, you'd know all about. The wet states think that we Tarheels are inconsistent and hypocritical. But we're not. We're just smart. Thrifty. It's like this: We voted for Buncombe Bob because we wanted him, as a United States senator, to work *for* national repeal and help put it across. He did his best and that suited us exactly. However, when it came to our own referendum, we reversed ourselves, turned him down cold and voted *against* repeal. Why? That's where the strategy came in.

"If we had voted for repeal our legislators would look upon it as a mandate to them to modify our dry laws by legalizing the manufacture of liquor in the state, and they would probably have done so. That would be a calamity, because if it should happen the federal government could then immediately come in and collect a tax from our distilleries on every drop of their product.

"As it is, it can't do that. According to legal fiction there is no liquor made in this state, consequently there are no federal officers here, and hence it has come about that within the past six months our production of corn has increased so satisfactorily that our distillers are beginning to reach out and look for business in wet territory. They are getting it too, because as they don't have to pay a tax of around two dollars a gallon to the government they can undersell their competitors."

That final statement, made to me, as indicated, by several people, is correct. At least, evidence to prove that it is came to my attention when a man in a small hotel, in a small country town, handed me a two-ounce vial of something that he said was Craven County corn, and suggested that I taste it. He said it was real good stuff. It was. It neither knocked my hat off nor burned holes in my shoe soles. Rather, it was smooth and mellow. Its authority was soothing, not peremptory, and when I had so reported, the man who had provided the snort opened a closet and showed me about a hundred of the miniature flagons which, so he said, were to be taken to Pennsylvania and distributed as samples to the trade.

"But what about your local trade?" I inquired. "What about enforcement of the state prohibition act; isn't there any?"

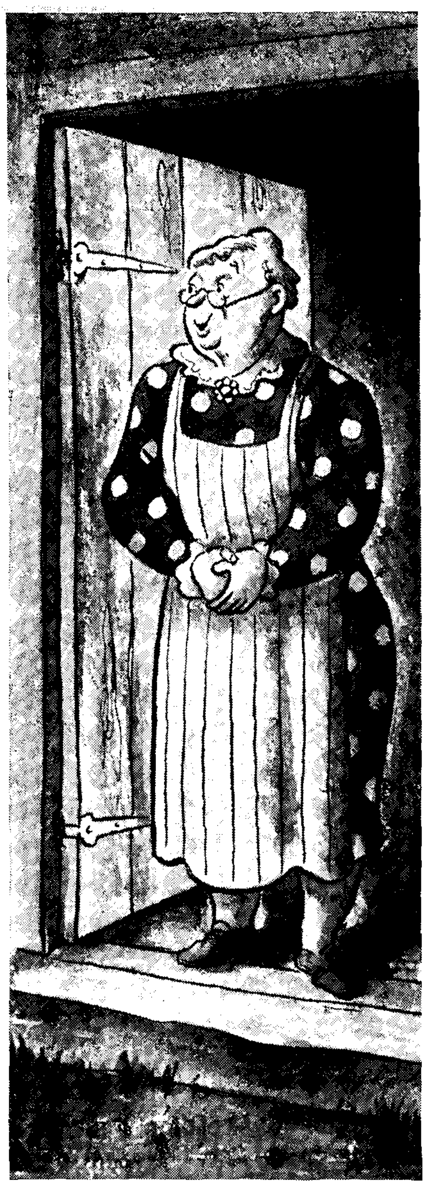
The agent grinned. "None to hurt," he said. "It's all up to the counties, which means, of course, that each one is just as wet—or just as dry maybe, although I don't recollect any dry ones right now—as the majority of its citizens want it to be. As far as this county is concerned, for instance, our sheriff, in return for most of our votes, is very easy on us. In fact"—and he started to pick up his phone—"if you'd like to look at a couple of stills this afternoon I think I can call him up and fix it so that he'll let one of his deputies go with you and show you around."

"No, no," I replied hastily, "fooling around in these hills with an officer for an escort and looking for moonshiners doesn't appeal to me as being a very constructive way of putting in time. Somebody around one of your distilling institutions might misinterpret my intentions and . . ."

A Shock to the Citizens

Well, that's that. I didn't go still-hunting, instead I went to Raleigh, which is in Wake County, and, just to show you that the gentleman above quoted knew what he was talking about when he mentioned indulgent law officers, I will now set down, as briefly as I can, a report of the situation that I ran into when I reached the capital.

It was indeed interesting. To begin with, on the very day that I got to Raleigh the Hon. Josephus Daniels' daily News and Observer carried on its front page a dolorous announcement from the city's five leading bootleggers in which these gentlemen advised their customers that, owing to the increased risk of distribution, the price of good corn, in Wake County, had suddenly been advanced from fifty to seventy-five cents a pint. But why the increased risk? As everybody in town was openly



I found myself in the presence of the most interesting bootlegger I ever met

wailing about the disgraceful condition that existed in connection with their time-honored liquor traffic, it was of course no trouble to run down the story. Here, then, are the gruesome, disagreeable facts.

On Saturday, February 10th, at Wake Forest, a small town ten miles from Raleigh, which is the headquarters not only of a Baptist College but also of the county liquor traffic, two killings occurred. One of these, in which one bootlegger merely slew another, created little comment, occasioned slight regret and was soon forgotten. But the other, in which a sixteen-year-old uncle, who was so drunk that he didn't know what he was doing and was therefore not even charged with a crime, shot and killed his twelve-year-old nephew, was very different.

At least it became very different when, on February 18th, the Rev. J. Powell Tucker, pastor of the First Baptist church, who had officiated at the nephew's funeral, arose in his pulpit and "In the Name of a Murdered Boy" preached the first of a series of three sermons in which he presented Raleigh to its shocked citizens as one of the most completely vice-bitten towns in this country.

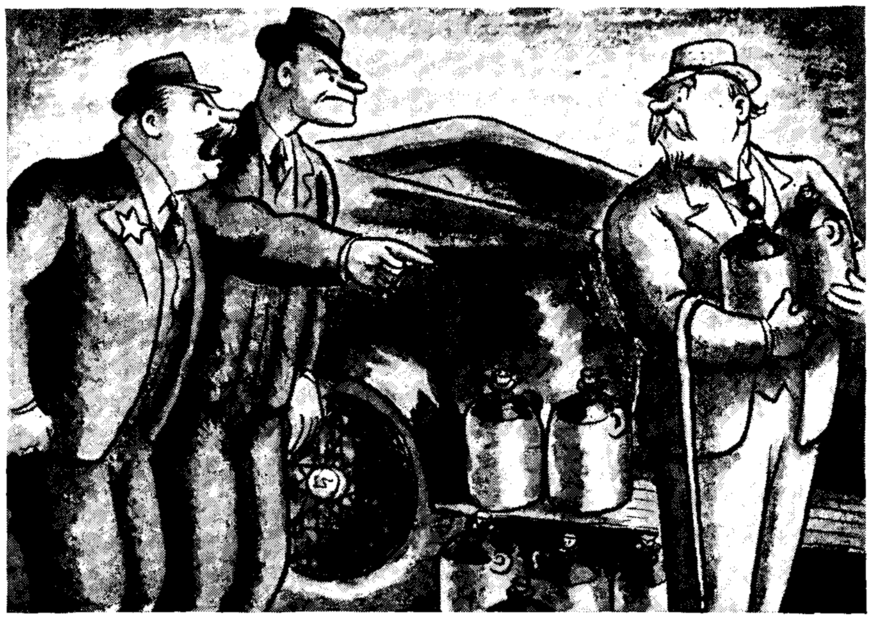
In those addresses Dr. Tucker spared nobody. Instead of chanting the praises of prohibition—although theoretically he, of course, believes in it—he told his squirming congregation that their overwhelming dry mandate of last November was the most colossal flop in history, and then, turning his oratorical guns loose upon the villains he was really after, he openly accused the officers of Wake County and the city of Raleigh of being in connivance with a criminal element composed of prostitutes and bootleggers.

Nor was this all he did. Had he stopped there, with a mere glittering generality, all that the dry Raleighites would have done would have been to say, "Amen, Brother. Amen. Ain't that just too bad," and then, ringing up their favorite bootleggers, they would have ordered more of the same. That kind of a response to his preaching, however, was not what Dr. Tucker was after. What he wanted was to get action; to stir things up, and he did so by throwing a challenge at the Grand Jury daring it to let him come before it and tell the truth about what was going on in Wake County.

The Boys Take to the Woods

Unfortunately for the happiness of the dry drinkers of the dry capital of the driest state in the Union their own Grand Jury fell into Mr. Tucker's trap, invited him to appear and testify and then he had them. It was a cinch, because all he next did was to state that if the Grand Jury didn't bring in a report in accord with the facts that had been laid before it he would attend to the job himself by giving from his pulpit the names and addresses of the county and city officers who were working in cahoots and splitting profits with the wild women and the wicked whisky peddlers. That was the bombshell that blew the lid off.

Nobody knew exactly how much Dr. Tucker knew, or where he had gotten his information, but as there was no doubt as to his complete willingness to carry out his threat and expose everybody, a penmanship race between the guilty officers and the Grand Jury was at once started, with the former working feverishly to get their resignations written out and handed in before the latter could complete its report. It was practically a dead heat. The findings of the Grand Jury and ten resignations—I think it was ten; six from Raleigh's police department and four from the sheriff's gang—were all turned in on the same day, which day, naturally enough, was the very one on which the bootleggers, knowing that their official allies were deserting them, came out with their announcement regarding the sensational advance in the price of corn.



Interference with his liquor supply is an unprecedented event for the dry-voting white citizen of North Carolina

Owing to the thoroughness with which Dr. Tucker had done his job of instilling fear into the hearts of the people, no citizen of Raleigh, not even from a sense of shame, was withholding anything and so all the foregoing basic facts were easily obtained. So were details. One man, for example, the complexion of whose nose convinced me that he knew whereof he spoke, said that in the period B. T. (meaning before Tucker) there had been two hundred places in the Sahara capital where Carolina corn was on sale.

Just think of that! As Raleigh has a population of only forty thousand that means that there was a filling station there for every two hundred of its men, women and children.

The most accurate and valuable information that I got from anyone came from the chief of police, who not only talked very freely but even went so far as to drive me all over the city to show me what had been accomplished in the way of a clean-up within the preceding ten days. To go into the details of this part of it would be impossible here. Suffice it to say that the chief showed me perhaps a couple of dozen locked and barred houses—one I remember was called Blue Heaven—all of which had, until the previous week, been bawdy joints occupied by white women.

These establishments, whose regular schedule of prices, as I found out by consulting newspaper files, had been fifty cents for a pint of beer, twenty-five for a shot of corn, and two bits for playing the piano, were nearly all located in a notorious section known to all North Carolinians as the "quarry district," and so called, I was informed, because it has been for years, especially during sessions of the legislature, the center of a very profitable gold-digging industry. But that's all over now, and the girls are all gone, because no sooner did they lose the protection of the officers who had so hastily resigned than they themselves, with equal haste, packed up their evening gowns and their rouge pots and, accompanied by a large flock of bootleggers, moved away for the period of the emergency only into the safer havens of Charlotte, Winston-Salem and Greenville.

To assume, however, that the sudden exodus from Raleigh of a large number of those who had been sinning for a profit, and therefore had some excuse for it, had de-alcoholized the town to any appreciable degree would be grievous error. Of course it hadn't. For the time being—that is until the Tucker upheaval subsides—the drinkers in the higher brackets of society who use corn to accelerate gayety, as well as the Negroes in the lower, who imbibe the stuff to forget misery, may have a harder time getting their booze and may pay a little more for it. But that won't last long. It can't. The majority of the voters in the city don't want it to. They were disgusted, that's true enough, when they found that quite a number of their trusted officials were in collusion with the bootleggers, and they cheered lustily when Dr. Tucker exposed the crooks. But does that mean that these good people don't still want their own corn and that they are not going to continue to get it? In substance that was the question that I put to the chief, and, in substance, this was his answer:

They Get What They Want

If the people of Raleigh had ever wanted a dry town they could have had one. If they want one now, so says their chief of police, they can get one. All they have to do is abandon their own drinking habits, taking the corn cure if necessary, and then coöperate with the law by informing on bootleggers instead of patronizing and protecting them. While I was in Raleigh this was being done to a limited extent. Calls would come in to the police telling them if they would go to such and such an address they would find a corn dispensary. These tips were generally straight; so was the corn, a good deal of which was confiscated, but were the tippers? Were they really reformed drinkers who were betraying their old-time bootlegger friends, or were they merely bootleggers who were taking advantage of the emergency to get even with one another? As many of these calls were anonymous, nobody knows.

But will Raleigh take these steps, and take them seriously? Ridiculous. Of course not.

While I was there it was having such a spasm of virtue that it actually pretended to be horrified when the police dug up fifteen gallons of corn in the basement of a church parsonage in the stylish residential district, but probably by the time this article appears in print that spasm will have worn off to the end that the old town will once again be just as wet and just as wicked as it was B. T.

No Cause for Consternation

Nor are any of the other towns in the state, large or small, substantially different. I visited a good many and in none of them was I able to unearth any anti-corn sentiment. On the other hand almost every second man that I encountered was a prohibitionist. To illustrate: In one of the richest and most aristocratic towns in the state when I asked one of its newspaper editors about the local thirst his reply was: "I reckon we're what you'd call drinking prohibitionists. This paper, for instance, is dry in policy and principle, but—" and he produced a bottle from his desk drawer—"how about joining me in a little shot of corn?"

Again in another and much smaller town in the western part of the state I had an interesting experience. I was in the office of one of the leading citizens and had just brought up the subject of the drinking habits of the Tarheels when the gentleman's phone rang. "All right," he said when he answered it, "I'll attend to it at once." Then, turning to me, he said as he hung up: "Come on. This is right in your line. A couple friends of a friend of mine are in the jail-house, pinched for drunken driving and he wants me to get 'em out."

He did get 'em out and while he was attending to the details of doing so I took a look into the storeroom where the city's confiscated liquor is kept. I was astonished. It was packed full.

(Continued on page 34)

Emergency Room

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND THAYER

Sylvia Ward's story—one which will, we suspect, remind many a woman of herself. Sylvia was a nurse. She longed for a knight in shining armor, a real hero. And, strangely enough, she met one!

MEDICAL Union is a huge hospital and accommodating, and through its doors it sometimes seems that all Manhattan must eventually pass.

That was why Sylvia Ward was there as a nurse. She wanted to know life. To know it in its moments of excitement and stress and of high danger. She was born in a suburb of New York and she came of a long line of quiet, churchly persons distinguished by their conservatism and their piety.

Now she had been at Medical Union two years and she had seen much, but most of it had been patience and long suffering and attention to duty. Her imagination was still unappeased. Without imagination Sylvia would have been a happy girl and would have married an interne named Kenneth Adams and lived happily ever after.

But Kenneth Adams was no hero, he was no robber baron or knight with waving plumes. He was merely a good doctor definitely liked by the whole staff. Forceful, a gentleman, good stuff in every way. And that wasn't what Sylvia wanted. She wanted a knight, a hero, a man who could ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. He might be very wicked, this man of her dreams, but he would be great.

Once Dr. Adams had said, watching her standing in a sunlit window where she looked extremely beautiful: "Is there some other man?"

"No," she had said, "not really. It's the *sort* of man." And then she had told him of Dick Carlton, who had been the hero of her childish dreams. Ten years older than she, and with pride set too high upon his brow ever to have given her a glance as he walked down the streets of New Rochelle. He had been known as the bad boy of the town and all New Rochelle had said he would come to no good end. He had disappeared but *she* knew that his luxuriant strength and his fascination were concerned somehow, somewhere, with romance. She could see him swashbuckling his way through a South American revolution in soulful wickedness or, as the master mind of a powerful, dangerous gang, a Robin Hood of the Roosevelt era, an elemental force to be destroyed by nothing short of an earthquake.

"YOU mean you would like me better if I robbed a bank or kidnapped a bank president?" Ken Adams had asked with soft irony.

"Don't be silly," she had said, but not with conviction. And he couldn't help but side with her a little against the humdrumness of life. After all, he saw, women have always liked romance and there was certainly nothing romantic about an interne. It is the splash of daring deeds rather than skill or learning which impresses a lady.

And yet he wanted her, He needed her terribly. He was not unattractive to other women and he felt that given a chance he might have told her what he thought of her yearning for gangsters, for that was how he looked upon her Robin Hoods.

"There's a police notice in," he told her one night when she was on duty in the Emergency Room and they were putting sutures in a scalp. "Some bird tried to hold up a delicatessen shop and the policeman on the beat—it's Sanders, our old friend—winged him, he thinks, in the leg. We're to watch out for him. Man in a gray coat. Would you rather not be alone here? Want me to stick around?"

"Of course not," she said. "Why should I be afraid of him? Anyway, he probably won't come in here at all."

"Just as you like." He looked at her with his cool, confident gray eyes. He was heavily depressed at the thought that she was so lovely, so exquisite, that there was no contact, except sewing up scalps, between her life and his. But his depression did not show in his glance, and he left with his usual energetic calmness.

She put the table and trays in order again and then stood looking out of the open window thoughtfully, as though waiting. But she was not waiting. It was merely that it was a quiet night in the Emergency Room. Medical Union, which took all men to its bosom, was tonight at peace.

AND while she stood there, the street door on the other side of the room opened and a man came in. He closed the door behind him and where he stopped a little pool of blood collected on the floor.

He had taken a risk in coming in here, this man who at first glance looked very young, with a face very small and very smooth. He had not known whether he was walking into a sanctuary or into a trap. But he saw now that he had a chance. There was only one person in the room—a nurse with red hair who certainly did not look dangerous.

His pocket was torn and he kept his hand in it, pointing at Sylvia's back. Still pointing at it, he said: "Sorry to trouble you but I need a little help and I'll have to ask you to be very quick and very quiet about it."

Sylvia turned. She stared at him, still and horrified. As if she had never seen a wounded man before, this nurse who had been at Medical Union two years, this nurse who was always looking for something exciting to turn up. She stood as if she couldn't believe the sight which met her eyes.

The man limped toward her menacingly. "Get busy!" he said, and slid to a chair, his leg elevated, but his hand still in his pocket and the pocket pointed at her. He felt that he had the situation under control and his vanity leaped back at him when this red-haired nurse, waving her hand at his pocket, said coolly:

"That's silly. I know you haven't a gun. You would have thrown it away, of course."

The man looked up in despair.

"There's a bullet in the calf of my leg," he said, and somehow his voice seemed to be that of a soul full of crawling thoughts. "I'll bleed to death if you don't get a move on."

She moved to his side, slipped a crisp, unspotted arm under his shoulders. "If you put part of your weight on me," she said, "you can make that table there." It struck him that she was incredibly strong for her fragile appearance and in a moment he was on the table, while she had bared the leg and was examining the wound. "You've lost some blood," she said. "But you won't bleed to death. It looks like only a flesh wound."

She opened a muslin package and laid gauze over the hole.

"I'LL have to call an interne," she said, and looked at him with a look he couldn't understand. "I can't treat you. Someone ought to remove the bullet and disinfect the wound."

"Can't *you* do it?" he demanded.

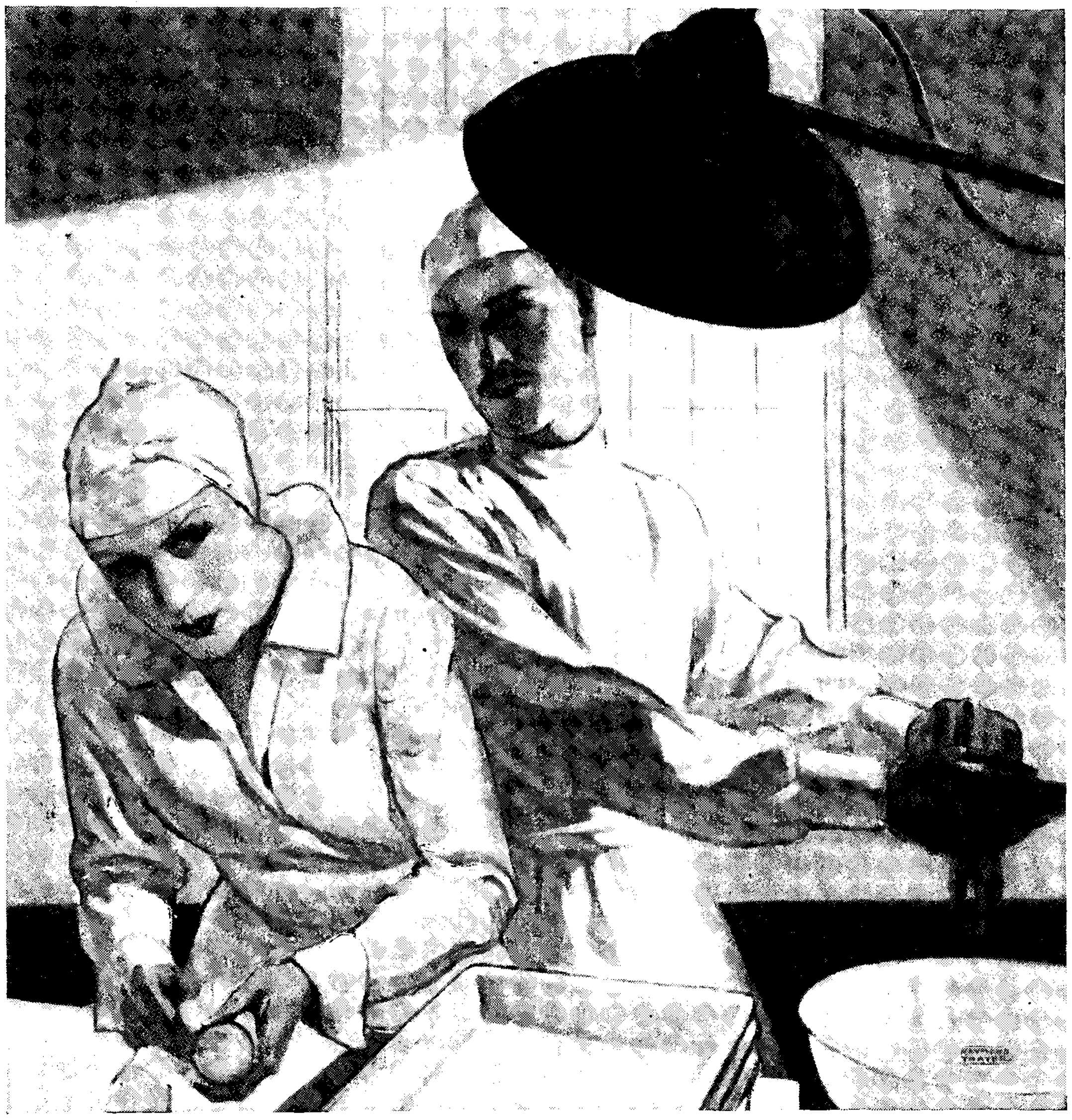
"I would if I could," she said, "but I can't."

He stared at her with an ugly look, what she had said dripping into his brain slowly, horribly.

"It means the police."

"I don't know what you are talking about," she lied. She put her hand on a bell-button and out in the corridor a voice like the voice of a dozen megaphoned train-announcers began: "Calling Dr. Adams. Dr. Adams to the Emergency Room. Calling Dr. Adams—"

The light from the bright ceiling-globe was startling on Sylvia's hair,



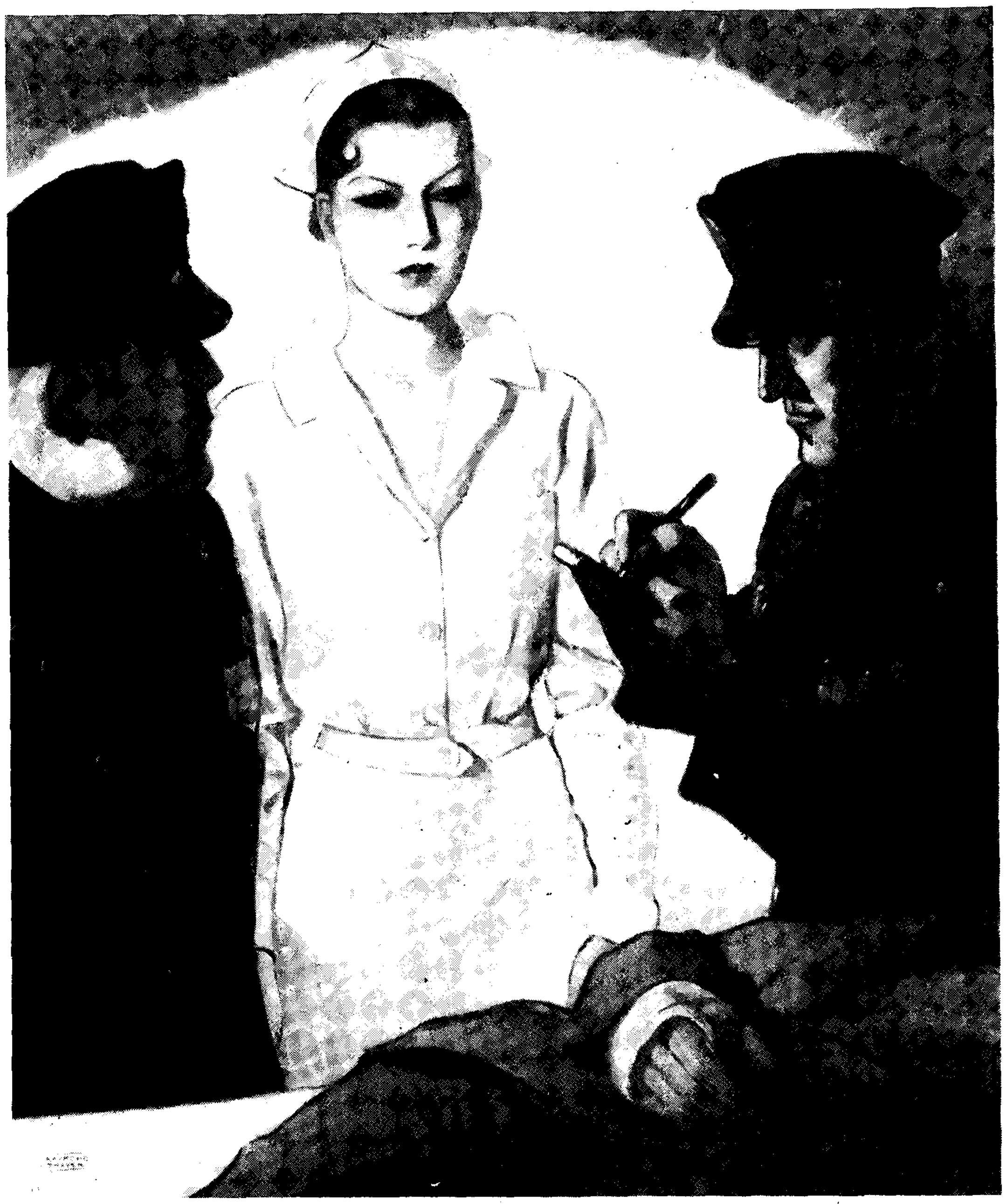
"You mean you would like me better if I robbed a bank or kidnapped a bank president?" Ken Adams asked and the eyes which made her face so arresting, the greenish-gray eyes, were turned away from this creature of the streets who had come crawling in for succor.

She was standing beside him and he did not look up. He was beaten and afraid and sullen and cringing. Her eyes rested on him, on this tenth-rate bad man who wanted to be a desperado. But he did not look at her. He had never seen her before in his life and he never wanted to see her again and she could be the Venus of Milo for all that he cared. All he knew was that this night's business meant a jail sentence for him. A fine end that—a jail-bird!

He said: "I think I'll beat it. To hell with the bullet."

"It will become infected," said Sylvia logically. "You can't go around like that." She looked at him down there on the table and stood so tall and straight and free beside him, and everything seemed all at once an unbeautiful futility. As if nothing could happen to him or to her except what happens to all—failure and death. The room was empty with the emptiness which surrounds the loneliness of mankind.

"NO, I can't, I won't," she thought. But all at once she did. "Here, take off your coat," she said suddenly, lifting him up. She went swiftly to a locker with his light gray coat, pushed it in behind some others and returned with a dark blue one. She couldn't remember whose coat it was, which of the internes', but it was dark. That was all that mattered. She slipped his arms into it and laid him down again. And the man looked back at her with ugly doubts preying on his mind.



"We'll get some facts now," said Hoyle. "And the rest later. We'll post a man in the ward"

His mind could at times move very quickly, like a rat, but he couldn't make anything of this nurse standing above him with her red hair like a small bright flag in the room. For she was saying now, with a still face, which seemed to grow clearer, whiter, a shadow changed into a speaking statue:

"Your name is Frank Case and you are too weak to talk any more. You have told *me* your story. You must not say anything. Here comes the interne. I'll talk for you."

His mouth, accustomed to bragging, opened in ugly suspicion. "What's the big idea?" he wanted to know and she whispered, in a tone which steadied him into a sudden rigidity, "Leave it to me." Then there was an orderly or someone in the room and an interne leaning over him. The interne was Ken Adams but the man on the table didn't know that nor care. All he saw was a man just under average height who looked as tall as the Woolworth Building standing over him, a man inclined to be stocky, with blunt, straight features and with eyes that arrested even the patient's wavering ones. Eyes extraordinarily clear, observant and steady with such an expanse of a sea-gray in them that you were aware of that shining grayness whenever you looked at him.

The man did not like that steady, observant look. He hated this nurse, this interne; and he was afraid. All his life he had been afraid. Vain and violent and earth-bound and afraid, he had stolen and threatened and blustered his way through life. But this was no moment for blustering. He was at their mercy.

"Wounded in the leg, huh?" said the interne and he looked at Sylvia Ward and raised his eyebrows. And he regarded the coat a moment and said nothing. They had been warned to watch for a man in a light gray coat. The man's hands trembled as he tried to pull the blue coat tighter about him.

"Stick around a minute, Ben," said Ken Adams to the orderly. "Till I see what's what." He was pulling on his rubber gloves and examining the wound. Sylvia was handing him instruments and sponges. Nothing was said.

"You'll probably have to go to the Accident Ward," Dr. Adams told the man. "But I'll have to poke around here a bit in order to find out what to report to the Attending."

"YOU know what you'll find," said the man bitterly. And he groaned as the interne, probing superficially, raised his eyebrows a quarter of an inch and, straightening up, looked down at him.

"A bullet," said Ken Adams. "Here it is." He did not look at Sylvia Ward but glanced significantly at the orderly, who gave a look at the man on the table and went out whistling to report to headquarters. Police cases were all in the day's work to him.

Sylvia Ward's green eyes lifted swiftly and followed him as he went out of the room. So many things happened in life, things over which no one seemed to have any control. She held out a sterilized muslin bag, opened, while Ken Adams, still without comment, picked up the scissors and clipped off pieces of tissue and sterilized the wound. She glanced up at him but his face was blank, completely blank, completely medical.

"I wonder," said Sylvia, meeting the patient's eyes, holding them with hers, "I wonder if this *is* the man."

The patient's eyes met hers, puzzled, and then moved about, seemingly in all directions at once. You could see that he was like a trapped animal and knew there was nothing he could do. His lower lip crawled up to lap the upper.

"He doesn't seem very conversational," said Ken Adams, going on with his cleansing process. "What about it, feller? If you're not the bird they want you'll have some tall explaining to do."

"On the level," said the man, "I don't know what you're talking about." A lot of blood was running out of his leg, though the wound was superficial.

"I don't believe he does," said Sylvia and she swallowed hard. As though she was about to hear something she had often been about to tell herself but had as often been afraid to. She looked steadily at Ken Adams, and her eyes sent him their clear and extraordinary light. "I think he isn't," she said, "I think he isn't the man."

"I suppose not," said he. "I suppose not. I expect he's planning to be a war hero some day and he loves to practice." He looked around the table. "Where's that—" He found what he wanted. "Come here, you rascal—" He went on with his work. "He did a pretty good job, shooting himself in the back of the leg. Some hero!"

SYLVIA stood over the man whose leg was hurting and who didn't care for a moment, as was clear, what they said. She looked at his sullen face as if she had lost something and couldn't think how it had come about that she had mislaid a thing so precious.

"The nurse is sorry for you," said Ken Adams. His tone suggested to Miss Ward the barrier that must stand unassailed between a nurse's heart and her head. And yet he didn't want that barrier, not where he was concerned. He was thinking that as he wrapped gauze about the leg, and it made him see his future darkly because she would not be in it, and it made all life black.

"Shall I write up the night report so you can sign it?" she asked. They were to go off duty at twelve.

There was nothing to do but say, "Sure, write it up," and everything seemed quite pointless because there was nothing he wanted to say but how much he loved her.

She went over to the desk and wrote up the report, leaving the book on the blotter, not bringing it back to him. Then she came back, moving about like a beautiful white bird with a flaming crest, and bandaged the leg and he watched her for a while, watched her little hands flying with the speed and accuracy he had always loved. Presently he strolled over to the desk, looking at her printing, not seeing the words but only her writing. She printed as she did everything else, with grace and style.

She was busy, she did not watch him across the room. No need to watch or to think of him. She knew him so well, knew that never, no, not ever in his whole life had he let anything come between his conception of his professional duty and his own affairs. "Old Integrity"—that was what some of the newer internes called him. Her face hardened a trifle; integrity, what was it, anyhow? Sometimes the word could glow with divine grace and sometimes it was just a thing that stood between the human heart and small, suffering human beings. And she turned away from her recollection of his integrity with a prick of impatience and with a lost feeling that he was no one on whom one could call in certain kinds of need.

(Continued on page 26)

So the King Stopped it

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATION MODELED IN CLAY
BY ALAN FOSTER

THE three hundred years of general warfare which began about the middle of the twentieth century made a pretty clear sweep of Civilization. Everything which was explosive had blown up; everything inflammable had burned. Everything crashable crashed. Whole populations disappeared. Whole systems went up in smoke and down into dust. Dark wilderness and jungle savagery clothed the scarred surface of the planet. Human life remained; but for centuries it crept feebly and stupidly among the wastes and ruins at a low level.

Then, about the year 4500—or what would have been the year 4500 of the Christian Era, if there had still been a Christian Era—the husky barbarians who now populated the planet began to struggle into a kind of mental daylight. A primitive culture got going again; an ox-cart and stone-age culture, repeating the pattern of a cycle which must often have recurred in the checkered history of this whirling star that voyages the limitless oceans of space.

By the year 5000 this scattered barbarous culture had become somewhat conscious of itself, and was beginning to wonder about the ruins of the past. And it had plenty of ruins to wonder about—the pyramids and tombs and temples of Egypt, the ruined ancient cities of Mesopotamia, the ruins of the old maritime empire that had once had its center in Crete, and of the later maritime empire which had once had its center in England, the ruins of New York and Moscow and Yokohama and Mexico City and Pekin.

The older ruins had left more physical traces on the earth that the later ones; for the cities of the twentieth century had been built largely of steel frameworks with outer casings of concrete and stone; and when the steel finally corroded and gave way there was not much left but streaks and deposits of rust inside the unsightly heaps of toppled masonry. All knowledge of the electric current, as well as the gas and steam power, which had made so many wheels go round, had completely perished from the human consciousness.

NEVERTHELESS, the barbarians of the year 5000 had their legends, their fables, their primitive folklore. They bragged, shaking their stone-tipped lances at the sun, that they were descended from gods, or from godlike men. From supermen, who could fly through the air like eagles or vultures; versatile beings who could swim under water like sharks and whales; creatures who could converse with each other across great distances, sending their voices through the air for hundreds of miles. It was even said, and believed by many of these simple barbarians, that their ancestors—their prodigious ancestors!—had been able to look at pictures of things which were happening half a world away.

These legends and fables were kept alive by their priests and poets and medicine men; and of course only the more credulous and pious and superstitious barbarians believed them. Sensible people snickered and tapped their foreheads and made noises like a bird called the cuckoo when these fables were repeated.

But about the year 5200 a Sage arose in Ashtabula, Ohio, and said he had proof that all these old stories were true; that they were literal fact and not merely poetic fables and allegories. He had succeeded, he said, in translating a number of the ancient books, and there was no doubt of it.

He reported his discoveries to the High King, at the great stone wigwam at Ashtabula.

“These tales are all true, Your Majesty,” said this Sage, whose name was Mister Ashe of Ashtabula.

“Yeah?” said the High King. “So what?”

The High King's name was King Swat, and he ruled over a confederacy of little barbarian kingdoms, tyrannies and tribes which had its center at Ashtabula. Swat and his people cared very little and thought very little about anything east of Niagara Falls, which was quite obviously the end of the world in that direction—a lot of people had gone over the Falls in canoes and had never come back, which was proof enough. There were dozens and scores of these little barbarian worlds scattered over the surface of the planet, now, but they had little or no communication with one another.

“King Swat,” said Mister Ashe solemnly, “we can have the same civilization that the ancients, our ancestors, had if we work hard enough for it.”

“Says you,” said King Swat, languidly.

He stirred a little in the Royal Barrel-Stave Hammock, and took a pull from a gourd which was filled with some foaming liquid. “What *was* this Civilization?” He wiped his red beard on his sleeve and threw the empty gourd at one of his queens, who picked it up and trotted to the royal cellar to have it refilled.

“Why,” said Mister Ashe enthusiastically, “no man, until he reads these books I am translating, can even *dream* of the wonders which were commonplace matters to the ancients!”

“Such as?” inquired King Swat.

“For one thing, they had machines called cannon, with which they could slay their enemies, unseen, scores of miles away.”

“I DON'T admire that, Mister Ashe,” said the High King after a moment's reflection. The queen returned with a filled gourd, which Swat sampled. He continued: “In fact, Mister Ashe, that strikes me as being wicked.”

“They had a thing called the automobile, which went at the rate of a hundred miles an hour right straight across the country—and then jumped into the air and went two hundred miles an hour!” Mister Ashe's eyes were bulging as he recited these marvels.

“What for?” asked the High King.

“Why, in order to get places rapidly, Your Majesty.”

“What places?” asked the King.

“Wherever they weren't,” said Mister Ashe.

King Swat reflected for a few moments and then asked: “Mister Ashe, can you figure from these old books of yours whether they were in all that hurry to get to places where they weren't or to *get away from* places where they were?”

“Both, O King!”

“Why?” asked the King.

“Why not, Your Majesty?”

“Because,” said King Swat, “to my mind it shows an uneasy conscience. Anybody that needs all that speed in his business is trying to get away from *himself*. I don't like it. What did they run these wonderful machines with? Slave power?”

“With something they poured into the machinery. Some liquid,” said Mister Ashe.

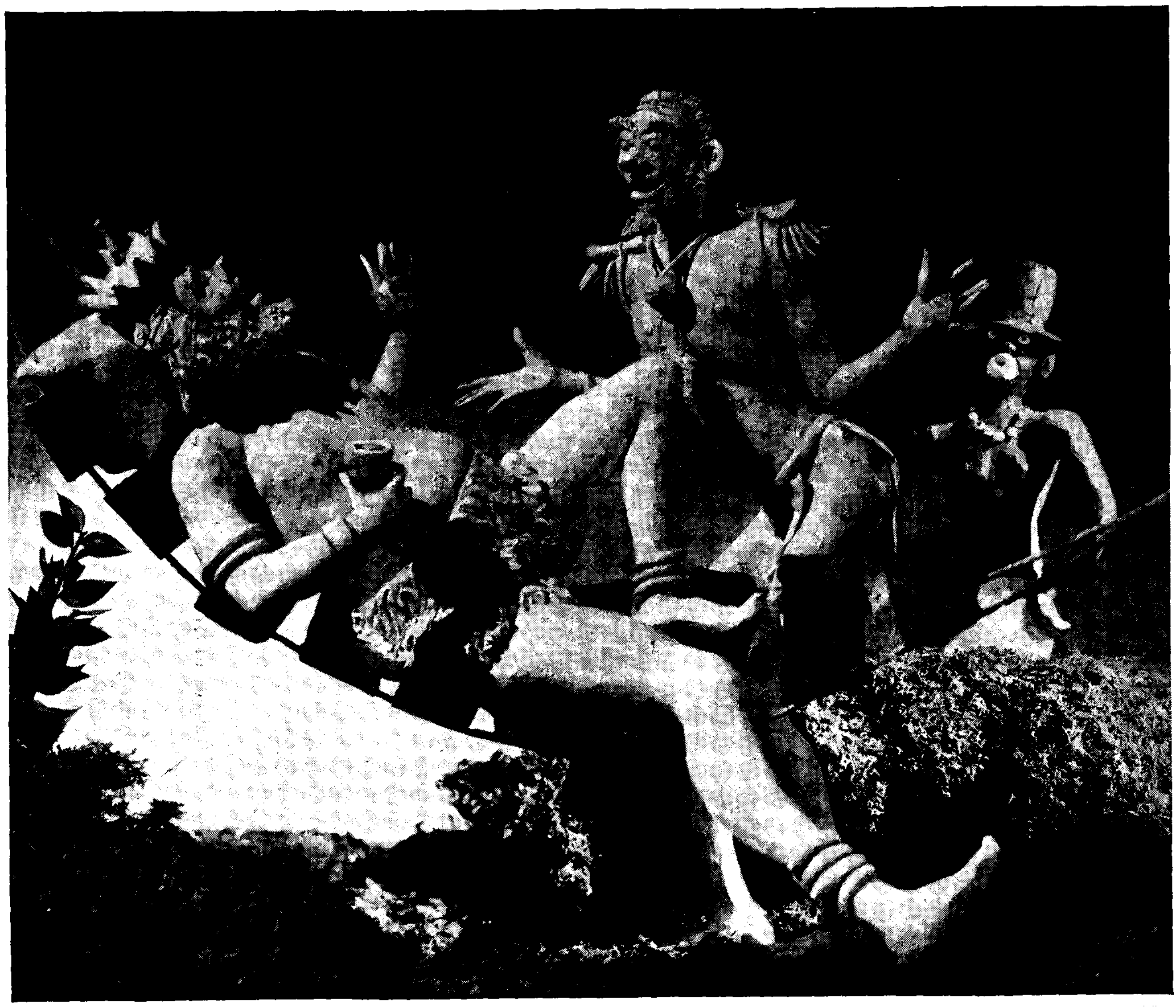
“What liquid?”

“THEY called it cocktails,” said Mister Ashe. “It was some kind of a sacred fluid, and only the nobility knew how it was made. The nobility lived in palaces called speakeasies, which dotted all the thoroughfares for convenience; and they and their priests were called bootleggers. Sometimes these cocktails were just poured into the people themselves, instead of into the automobiles and airships, and they took off in every direction at great speed, without the machines.”

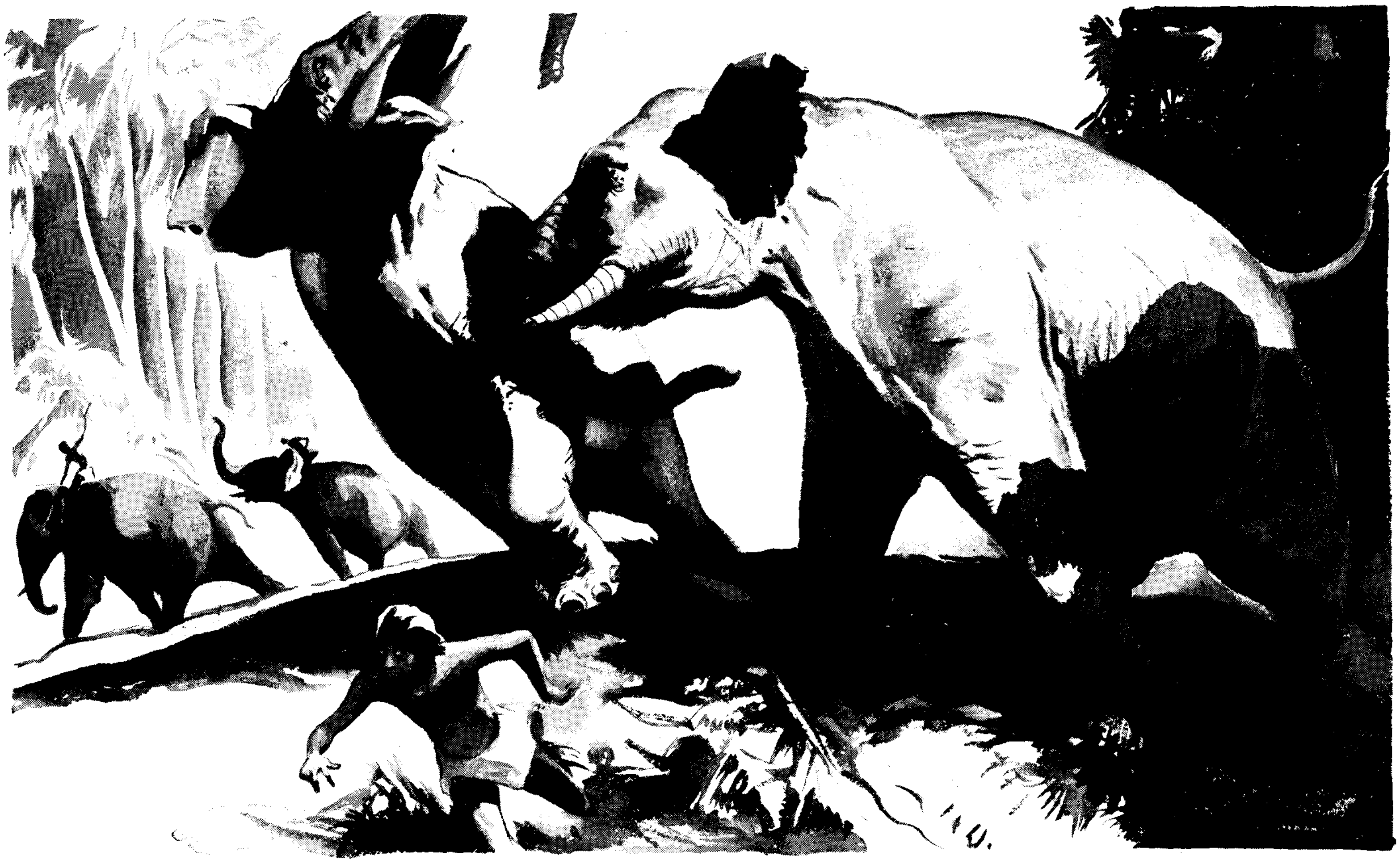
“That sounds a little more sensible,” said the High King. “But the trouble with going anywhere that fast is that you would get so tired before you got back.”

“When they got tired they just took

(Continued on page 43)



“Mister Ashe, I am going to put a stop to your thinking!” The High King snapped his fingers and a gigantic Nubian appeared



He became a devil of lightning. His long tusks cut and ripped like polished white swords

Gray-bearded, wizened Marku weighed hardly a hundred pounds. Nevertheless, he completely dominated seven tons of fierce, majestic elephant—a king of kings of the jungle. Here is the fascinating story of the

Bearer of the Tooth

By Frank Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. COLLINS

I HAVE seen many strange things happen between men and animals—almost enough to make me believe the old fable of Androclus and the Lion. After spending more than twenty years in the Far East jungles on my job of bringing animals back alive, I am ready to believe almost any tale I hear, provided it conforms to the known habits of the animal.

The Good Book to the contrary, I'm afraid a lion and a lamb won't lie down together. The lion will chase the lamb—for about two jumps—and it's just too bad for the lamb at the end of the second jump! But I have seen a black leopard and a tiger, two totally different and both very savage animals, together and apparently enjoying the companionship—but they had been raised together from early cubhood. It's all a matter of what happens and what doesn't.

That is why the strange story of the Tooth of Buddha, and the part played by a little wizened man with a gray beard—a man who weighed little more than a hundred pounds—and the greatest, strongest, fiercest elephant that ever lived, is not really strange when you understand it. Both the man and the animal, queer as their actions seemed, were merely conforming to their known habits.

There is a glamorous, romantic sound to the words "Tooth of Buddha." I remember I heard them first when I was a young man making my first trip into Ceylon and the land of the ancient Kandy kings. The whole weird beauty of the island was romantic enough; but when the fantastic history of Ceylon and its kings was piled on top, it seemed almost too much for a young animal hunter just out from the States.

I first heard of the "tooth" in Colombo from a friend of mine, George Davis, who was a government district officer at the time.

"You're in luck, Frank," he said, over our second whisky-and-soda on the hotel terrace. "The moon's just right for the festival."

"I haven't time for festivals," I grinned. "I'm here to get some leopards for the Al G. Barnes Show."

"You'll have to go to this one," Davis said. "It's the Festival of the Tooth."

"Of the *what?*"

"The tooth."

I laughed. "Whose tooth?"

"Buddha's."

That cut the laugh from my lips. I had been in the East long enough to have a deep respect for Buddhists. I knew they were widely spread all through Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Cambodia, China and Japan, and that the religion was, in fact, among the most powerful in the world.

Buddhism's Most Revered Relic

"You mean, Davis," I asked, "that there is actually a tooth of Buddha's still in existence?"

He shrugged.

"The Buddhists say so."

"But Buddha's been dead for—for twenty-four hundred years!"

"Just about," said Davis. "Here in Ceylon they set the date at 544 B. C. In other places they make it seventy-three years later."

"Where is this tooth?"

"Seventy miles from here — at Kandy."

"And the festival?"

"Is held each year. The tooth is paraded before the pilgrims."

"Actually paraded?"

"In a howdah of glass and gold on the back of the biggest elephant you or anyone else ever saw!"

"I guess," I said slowly, "I'll have to go to that picnic after all."

Davis grinned. "I thought you would. I'm going up myself—wouldn't miss it for the world. It's the greatest show on earth, really. We'll go along together—and, Frank, wait'll you see that elephant! It's as big as a house!"

I did want to see that elephant. I had seen some pretty big ones working in the teakwood forests in Burma and on the military roads in India. I was young enough to think I knew a lot about elephants, and I thought Davis probably was exaggerating the animal's size.

On the way to Kandy I learned something of Buddha and the Festival of the Tooth. Gautama Buddha was born during the sixth century, B. C. He was the son of a king of the Sakyas, of the Gautama clan, near the Himalayas. Raised in luxury, he left home when he was twenty-nine years old in search of perfect knowledge. He got his enlightenment at Gaya in Magadha under a bodhi or bo tree. It was there that he found his "three perfect truths" and the rest of the ritual; but what really made the thing stick was, I think, that Buddhism was a protest against the prevailing Hinduism and its theory of caste. Buddhism, invented under a bo tree, taught an independent morality and denied any permanent station of caste in the world or among the gods.

"These bo trees are interesting," Davis told me. "Eighty miles north of Kandy, at the ruined city of Anuradhapura, there's a tree which the Buddhists claim was grown from a branch of the parent tree sent to Ceylon from India by King Asoka in the third century B. C."

"Still living?" I asked.

"Still living."

"But that's impossible!"

Davis smiled.

"Nothing is impossible in the East," he said. "At least to Easterners. Pilgrims still come to visit that tree at Anuradhapura. On the grave of every Kandy monk a bo tree is planted. You'll find the East a queer place, Frank. You'll even believe me about the size of that elephant when you see it."

I smiled.

A Tooth That Made History

"Get on to the tooth," I said. "Let's have these pipe dreams one at a time."

Davis laughed.

"I can see you're not going to swallow this tooth thing either. Well, neither do I—exactly. But the 'tooth relic,' as they call it, is one of the most powerful symbols in the world. It may be just a symbol—as a crucifix represents Christ on the Cross—or it may actually be the real thing. Where it came from no one knows. It's been here for hundreds of years. It's been stolen—it's been held for ransom by the Portuguese—innumerable wars have been fought over it—"

"Wars?" I broke in.

"Between the Tamils of southern India and the Kandy kings. The Kandyans were great rulers—cruel, despotic

(Continued on page 30)

The Other Hero

To those who love and lose gracefully, this story might well be dedicated—a romance of the rodeo, without the blaring of bands

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. SCHLAIKJER

BUCK CRUSE dropped off at Lost Lodge at eight o'clock and stood a moment at the foot of an old-fashioned hotel porch, watching the stage roll away. There was the smell of asphalt and singed dust in the evening air and the rolling wheat fields lying on the hills above this central Oregon town were bright amber under a full moon.

Men's voices on the porch behind him gently stirred the peace, but Cruse left his two bags where he had dropped them and went along the sidewalk with a faintly limping, long-legged gait. His flat shoulders swung a little, and his clothes couldn't hide the tough, resilient outline of his body. A shaft of light from a doorway reached out to touch a dark face on which the perceptions of living were strong and rather reckless. Across the street a window held this sign: "Dressmaking and Millinery." Seeing that, Cruse instantly swung over the heat-softened paving.

He paused at a closed door, hand whipping away his cigar with a near nervousness. Afterward, shoulders rising, he opened the door and stepped through. A tripped bell emitted jingling throughout the darkened room. Beyond was a partition and drapes beneath which light crept dimly. A woman's voice said: "Just a moment." Then the drapes were pulled apart and she stood before him, gracefully still. A dim arm moved to the wall and an electric brightness flooded the room, and for one brief instant he distinctly saw emotion powerfully unsettle the fixed soberness of her face.

But that passed. It soon passed—and she confronted him as a stranger. She had always possessed that power, he thought then, to hold him away from her innermost emotions.

He said gently: "How are you, Madge?"

Her answer was quite expressionless. "Hello, Buck."

He shoved his big, broad hands into his pockets, not smiling. The heavy planes of his cheeks were woodenly fixed. "How long have you been here?"

"About a month."

"Why this town?"

"When you are running away," she said, "any town will do."

A girl with a green ribbon tied into dull auburn hair came from the inner room, and her small brown arms made a wide gesture and she said, "Hello, Daddy," in a tremendously excited voice and ran forward. Buck Cruse bent to absorb that collision. He lifted her up, his grin white and ragged across tan skin.

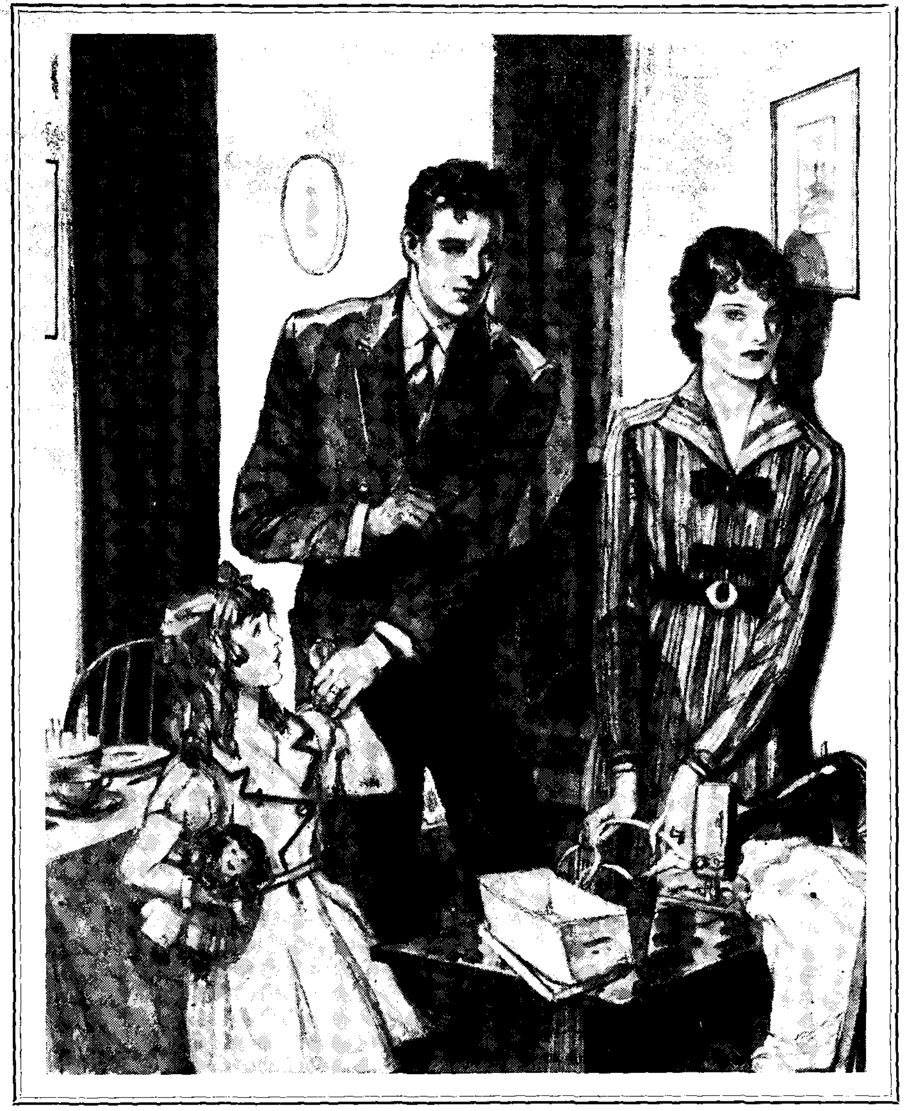
"Hello, Honey," he murmured. But he suddenly quit grinning. Honey's kiss was warm and moist and her hands tightened around his neck with the reckless love of childhood. Buck Cruse met his wife's fathomless glance briefly and looked down. He said to Honey: "You're a big girl now. Let me look."

Honey slid back to the floor and said, "Did you come for my birthday?" She got his arm and pulled him on through the doorway, into the living quarters. There was a table in the center of the room on which an old-fashioned oil lamp lighted a cake with pink candles.

"Of course," said Buck Cruse. "You're seven now, aren't you? And you were only six and a half when I went away."

"Well, you're home. Mother, will I sleep in the little bed tonight?"

Silence settled. Wonderingly Buck Cruse absorbed the clear profile of his daughter. She was Madge's child; she was Madge in every way, from the coloring of her hair to her calm pride. He saw nothing of himself—except at one rare moment when Honey's face had turned to him with a gay and teasing humor. It was, he thought somberly, the faintest reflection of his own appetite for living. There was a little of it somewhere in Honey; thank God there was no more than a little. She would be steadfast, as her mother.



There was fire in this woman but all he saw now was an injured pride

"BUT where's your suitcase?" said Honey.

He felt that small, warm hand tighten on his thumb. There was a chair near by, but he didn't sit down. He looked across at Madge, who stood remote and without expression by the wall. She was thinner. Something lived in her eyes he had never observed before.

"It was a sort of a surprise," he said, "to come back to find the ranch empty. Your people told me where you'd gone. So here I am."

"I thought I had left a rather plain explanation behind."

"You don't suppose I'd let it ride like that?"

Her lips were made for expression; but they were thin now and rather white, and all her body registered an aloof defense. "No. You always do what you make up your mind to do. I thought you'd come. But I won't argue, Buck."

He reached into his pocket for a smoke, bowing his head. He was thirty-three years old and no line marred his alive, alert face; but a faint trace of silver dusted the edges of his jet hair. His fingers were very long and very broad; a ragged scar formed a white ridge across one wrist.

"Where did you get that?" said Madge Cruse.

"Fort Worth. A steer dragged me."

"You've had a good season?"

He said: "I suppose so. The nearer the top a man gets, the bigger the money." The cigar broke suddenly from the pressure of his thumbs. "But more punishment in it, too. Not from bucking horses. From what the game makes you give up." He stopped on a rough note. Honey's openly adoring face tipped to him; her small hand clung to his thumb. "Five years of rodeo competition haven't been a pleasure tour. I never meant them to be. It was—"

"Ambition," she said. There wasn't any feeling in the word, only distant judgment. "You hate being second-best in anything. You hate obscurity. You're a driver, Buck. Aren't you supposed to be competing at Pendleton this week?"

"I got into Pendleton last night from the Chicago show. And drove out to the ranch right away." He stopped, because his voice began to echo feeling. He scowled at the floor, and went dryly on: "When I found out you had gone I did some inquiring. That's why I'm here. I've got to be in Pendleton to draw my bucker tomorrow night."

"And after Pendleton, another rodeo in another town."

"A man has to go on, Madge."

THE shop door set up its tinkling signal and a very cheerful voice called out: "May I come in?" Madge Cruse's eyes, her husband thought, showed an odd liveliness. She answered instantly: "Come in, Henry."

He stood between the drapes, looking in with a solid, patient face—a man of Buck Cruse's age but with more steadiness in him than Buck Cruse would ever possess. His glance, first touching Honey, came up to Cruse and revealed mild surprise. He had a box tied with white tissue paper. Madge said quietly:

"Henry, this is my husband. Henry Doran, Buck."

They shook hands. Henry Doran said: "I believe I saw you ride in Pendleton last year." That was all. He held out the wrapped box to Honey. "For a nice girl, on her seventh birthday."

The silence was definite and hurting, nothing breaking it but the rustle of Honey's fingers tearing through paper. Henry Doran's face was faintly embarrassed, and Madge Cruse slowly turned her eyes away, lips whiter than they had been; and, looking down at his daughter, whose face glowed with excitement, Buck Cruse felt indescribable loneliness stab through him. Honey lifted the cover of the box and spoke with a pure delight: "A dolly that closes her eyes!" She lifted her auburn head and said to Henry Doran, "Thank you," primly. But her eyes, going to Cruse, revealed uncertainty. "Isn't it a nice doll, Daddy?"

"The very best," he said.

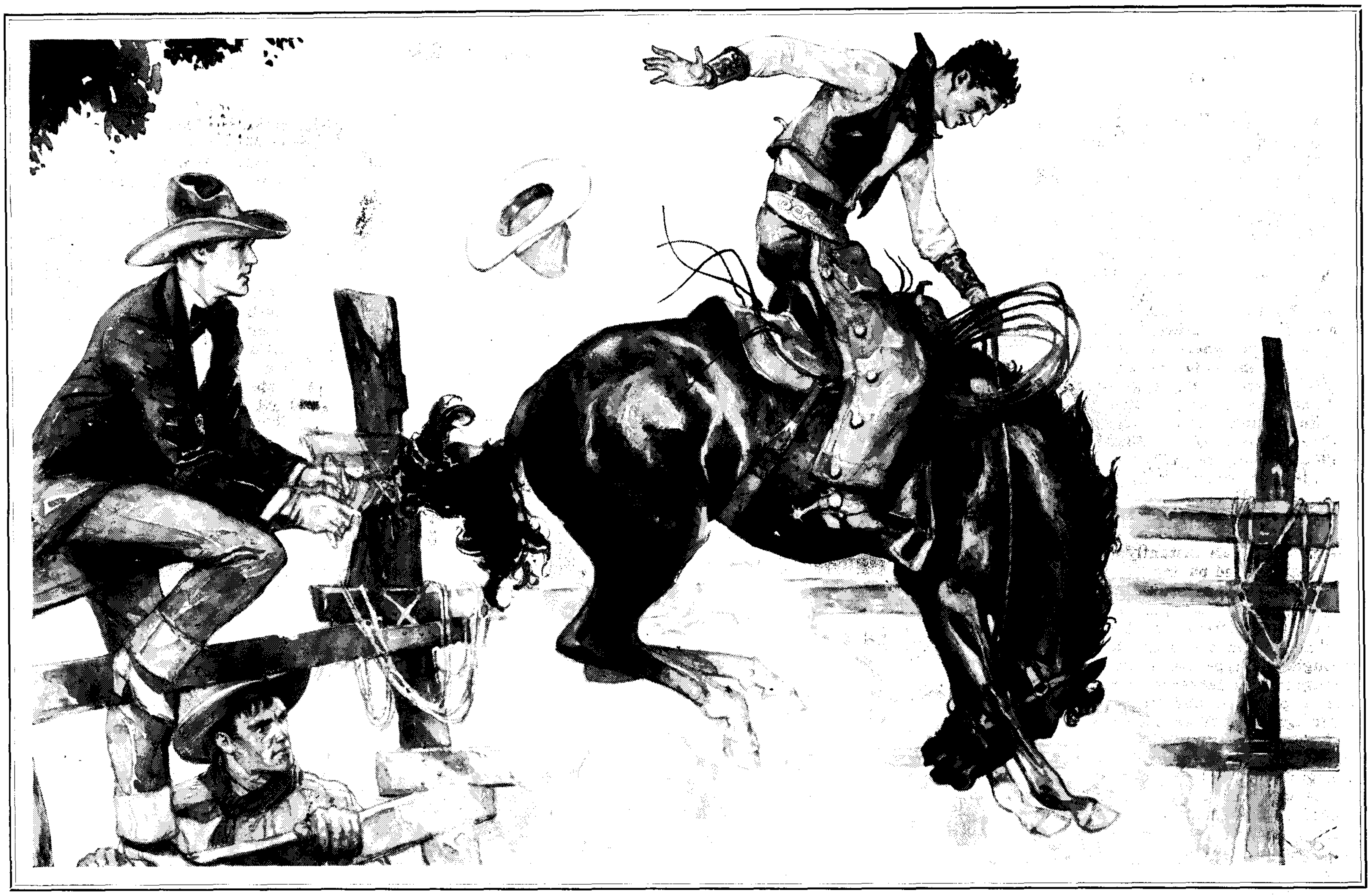
Henry Doran spoke with a real note of apology. "I am intruding." And he left the room. Silence held on until the shop door had closed.

MADGE said: "It isn't easy for a married woman without her husband to come into a small town that loves gossip. Henry Doran has been kind—at a time when kindness was rather rare."

"Where did you learn needlework? I didn't know."

She rested against the wall, shoulders relaxed. There was fire in this woman, but all he saw now was an injured pride shading the familiar light he ought to see. Honey's hand again gripped his thumb, with a pressure hard enough to hurt. Madge said:

"What do you suppose I did between May and November these five years while you've been following the rodeo



Henry Doran said to himself, coldly and dismally: "The man's master." His eyes missed what happened next

circuit? The hired hands ran the ranch. I had nothing to do. When you go back to the ranch look in attic trunks and see the yards of lace packed away. That's where I learned it."

He said, "Good night," and pulled his thumb from Honey's grip. Honey spoke in a deeply puzzled voice:

"But this is home, Daddy."

He turned sharp on his heels. Faint fog, changed to silver gauze by the moon, lay in the street. Crossing it, he climbed the steps of the hotel porch—and was arrested by Henry Doran's calm voice coming from the corner shadows: "The first cool hour today. Have a chair, Cruse." He was in a rocker, at the end of the porch, body faintly in motion. Buck Cruse went over and sat on the porch rail. He was, he realized, profoundly tired. The snap had gone out of him and there was a deep hole in him, where hope had been. Henry Doran's face in the phosphorescent shine of the fog was deeply patient. He was a man, Cruse knew at once, such as the prairie lands best produced—large and liberal and tolerant.

"I'LL be at Pendleton," said Doran, "to see you ride. You'll have to take tomorrow's stage—if you mean to be there."

"I mean to be there," said Cruse dryly, and lighted a cigar.

"It is a hard game," observed Doran with the same gentle curiosity. "Keeps you traveling, I imagine."

"From May to fall. In the winter I hole up on the ranch, outside of Ukiah. Mrs. Cruse and I were born in that country."

"You've got the run of the world," mused Doran gently. "Pendleton, Cheyenne, Calgary, New York. Some men are built for the long trail. It's in their blood. Some, like me, were born to stay in small towns and run banks."

The cigar turned stale in Buck Cruse's mouth; he threw it on the walk, watching the bright sparks spray up. The man was speaking to him with a deliberate indirection; the man was warning him.

"You have been kind to my family," Buck Cruse said. "I am grateful."

Doran's voice went on evenly: "Rodeo season's about over. You'll winter on your ranch. But in the spring you'll be gone again. How long have you been doing this?"

"Five years," murmured Buck Cruse. "It is a long way to the top."

"Of course—and you'd want to be at the top."

"My wife said that."

"It's your sort that makes the records in this world, that takes the punishment—that leaves regret behind." Doran got up, a broad figure in the bright dusk. "You've got a wonderful family. The greatest mistake of my life was in not marrying ten years ago. The reward you work for is fame. The biggest reward my kind of a man ever hopes for is happiness. The two are not the same. Sometimes we both miss out."

"Yes," said Cruse.

Henry Doran walked to the hotel door, stopping there. "I've got a fresh bunch of range horses corralled here. I'd be happy to have your opinion."

"Certainly," said Buck, and was left alone on the porch. A team and wagon clattered by; ghostly steam rose from the horses, a lantern jiggled on the end of the coupling pole. Faint chill crossed the still wheatlands of central Oregon. Buck Cruse sat in the chair with his tough body bent forward, crushing his palms together. He put his head down. A moment later, looking up, he saw that Madge's shop was dark. Honey would be asleep, her arms flung around the new doll that could close its eyes.

STANDING by a lobby window, Cruse saw Honey come from Madge's shop and shade her eyes against the drenching light of the morning sun. She looked both ways on the street and then sat down on the curb and smoothed out her fresh dress and folded her small arms in her lap. The children of the town had long before climbed the hill to the steepled school back of the main street; but there Honey sat, patiently waiting. Madge, Cruse thought darkly, was being kind to him. She was letting him see his own daughter before the stage took him away.

He went out and crossed in front of Henry Doran's bank. Honey's alert eyes found him instantly and she rose and ran on and caught his hand. Buck Cruse walked very slowly toward Madge's shop, Honey marching voiceless beside him. Her hair was a dark flame under the sunlight, and all her features were calm and thoughtful, like Madge's.

"I am going to call that new doll Gretchen," said Honey. "Why didn't you stay with us last night, Daddy?"

They were in front of the shop. Buck Cruse stopped and looked down. Her eyes, when she smiled, were faintly like his own. "I've been pretty busy, Honey. I want to see your mother a minute. You wait—and we'll take a little walk." He went to the shop door. Looking back, he saw her expression turn to that grave, inscrutable wonder of childhood. It was something that hit him like a bullet; he turned the door's knob and went swiftly inside.

Madge sat beside a table on which a half-formed coat lay; her head was bent toward her fingers as they whipped a needle swiftly through a hem. She didn't look up. Hearing him, she didn't look up. Buck Cruse got a cigar out of his pocket, breath drawing from a deeper part of his lungs, and stood watching the oblique, self-contained profile of his wife. There was a distinctness and a clarity to all her emotions, but he saw nothing now that would help him; and thus silent he thought of how full of laughter and love their early marriage had been. She had been a man's woman—with a round, vigorous personality that reflected by turns deep tenderness and provocative deviltry. She was, above all things, herself. She had been so willing to share all that once; yet here she sat, strange to him.

HE SAID irritably: "Your eyes weren't made to be ruined by fine stitches."

She didn't look up. "What were they made for?"

"Nor for crying."

"I'm past crying. I stopped that two years ago."

"Was it that bad?"

She laid aside her needle then and met his glance directly. "Yes."

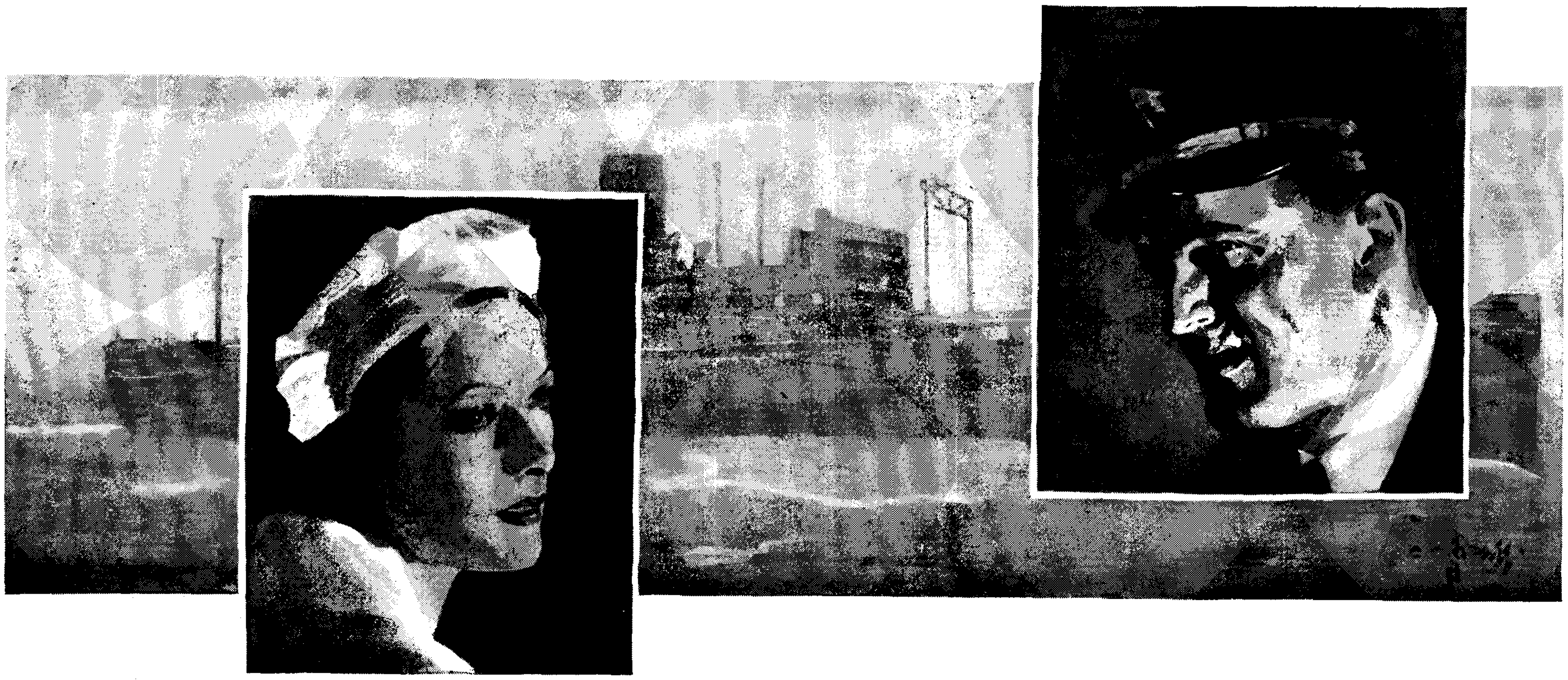
"I'm sorry."

"I'm not asking for sympathy, Buck. The failure was mine."

He looked at her, more and more puzzled. "What failure, Madge?"

Her shoulders were straight and square against the chair's back; her two hands came together in her lap.

(Continued on page 56)



Dark Landfall

Captain Lasker didn't think much of the present-day sailor, Mister Pollard included. It took a blinding west coast fog to open his eyes to the truth that the sea hasn't lost its old way of turning out men

By Jacland Marmur

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

THE Saginaw went bucking down the great circle lane from Yokohama for the Coast. Mr. Frederick Pollard, the first officer, watched what could be seen of her in a strange pre-dawn twilight of February in the North Pacific. He stood with the careless ease of instinct in a corner of the weather bridge, with his hands deep in his coat and his chin moving restlessly between the upturned collars.

Once, as the windy gloom thinned overhead, he shot a swift look aloft, searching the as yet colorless sky. But the heavenly bodies remained hidden behind thick murk. There would be no fix from the stars that morning either. Well, she'd have to find her way, regardless. He had a deal of things troubling him, Mr. Pollard. They engaged the back of his subconscious mind not occupied with conning the laboring ship and the sweeping seas.

"Fed up!" he growled at the drumming wind dodger. "I'm fed up. That's what."

Mr. Pollard wouldn't have minded if the ship had been his own; he would have thought it quite fine. But she wasn't. He was the first mate. He didn't think it right for old Captain Lasker to come out of retirement and cheat him of his command. Pollard wiped the spoondrift from his face and plunged his hand quickly into his greatcoat again, snorting. The lookout, with coffee, was staggering up the ladder, shielding a steaming mug with his mittened hands. The chief mate opened the wheelhouse door.

"In here before the old hooker shakes it all down your boots."

"Hardly spilled a drop, sir."

The sailor grinned and fished in the pockets of his reefer coat. His hands came out with two crisp hot rolls, which he handed across gingerly.

"Miss Bett' sent 'em up," he explained. "Just hauled 'em out o' the baker's oven. I met her in the pantry. Said maybe they'd help through a cold watch."

"Miss Bett'?" The chief mate's eyes lit up. Wasn't that just like her? Made you feel warm, the things that girl did. He turned his face toward the dripping forward window where he could watch the ship's tossing head as he bit into one of the rolls and gulped the steaming coffee. Ah! That was the stuff to give the troops! Put guts into you again. His lips twitched. "How many'd you swipe, Andy?"

"None, sir. Honest. Didn't have to. Miss Bett' gave me one. Nothing better, sir!"

"What? The rolls or Miss Bett'?"

"Both!" the sailor exploded emphatically before he passed out into the weather. "Both, sir!"

THE chief mate said nothing to this. The fellow was right. The wheelsman, too, seemed to agree, for he was grinning slyly down at the compass card. And when Mr. Pollard finally wedged the empty mug in the rack and went out on the wing again, he was smiling pensively to himself.

First-trippers on the Saginaw called her Miss Norwood. After that, she either got to be your friend, "Miss Bett' "—or you left the ship for another berth. She was that way. Slim and erect and calm-eyed, with a pert little nose and a chin that meant something. You could talk to her as you would to a man. She understood things, Miss Bett'. She liked sailors, had an instinct for them; that was the secret of it. She'd put more than one green apprentice kid on the right track before his first shore carouse in the pots of Yokohama and Kobe. They brought her flowers and ginger candy on sailing days: her room was full of sweets and blooms halfway across the ocean. And she'd bound up more than one cracked head with her deft little hands, from the meanest wiper and ordinary seaman of the forecastle to the chief engineer's broken finger last trip.

Fred Pollard, stamping his feet for warmth, smiled at the knifing wind as these things chased through his brain. What a fool he'd made of himself with her in Yoko when first he joined the Saginaw. Well, he'd thought she was that kind. She let him know soon enough she wasn't. Lord, couldn't she dress a man down! With her lips smiling all the time, too. Made you feel like a whipped dog. How was he to know? What was a girl like that doing anyhow, stewardess on a combination freight and passenger ship in the Oriental trade? . . . And there she was sending up hot rolls to help him through a watch!

THE Saginaw blundered on toward the sunless east. Far to the north, beneath a sky of half-liquid lead, the chief mate sighted a speck of white crawling up over the edge of the heaving horizon. He put glasses to it out of habit, and made out the upper sails of a square-rigged ship. He watched it, without turning his head at the heavy tread of the master coming up for his morning prowl.

Captain Lasker saw it at once. He stopped at the head of the ladder, peering into the morning's wind-bleared eye.

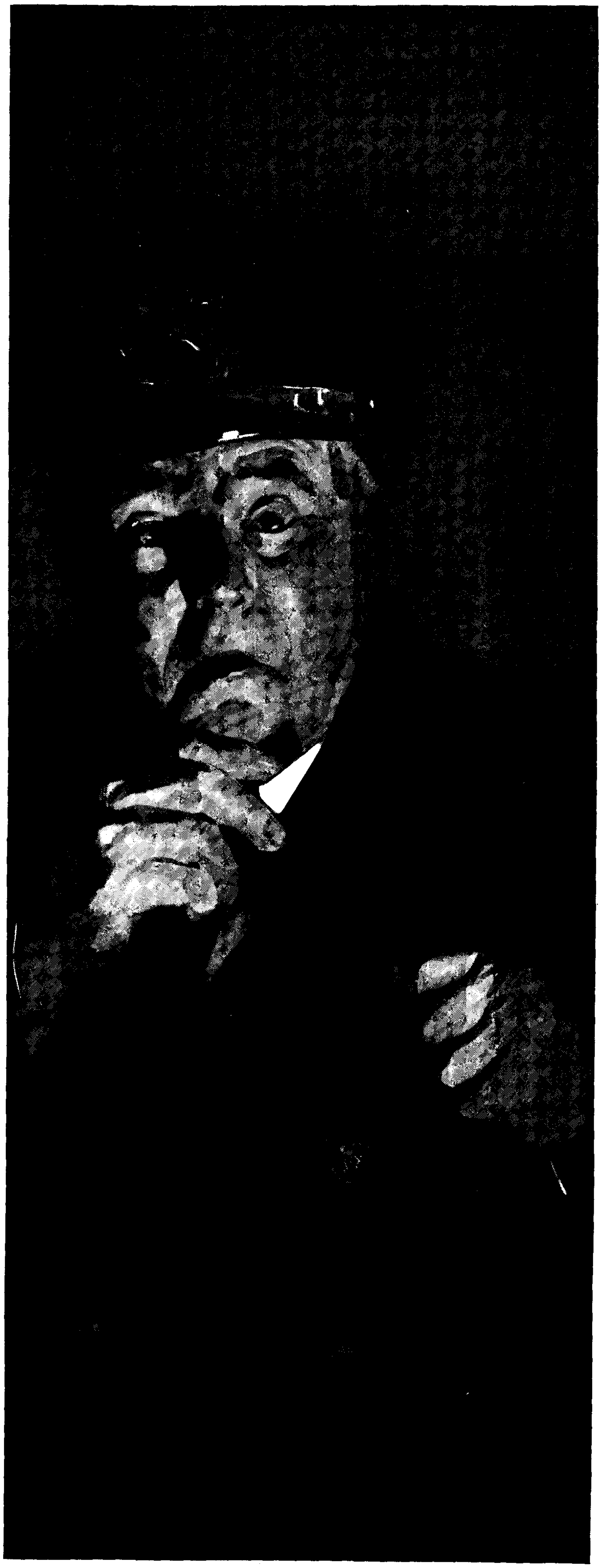
"First ship I've seen in years," he said quietly.

His voice was calm and deep. It sounded tired. Pollard looked at him. It was like the old man to say a thing like that. But the master, with one large hand resting on the handrail, continued to stare fixedly at that advancing pillar of white cloud. He was a large, heavy man. Only his shoulders, stooping a little; the carved lines about his mouth; his glittering eyes under gray-cragged brows betrayed his years. Age had dealt lightly with him, and he stood as tall as the young chief mate.

WHY had he come out of retirement to take command of the Saginaw? She was little better than an ocean tramp, for all her cramped passengers' cabins amidships. Pollard didn't know. Captain Lasker, then the commodore skipper of the fleet, went ashore some years before with the honor and the dignity of his profession on him. He thought he'd earned his rest, after fifty years in the service of the sea. But there he was again, on the bridge of a ship that should have been Fred's. The last years had done things to investments—and to men. Most of them, the old die-hards, simply lay down and bleated about their troubles. But Joseph Lasker had fished out his ancient sextant, packed a scarred sea chest again, and climbed without a whine back into the harness, the only harness he knew. There was something fine about that. You couldn't help feeling it as he stood there in the wet blasts of a North Pacific gale, staring patiently at a ship that was for him the last tattered emissary of his own time and his own day of strength.

"Aye, mister," he said again. "That's the first ship I've seen in years."

She came creaming and boiling closer, lifting her hull into vision. Somehow or other she captured a glint of light, as if she alone knew how to find it in all that sunless world. It glittered on her topgallants, the bright and nebulous aura of her epoch, while the Saginaw wallowed in gloom with a ragged tail of smoke behind her. The sailer was on a wind with a driver in charge of her watch, for suddenly her royals broke loose to the lofty trucks. What a brave, audacious gesture! Show a tin-pot how ships were once sailed! Captain Lasker knew what that extra canvas meant; his old eyes burned.



It was the voice of a man face to face with an awaited dread. He stood, straining his eyes into a sightless void

“Tusitala!” he breathed heavily.

Recognized her! Why shouldn't he? She belonged to his time. How she came on, sweeping the seas aside! Boiling suds foamed as high as her jibboom heel. The lift and the drive of her! What a roaring and a crying and a whistling of wind and string-tight gear there would be on her deck! The weather was hers: she was a part of it. The Saginaw bucked and dove and fought: the Tusitala flew on her side, sporting the running seas, lifting shatters of spray as high as her topsail yards while her canvas, tight with wind, seemed about to lift her at any moment clear of the water and into the upper air. She towered large and loftily closer. A man on her poop waved his hand as she swept past a little to the west of south, standing her course in the gale.

THE spume-filled air swallowed her quickly, knowing that too long a vision of past glory and a vanished skill is not good for common men. She disappeared in grayness as she had come, leaving the Saginaw swinging her sullen way to the coast, where commerce waited impatiently for her.

“You don't see that very often nowadays, mister,” Captain Lasker growled, still staring sadly after her. “No; not very often. Some men in her, I'll bet, to fling out royals down this breeze. Gave us a show.”

“Good men in steamers today, sir, too.”

But the master hadn't heard him. Trick of his, Pollard thought, when he was preoccupied. Captain Lasker pulled his cheek ruefully.

“Great days they were, Mr. Pollard. Great days.” He watched the Saginaw's head dive and spatter sheets of spray aboard. “You didn't know them. Before your time. You didn't drive a ship from Foochow to the coast faster than the next man by cheap chicanery or petty larceny on a national scale. You made your fortune ashore that way; not at sea. I've known . . .”

He broke off. Perhaps he realized that his speech and his plaint were of an epoch that no longer had meaning or worth, except only to those who, like himself, had seen it and known it. There was no bitterness in his voice, only a calm and dignified reproach. He's got done out of all his savings, poor devil! Pollard thought. Took it like a man, that robust old giant. You had to like him for it.

“Ah, well,” the master muttered at the empty, wind-swept sea. “Things happen. Things change. You have got to see it through to the end of your time.”

“I should think, sir”—the chief mate latched the cover to the binocular rack—“I should think there are as good men in steamers today.”

“Eh? What's that?”

There was that old trick of his. Made you repeat things to him, while he eyed you sternly with those glitteringly mournful eyes. Pollard repeated his faith. The master turned for the ladder.

“No doubt,” he said dryly. “No doubt, Mr. Pollard.”

THE chief mate stared after that broad back as it swayed naturally around the 'midship housing. The wind and the labor of the ship troubled it not at all. On his way to Miss Bett's cabin. Spent most of his time there. Pollard frowned. Pretty thick, those two. Why didn't the old codger stay ashore where he belonged, or at least keep clear of a fine girl like that? Give a fellow a chance at a ship he'd earned and . . . The chief mate took a savage turn of the bridge, snarling at the helmsman as he passed through the wheelhouse. He'd tell her a few things, if they'd ever make eight bells!

He went along to see her all right, when the third mate relieved the bridge. But when he found her in the saloon pantry, he discovered it wasn't easy to be stern, looking down into those smiling, assured eyes she had, with a faint flush of weariness on her cheeks where wisps of chestnut hair traced delicate lines of shadow.

“Thanks for the hot rolls, Miss Bett'.” That wasn't what he was going to say at all! “Put life into me this morning.”

“I thought they'd help.”

“You—you look tired.”

“I am tired.” She busily put a small nickel pot under the spout of the coffee urn. “What good is seasickness to lady passengers if they haven't an audience? I'm the audience. Yes; I'm tired.”

She started for the alleyway, tray in hand. He caught the suspicion of a smile at the corners of her lips. Gave you the impression of restless eagerness, that smile. Either that or she despised him, Pollard thought. Well, she had reason enough! He touched her arm lightly. Something made him do it.

“Maybe you wouldn't be so tired,” he said quickly, “if the Old Man would—”

HE STOPPED. Her little square chin had come back on a white-clothed shoulder. The swift flash of anger in her eyes brought him up short. There he was, making an ass of himself again. His stare fell to the deck. And while he wasn't looking, that quick flame died at once. Her eyes softened. Something strange came into them. He should have been looking. It might have told him things. Betty Norwood turned slowly. She was smiling now, a little wistfully.

“I can take care of myself. You ought to know that.”

He looked up quickly, remembering the night in Yokohama when he had gone ashore with her. He knew what that lovely face could say in anger. He winced again at the thought of it.

“All right, Bett'. But I didn't mean it that way.” His voice was gruff. “That's the second time I've . . .”

“No. I'm sorry, Fred. That wasn't kind of me. I've forgotten all about it. I'm not a little girl just out of school, you know.” She came closer, touching his chest with the edge of her tray. The ship shuddered and bounced under their feet. “You don't know Captain Lasker the way I do, Fred. My father was chief mate with him long, long ago in the fastest full-rigged ships on the Pacific. His daughter and I went to school together. He's like my own kin. He's fine, Fred, fine! The times haven't been kind to him. I know! You think it's not right for him to come aboard here this trip as master. If he'd stayed ashore they'd have given the ship to you. And you deserve her, Fred. No one knows it better than I. But Captain Lasker's got a job to see through.” Her voice broke a little. “He's commanded ships for almost fifty years. There isn't anything he holds dearer than the reputation he's earned in that time. He knows what he's doing all right, and I love him for it.”

The swift rush of her words stopped abruptly. She tossed her head to clear a spray of hair from before her bright eyes and bit her lower lip as if to force back some startling truth that ought not to be spoken. Pollard stared at her, aghast. The spirit, the fire of her! Lord, she was lovely that way, with the heat of emotion animating her mobile features! He wanted to say something, but she moved quickly from him and stepped over the weather board. But she turned again for an instant.

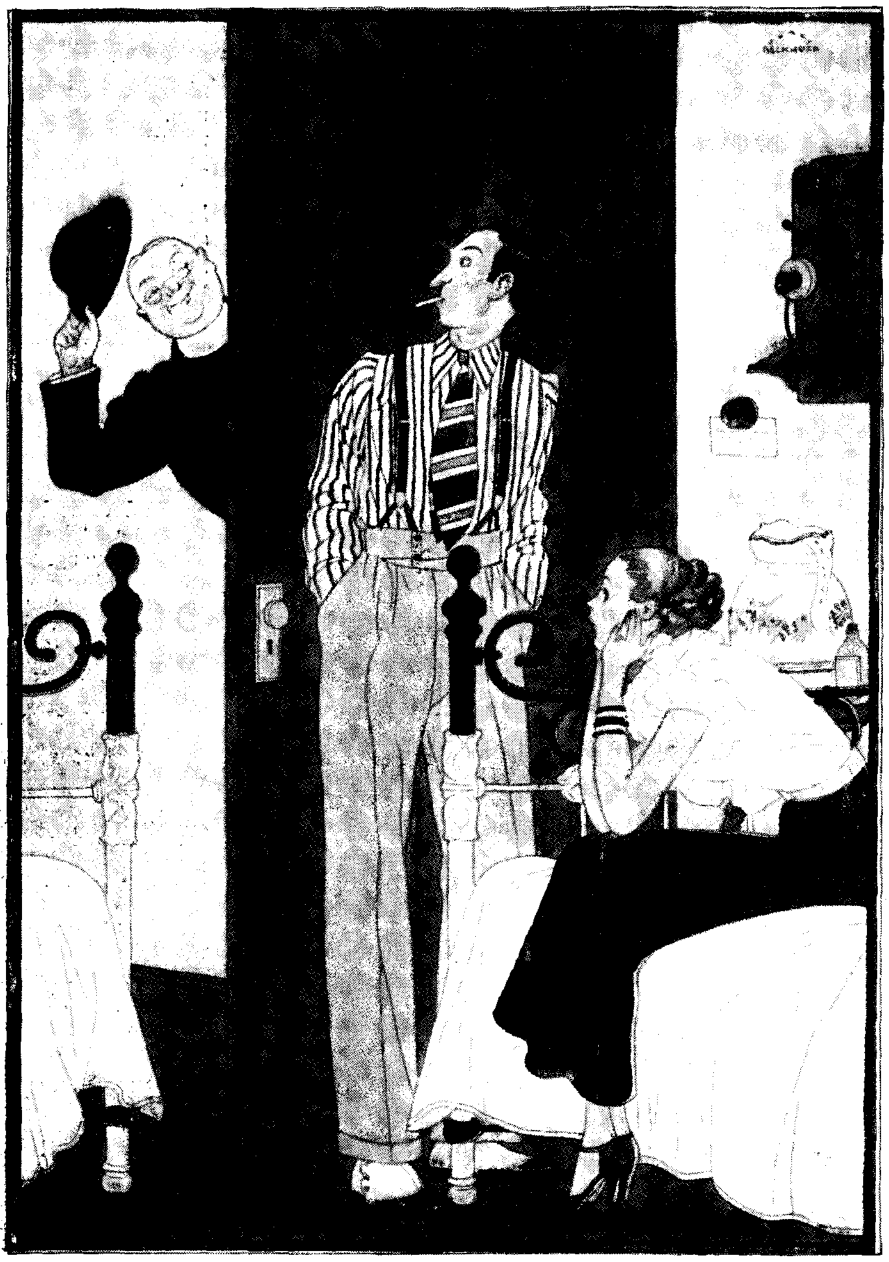
(Continued on page 48)

Act Natural

By Luke Faust

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Lefler-Goldman Agency, Open Sesame of show business, gets a shovelful of the New Deal Business Man



"We're worrying in our room, when the Reverend Doctor Bentley comes to call"

SO! WE'RE supposed to play Jonesboig!" Jack Spreeter said. He yanked his black fedora to a more defiant angle, and took another dig at the hamburg steak (with French frieds and onions at twenty-five cents). He pointed a finger into Sally Sailor's right arm.

"We been supposed to play Jonesboig since Times Square was 14th Street," he said. "I'm going and tell Izzy something. Is this a trained dogs' act we are? This is a high-class show we got. We would bowl them over in the Phantom time. Who is this boid Izzy? Is he a fish peddler, or a booking agent? I'll tell him something!"

Sally's mouth was very full, so she said nothing at all.

"Hurry it up," Jack Spreeter said, wiping a piece of roll into the last of the gravy. "We're going up there in one big hurry. Come on."

Sally's mouth was still full. She followed Jack Spreeter out of the eating joint in silence. In silence she followed him to the corner of 49th Street and Seventh Avenue while he waved his hands and berated Izzy Enfield.

Sally swallowed hard several times.

"We was supposed to get dessert and coffee on that two bits," she said. "What's the matter with Jonesburg? It's cakes and coffee, ain't it? What's the matter with it?"

"What's the matter with it?" Jack Spreeter ejaculated. "Ain't I just been explaining to you what's the matter with it? We'll tell Izzy what's the matter with it, too! You watch me! I'll tell him something!"

They had entered a building in West 47th Street, and Jack Spreeter pushed the elevator button while Sally wiped her mouth and powdered her nose.

"Is this a agency?" Jack Spreeter asked. "Or is it the Foist National Bank? I'll go over to Ginsky's. I'll take the whole act to Ginsky. Then we'll see some booking. Playing Jonesboig! Phooie!"

"Nuts," Sally said. "Nuts to you, Mr. Spreeter."

"All the thanks I get," Jack Spreeter said, "when if it wasn't for me you'd play Jonesboig and starve to death."

"We certainly can't pay the hotel bill if we don't play Jonesburg," Sally said. "How we going to eat, if you don't take what you can get? You got to nowadays."

"No you don't got to," Jack Spreeter declared. "What you got to do is to get Izzy told something. That's what you got to do."

The elevator arrived. They entered it. It started upward.

"LEFLER-GOLDMAN," the elevator man presently announced. He opened the doors and Jack and Sally got out and the elevator man went to the street level again, singing about the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. He sang all day and carried show-business up and down for the largest theatrical booking agency in New York City. It had branch offices in Hollywood, Chicago, London, Paris and Berlin. It occupied the twelfth and fourteenth floors of the Fair Brothers' Theater Building, there being no thirteenth floor. The agency was divided into departments. There was the vaudeville department, the motion picture department, the radio program production department, and the scenario department (plays also read). Each of these had a head, an assistant head or so, and a stenographer.

Synchronizing all these units was the business department, which was headed by Al Blumstein.

Al Blumstein was forty years old. Highly intelligent, but without formal education, he had only one handicap—a hidden and superstitious respect for formal education and whatever formal education produced. But he also had a hard business brain, and in 1924, at the age of thirty, when the Speakeasy Error entered upon its palmy days, he was business manager of a night club, and was riding the high ones in Wall Street. Worth half a million dollars in 1929, he had a suite at the Hotel Renton, and commanded napkins at breakfast that had been freshly autographed by the most loudly acclaimed feminine lights of the Great Lit Way. He was not bad-looking—slender, tall, active, with hard black eyes and a profile. The profile was not classic. It was just difficult to forget. With that profile he had hacked his way.

IN THE fall of 1930 he managed to get a job as reception clerk in the Lefler-Goldman Agency. By 1933, when he was thirty-nine years old, the hard business brain had gained him the business managership, with an office of his own on the twelfth floor. He had been there a year, a hard velvety hand, silently rocking the Lefler-Goldman cradle.

The desk at which he had served his earlier apprenticeship was accompanied in the reception room by twelve chairs, a water cooler, two telephones (on the desk), and four windows. To this desk advanced whoever wanted anything of anyone in the entire concern. It was the Open Sesame of show business, and sometimes it was the Goodby Poppa.

To this desk now advanced Jack Spreeter and Sally Sailor.

"Howdy, Eric, is Izzy in?" Jack asked the young man at the desk.

Eric dialed one of the telephones.

"Izzy?" he said into the phone. "Jack Spreeter's here again with the girl friend."

Eric hung up: "He says to wait a minute."

"'He says to wait a minute,'" Jack Spreeter mimicked. "What is this? Here I'm all steamed up. He knows I'm all steamed up. He don't want to talk to me when I'm steamed up. So he says to Eric, he says: 'If he's steamed up, tell him to wait a minute, as I got to finish this here cigar in peace.' So I sit. I lose steam, and he smokes his cigar. Oh, will I be telling Izzy Enfield something this time! Hanh!"

Sally just sat down and stretched her feet out, and chewed gum without paying any attention. They were not alone in the reception room. A man slept across the way.

"That's the trouble," Jack declaimed. "This thing around here. They run it like a safe deposit. We lose steam sitting here. What happens? Jonesboig!"

"Let the guy sleep," Sally said. "You make too much noise."

"It's time for him to wake up anyhow," Eric said. "Hey, Johnny!"

The sleeper sat up, glanced at his wrist watch, and went out.

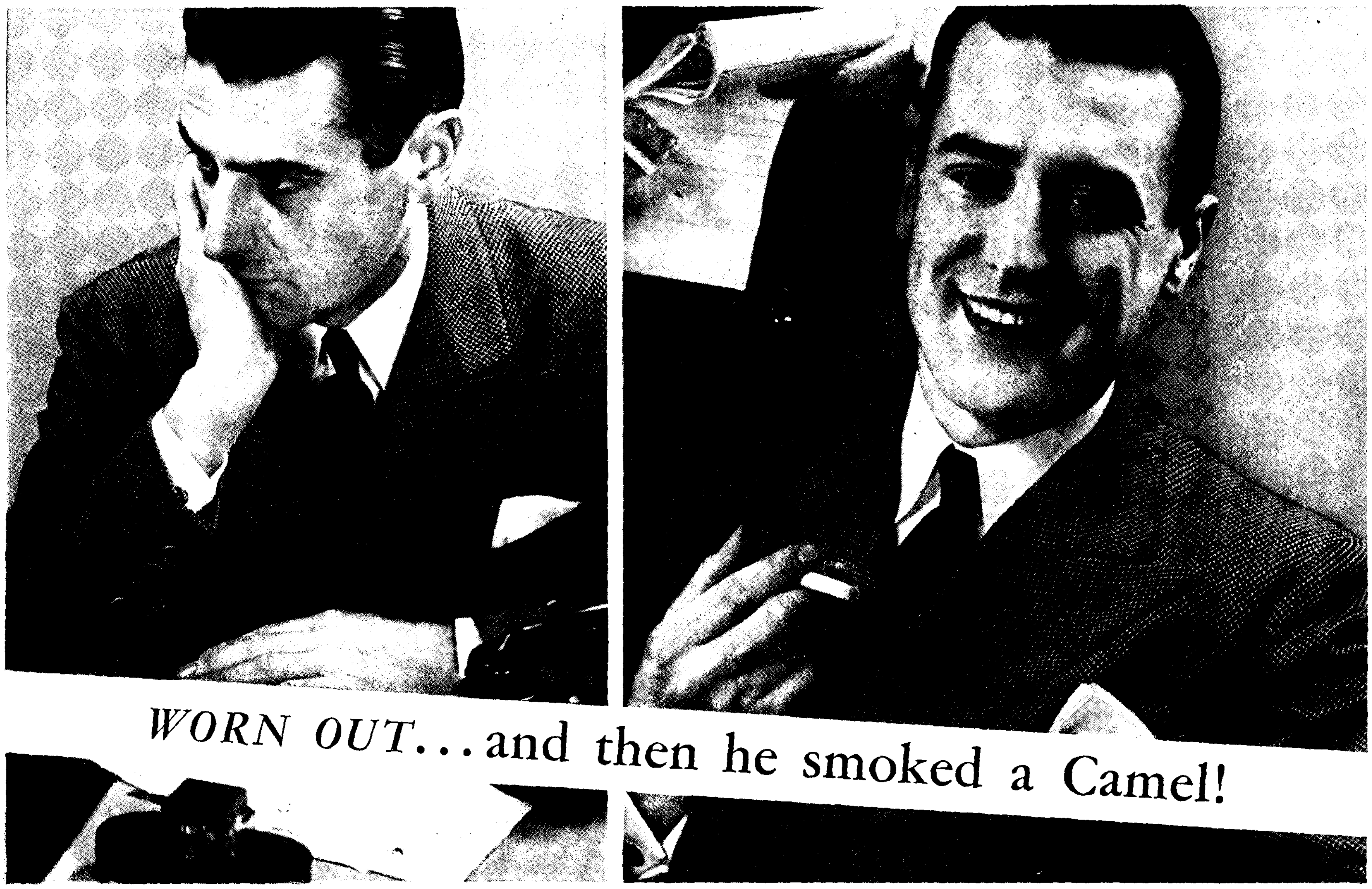
At the same time one of the telephones buzzed and Eric picked up the receiver.

"You can go in now," Eric said.

"I can go in now," Jack Spreeter said. "Isn't that nice, Sally? We can go in now."

"Well," Sally said as she stood up, "what are you hanging back for? If

(Continued on page 38)



WORN OUT...and then he smoked a Camel!

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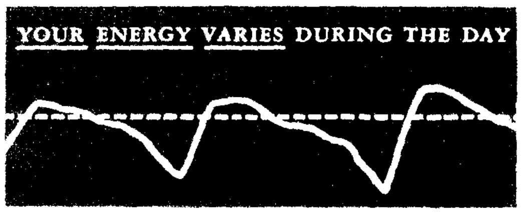

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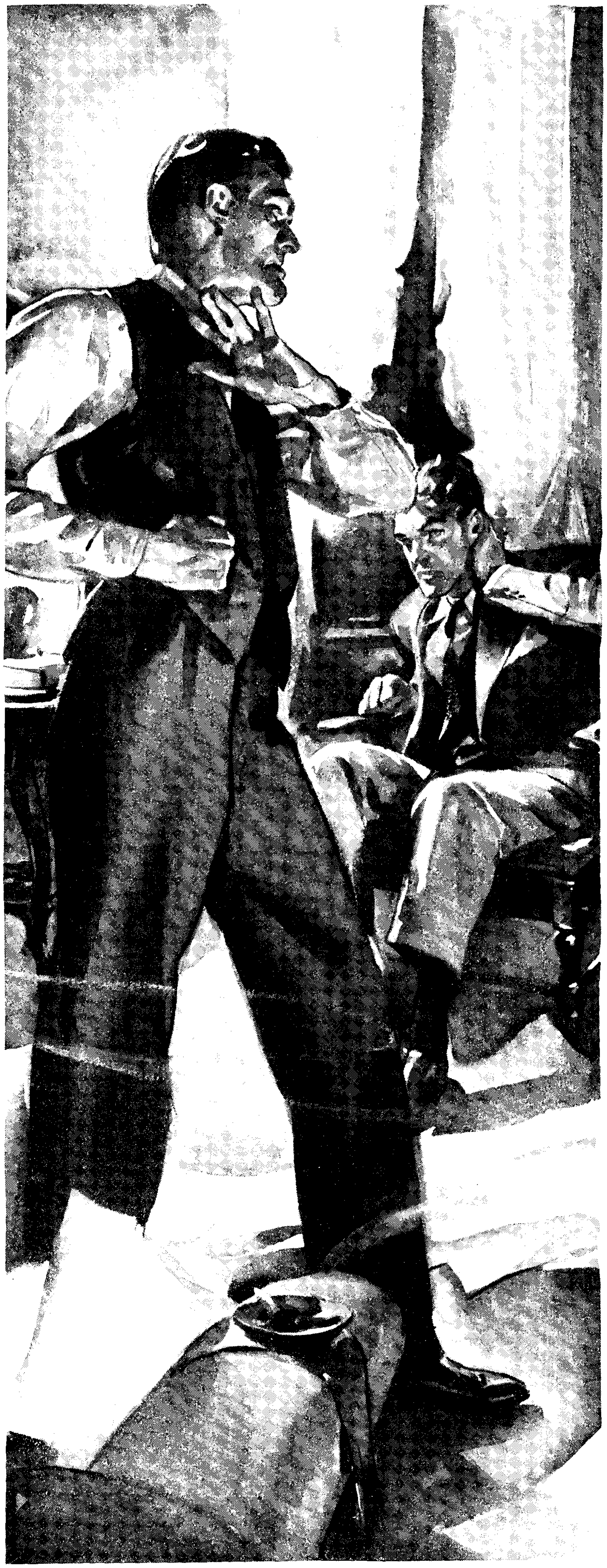
CHOICE QUALITY
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"



Jones began to understand why Mannion was so feared

Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

KILLER MANNION, a desperate criminal, escapes from a mid-western prison. Within a few hours the police of Midland City arrest him, escort him to the Homicide Bureau. There, positively identified as Mannion, he claims to be one Arthur Jones, a clerk in the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics, and demands that his boss, Mr. Rawlings (known to his office force as "J. G.") be summoned.

The district attorney sends for Rawlings. He arrives, accompanied by his secretary, Dorothy Wicklow. He announces that the prisoner is his clerk, Arthur Jones!

It appears that the countenance, weight, height, voice and age of Jones are almost identical with those of Killer Mannion. The newspapers scream the strange story. . . . For years Arthur Jones has longed to write, to become a successful author. Now, at last, comes his chance. Ben Healy, a reporter who represents the National Syndicate, suggests that he write *the life story of Mannion.* At "The Blue Goose," a restaurant much favored by the underworld, Jones agrees to undertake the job; then, armed with a safety-passport (*stating that the bearer is not* Killer Mannion, and signed by the district attorney), he goes to his room.

There a visitor awaits him. *Killer Mannion!* The intruder calmly informs him that he, Killer Mannion, and Jones are to "team up," he using the passport at night, Jones using it during the day. He is interrupted by a tap on the door which, while Jones slips into the bathroom, he answers. Dorothy Wicklow enters. "J. G.," she announces, "told me to bring these reports over. He wants them tabulated tonight." Then, with a sudden gasp: "*You're not Jones!*"

Jones, listening, comes out of the bathroom. Mannion, taking the passport, goes out—after making it clear that his gang will get revenge if the police are notified. Later—while Dorothy and Jones are discussing the weird situation, wondering what they should do—he returns. He has a suitcase. In it are two machine-guns. Smilingly he permits Dorothy and Jones to walk out. *He knows,* and *they* know, that he is as safe as Arthur Jones, clerk, with his magic passport.

III

JONES felt very proud of himself as he ushered Miss Wicklow into the Blue Goose. Although he had been there only twice himself, he felt like an old patron and he was surprised and pleased when the head waitress recognized him and secured one of the favored booths for him.

"Would you like me to order for you?" he asked Miss Wicklow. "The shrimp Newburg is very good here."

"Oh, nothing like that for me," said Miss Wicklow, smiling. "A salad and some coffee, that's all I want. I always eat lightly at noon."

Jones was disappointed that she had not allowed him to display his newly acquired knowledge of cuisine, but he felt that she was impressed. He ordered, lit a cigarette, and looked about him complacently.

"What a morning!" said Miss Wicklow. "Can you imagine J. G. getting in at nine o'clock! Something's up about those shipping reports. I don't think he liked it very well when I went out at the regular lunch hour. But I'm tired of working only when he feels like it. Usually he doesn't get in till the morning's over. If I get out for lunch at three o'clock I'm lucky, and some nights I work till ten and after."

"He depends on you a good deal, doesn't he?"

"Entirely." She laughed shortly, and began to play with a fork. "He'd be in hot water all the time if I didn't look after things. You wouldn't believe how careless he is. All he thinks about is politics. Oh, well; let's forget the office while we have a chance." She was silent for quite a while and Jones sat stealing little furtive glances at her. Her presence overwhelmed him. Her complexion was so fresh, her teeth so dazzling; everything about her was clean and bright. In spite of the delicacy of her features and the youthfulness of her complexion, her face was mature and forceful, unusually so for a woman of her general appearance. Jones had often wondered what her life had been before she came to Midland City and went to work for J. G. A girl in the office had told him that Miss Wicklow had been divorced twice and had come originally from California. But Jones put that down to office gossip as the girl did not seem to have any exact knowledge. Anyway, there was something rather withdrawn about Miss Wicklow; she was very reticent, and you always felt that she did not say one tenth of what she thought.

SHE put her hand on his arm for a moment.

"Arthur," she said, "before we drop the office, did you get all those reports tabulated for J. G.?"

"Not the new ones. I finished the three you brought last night and sent them in to him. But Seaver had a rush job for me, so I haven't started the ones you put on my desk this morning."

"Don't pay any attention to Seaver. J. G. never tells him anything. If he takes you away from those reports again tell him you're doing special work for J. G. Really, I never saw J. G. so upset. There's something in the air but what it is I can't imagine."

"I'll spend the afternoon on them."

There was a short silence, then a newsboy came in the front door, calling:

"Extra! Extra! Mannion escapes dragnet!"

Jones started slightly and Miss Wicklow shook her head.

"Between ourselves," she said, leaning forward, "do you ever get him out of your mind?"

"No. Do you?"

"No. I'll never forget that wicked look of his as long as I live. You remember when he put his hand over my mouth? Well, his hand was as hard as wood with bumps on it, sort of. It was terrible. I'm scared to death of him. Aren't you?"

JONES hesitated for a long time, wanting to lie, wanting to seem big and masculine and fearless, but finally he said: "Yes."

"Don't do anything foolish. Really, we're in an awful position. I didn't want to bring it up at all. I thought we'd have lunch together and talk about something else; anything. But. . . ."

"There's nothing to be afraid of. He told me himself he'd be through with his work in a day or so."

"That will be a relief. But did it ever occur to you that he might be sorry he . . . ?"

"He what?"

But Miss Wicklow touched her lips and indicated with a slight movement of her eyes a man coming toward them. Jones turned. The man stopped at their booth. He was big and burly, with a coarse, red face and a thick, red neck which hung over his tight, stiff collar.

(Continued on page 51)

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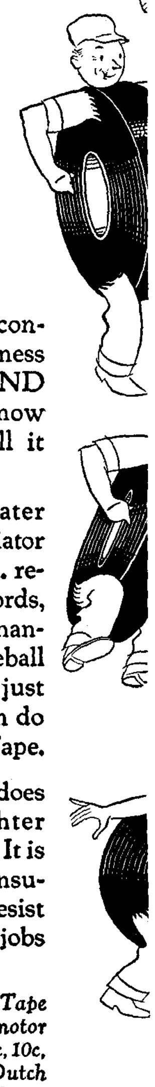

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See the DUTCH BRAND EXHIBIT *at* A CENTURY *of* PROGRESS-CHICAGO-1934

Emergency Room

Continued from page 15

Ken Adams picked up her fountain pen. He was in no hurry. He had to wait for the police. He had time to think. He was no hero, only a medico leaving the heroics and the fireworks to more dashing men. And it had been his bad luck to fall crazily in love with a girl who had managed, in the teeth of all evidence, to maintain a touching faith in the Golden Age.

"*Ju-u-das,* that leg is on fire!" groaned the man on the table, while Dr. Adams stood with his back to the room and the nurse leaned over their patient. No one else was in the room. The orderly had not reappeared. And then the man let out a yell: "Say, what the hell you think you're doing?"

Ken Adams turned his head. "Has he gone dotty?" he wanted to know.

"It's nothing," said Sylvia Ward, and under her breath to the patient: "Keep still, idiot." Curiously enough the man, biting his lips, said nothing more. "It's his hand," said Sylvia Ward. "He must have burned it. I was just putting a dressing on it."

THE man watched her as from behind an ambush, warily, and yet as if he had found in her the refuge he had sought. He didn't know the answer and he watched the doctor. You couldn't tell whether Adams had seen her put back on the tray the bottle marked "Carbolic Acid" which she had just used. Carefully, swiftly, this girl whose mission it was to heal had applied a sponge soaked with liquid fire on the hand of her helpless patient. He had cursed, but almost *before* he had felt the searing burn, she had poured on it the antidote, alcohol, and was wrapping the hand in tannic-acid dressings, as if some form of madness had come upon her.

"His hand was burned?" asked Ken Adams, strolling back from the desk, the fountain pen in his hand, the report still unsigned.

"It wasn't serious," said Sylvia Ward. "Didn't you notice it when you were dressing his leg?"

The man on the table said nothing.

"How did you burn your hand, buddy?" said Ken Adams. "Want me to look at it?"

The man glanced at Sylvia Ward. Outside in the corridor were voices. Riding over the silence came voices. The man did not speak, he kept his eyes on Sylvia and his face was the color of grayish linen. Perspiration stood out on his forehead and somehow brought out his cowardice.

"It's Sanders," said Miss Ward, who knew all the patrolmen on the block. "And someone else."

She watched the two policemen come in, all polished buttons and hard looks. "Hello, Hoyle," said Sylvia, nodding to him, all immense importance and immense size.

They grinned back at her, grinned at Ken Adams and leaned their bulk over the man on the table.

"You winged him plenty," said Hoyle to Sanders. "Arm and leg both."

"Yeah, guess I got him twice," said Sanders.

Sylvia Ward opened her beautiful lips. "Just his leg," she said.

"He's got a fresh bandage on his hand too," said Sanders indignantly.

She said, "His hand is *burned.*"

Ken Adams said nothing.

"What was he doing, burning his hand?" said Hoyle. He glowered at the man on the table with rooster-like countenance. "What's your name?" But he didn't wait to hear. He looked at Ken Adams: "Is he all fixed up?"

"Yes. It was superficial. He'll be all right."

Sylvia Ward held her hands tight behind her. "I forgot," she said steadily to Ken Adams in a reminded tone. "They want you in Children's Ward. The message came when you were on your way down. Said for you to come as soon as you were finished here."

He nodded slowly. He took hold of a button of his white coat and twisted it in his fingers. He laid the fountain pen on the tray and started off. "So long," he said cheerfully to the detective and the patrolman.

"We'll get some facts now," said Hoyle, the teeth of his mind fixed in his job. "And the rest later. We'll post a man in the ward till we can take him off."

"A policeman for *him,*" said she, and turned her indifferent head perhaps a half an inch in the detective's direction. "*Why?*"

Hoyle stared back at her. "Why *what?*" he asked, scratching the back of his neck.

"Why do you want to put this man under arrest?"

Sanders and Hoyle glanced at each other. "Being funny?" asked Sanders, desirous of getting into the conversation. "Didn't you get word to look out for the guy we shot?"

"Yes, but this isn't the man who held up the store."

"What do you mean, he isn't?"

"Wasn't it held up at exactly 10:30?"

"To the minute. That was when the alarm went off."

"*And the man was in a gray coat?*"

They looked down at the blue coat. "He must have friends somewhere near," said Hoyle. "But he don't belong to the gang. I know that."

"You would think," said Miss Ward meditatively, "if they changed his coat, they'd get a doctor, or fix up the leg themselves, not let him come here where we'd be watching for him."

HOYLE and Sanders eyed the man. "Are you *sure* the person who held up the store wore a gray coat?" she asked quietly, impregnably, as if it did not matter.

"Yes," said Hoyle with irony. "He did."

"Isn't that odd?" she said. "And the man you shot," she asked Sanders, gazing at him so trustfully, "did he wear one?"

Sanders blinked with an almost visible effect of collaboration on the part of his fat eyes and his fat mind. "I don't know. I got there and there was a guy running and he didn't stop when I yelled at him and then I took a pot at him and he fell. How he got away I don't know."

"Well, I don't know either," said Sylvia sweetly, *cheerfully, and still giving* the impression of not being much impressed. "But the man you shot had just that second left this Emergency Room and must have been going past the shop. It's only a door or two away, isn't it?

"This man," Sylvia said, straightening her cap, like a child in a bad dream, "came in here with a burned hand at 10:10. His name is in my night report. Frank Case. He was just between a man with a Colles fracture and a little boy with a scalp wound. We took three stitches in the wound. Dr. Adams admitted the fracture, and then he dressed this case's burn and then he sewed up the scalp."

She seemed to reflect. "He left at exactly 11:30," she said, honest and irresistible. "And I'm sure his hand was hurting too much for him to try to rob a store. We gave him some codeine and he said he was going out to—to New Rochelle I think it was—to his cousin's."

"Are you sure about the time?" asked Hoyle, darkly official, but visibly weakening.

"Of course I am sure. We have to be exact about these things— We note them in our report-book to the minute."

Hoyle frowned suddenly and Sanders shuffled his feet. The orderly came in and a couple of internes, going past, stopped in the doorway and listened. The man on the table observed them all, then he looked back at Sylvia. She went on talking. She had, she said, expected that they would find they had made a mistake. Had shot the wrong man, an innocent bystander. She was thunderstruck when Case, who had gone out from there, came back within five minutes, shot.

"I'll show you my report-book," she *finished coolly*, while her teeth were knocking.

She turned to get the book and came face to face with Kenneth Adams, and stood looking at him, feeling that everything about this moment had the suspicious immobility of a painted scene.

"What is this," he was asking, "about the burn case?" His tone was meditative, offensively so.

SYLVIA stood quite still. Away went the other internes and the orderly and the policemen and away went some of her pride and her youth and thought *rose within her like a scar.* "Oh, what have I tried to do and why did I try to do it and what is there to do now? And couldn't he for *once,* just once, have forgotten that he is a doctor and remembered just that he is a man and have helped me?"

But the Old Integrities of this world, she felt within her, do not put strait-laced scruples aside. They do not blindly see a woman through the condensed falseness of some grossly fantastic situation. They do not guess how women lean against the secret knowledge of men's strength, of their love, lean up against that love as if it kept the cold winds off like a mountain.

"Weren't you needed in the Children's Ward?" she asked. She had sent him away on that bootless errand so that he should feel under no necessity to lie for and with her. And she saw now by his face, heard in the tone of his voice, that he would never even dream of lying for her.

"I fixed them up," he said, still with that frozen look on his face. "Will you let me see that report?" he asked.

"Certainly, Dr. Adams. It is right here."

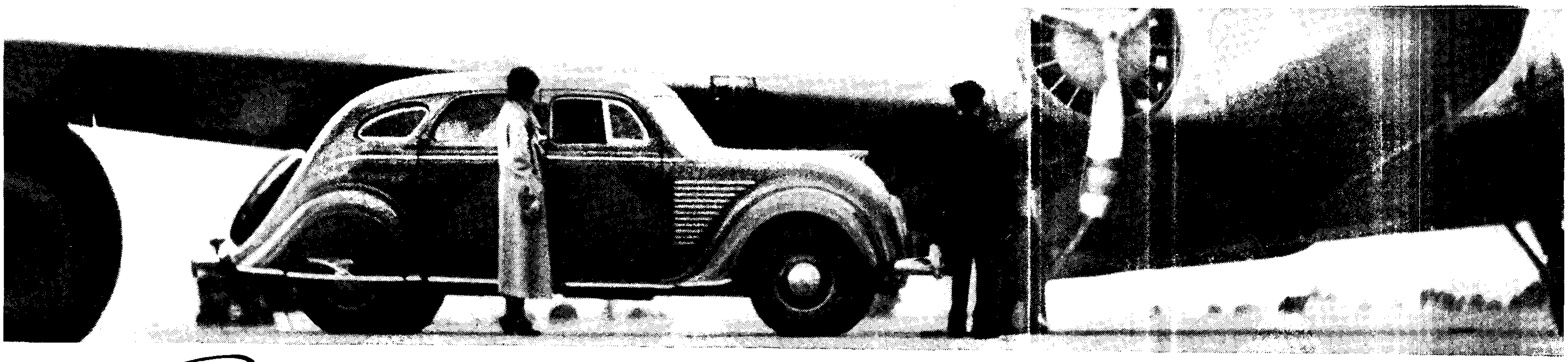
And her will felt boneless and inert. And her heart said, "His *damned* scruples!" And as she moved across the room she felt a woman somewhere inside herself crying hopelessly.

Hoyle waited, Sanders waited. And Dr. Adams read from the book, letting them look over his shoulder:

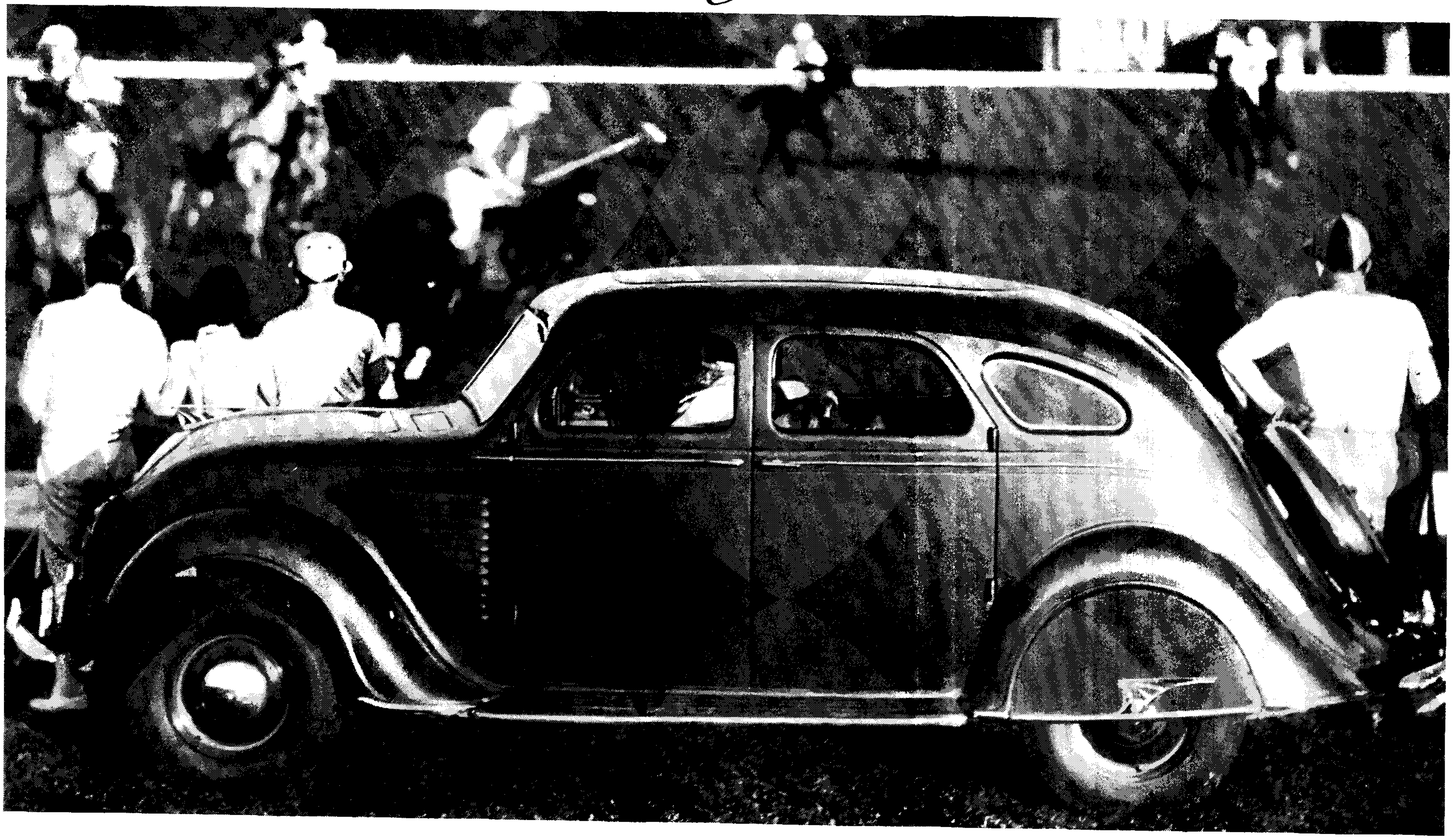
> "9:30 — Herman Batovic. — Typical Colles Fracture. Admitted to Orthopedic Ward.
> 10:10—Frank Case.—Second degree burn, dorsum, right hand. Tannic Acid. Codeine, gr. ½.
> 10:35—Razie Diamond.—Laceration of scalp. Three sutures."

Hoyle turned at that and glowered at Sanders. "Well," he growled on a

(Continued on page 28)



Smart as POLO — fleet as a PLANE



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Mr. Mennen has made a 26-year scientific study of shaving. Now—frankly and impartially—he "debunks" the big shaving debate.

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W. G. Mennen

"I REFUSE to hand you out any hocus-pocus on this question of what is the better shave—Lather or Brushless. . .

"Stripped of mystery, bunk and ballyhoo, the answer is a simple one. There's no such thing as *one* best shave for *all* faces. Whether you should use Lather or Brushless depends on your own individual shaving habits, your type of beard, and—most important—*your type of skin.*

"Your face—not words or claims—should decide.

"That's why I make both—Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. *Both wilt whiskers.* Both take *all* the fight out of *all* the beard so that the blade cuts clean, without pull or scratch.

"Yes, both do it. But only *your* skin can choose which is the right one for *you.*

"For example, if your skin is *oily,* you should use Mennen Lather Shave. It loosens deeply-imbedded oil deposits, flushes out your over-active skin.

"If you have a *dry skin,* I recommend Mennen Brushless Shave. It's a cream, not a grease, containing special ingredients which soothe tender skins.

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"For those men who really want to find out what type of shave suits them best, I've made up a 'Skin Tester Kit'... containing good-size tubes of both Mennen Lather and Mennen Brushless. Use up both. Then decide for yourself.

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Emergency Room

Continued from page 26

wintry note, "how about it? Did you *know* you winged the wrong guy?"

Sanders blinked. "I never," he said, stretching a point or two, but taking the matter into earnest consideration, "done nothing like that before."

"This man will go to the Accident Ward," said Dr. Adams, laying down the general principles of sanity. "The city will have to put up for it, I'm afraid. If you need him later as a material witness you'll know where to find him."

"Come on," said Hoyle sourly to Sanders and went with him into the night.

With the orderly's help, Dr. Adams moved the patient to a stretcher and prepared to take him away as tranquilly as possible.

"I'll be damned," said the man they had called Frank Case, "if I know what's going on."

"You don't need to," said Miss Ward as he was shot off on his stretcher.

SHE stood in the Emergency Room, cool and proud, in the sovereign dignity of loneliness, red light glowing in her hair.

They stood, she and he, together in a terrible kind of peace.

"The long arm of coincidence," said Dr. Adams, after a while, "it appears, is sometimes even longer in reality than in fiction."

"Isn't it?" said Sylvia Ward. Weakly she went over to the window. She stood there, realizing that for ten years she had been making a fool of herself. In spite of months and months of facing illness and suffering and death she hadn't even been on speaking terms with reality. She could achieve marvels of efficiency in her work but she was just a shining idiot in everything else.

It had been disdain, really, that had led her to assist Dick Carlton. Her knowledge of her own superior strength, of his incredible nothingness. She had thrown refuge around her one-time hero as she might have thrown a bone to a starving dog, feeling for him neither affection nor grief. Her own idealization of him had put her under the obligation to go to his rescue.

Sylvia felt not so much hurt as foolish. It took a definite test of courage to speak, let alone to laugh at herself. There was a long silence, so long that it seemed as if nothing in the world could have been so long.

And then suddenly, turning, she did laugh. "You know," she said, "he really *has* a burned hand."

"You do things thoroughly when you do them."

There was a long silence. "Oh," said Miss Ward, and she appeared to reflect. "Oh," and she caught her breath. "So you saw—"

"Not being blind. Rather drastic, I thought. But if Hoyle had taken it into his head to investigate, it would have looked better. You were right."

"Dick hasn't changed much in looks," she said slowly. "He hasn't changed inside or out, I suppose. He must always have been like that." She looked out the window again. It was as though on that soft spring night, with its sweet clean air, her childish fancies had suddenly propelled themselves from New Rochelle to New York to give her, quite suavely, a slap across the face. Her hero, Dick Carlton, was just a common sneak-thief.

"You can't tell," he said. "He may be all right. This may have been simply a temporary aberration. People do queer things these days."

"Don't they?" she said, and you could see she didn't care what Dick Carlton did.

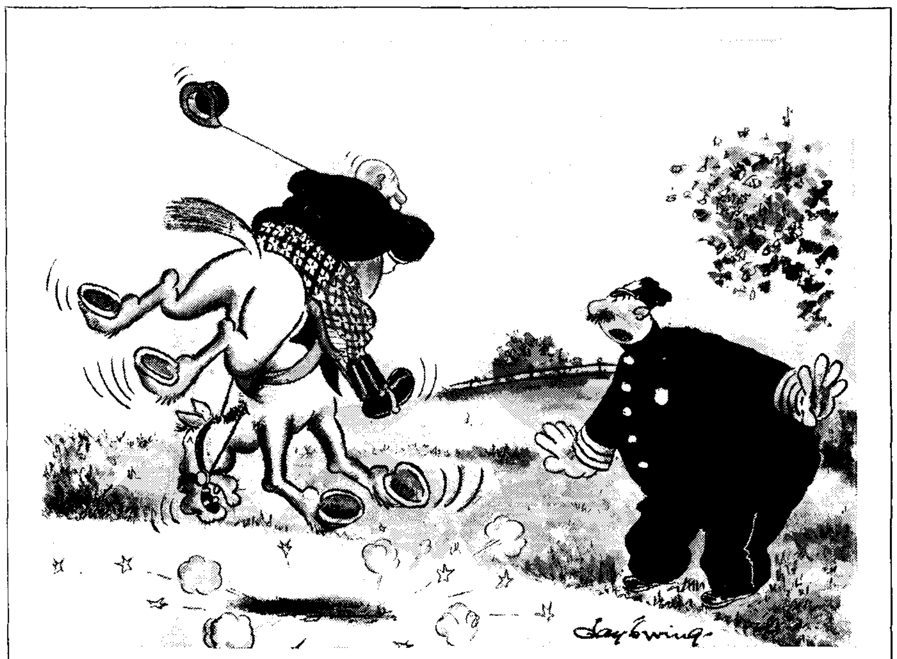
"And it's queer, too," she mused, "how you go on taking people for granted. Taking some one person for granted, thinking he is just like everyone else, and all at once you find it isn't so. You find he's the most wonderful person in the world."

She turned again and looked at him but he couldn't be sure that she was saying what he thought she was saying and he was afraid.

He said, "I don't quite know what you're talking about. You don't mean"—he asked carefully, holding himself in, while her shining eyes seemed to be measuring him—"you don't mean you could think that about some perfectly ordinary cabbage, some plain, everyday bozo who never—"

She was very luminous, in the way of a redhead in pure white. And as she moved toward him his life up to that moment seemed incredible to him. He lived for the first time.

She held out her hands, hopefully interrogating the countenance of her lord. She saw wings all over him and medals. And white plumes above the brown integrity of his face.



"He just learned he's a daddy!"

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AND UP — *List Prices at Flint, Mich.*

Bearer of the Tooth

Continued from page 17

—but fabulously rich. When the Tamils finally carried off the tooth—now you can believe this or not—the Kandy kings offered two billion rupees for its return!"

I whistled. "Actually?"

Davis shrugged.

"This was before the British came to India, so nobody knows."

"And did they get the tooth?"

Davis shrugged again.

"Nobody knows. They got *a* tooth. It's in its temple at Kandy now—waiting for the Pari Hari."

"What's this festival like?"

"Wait and see for yourself. There's a parade that would have made Barnum green with envy—hundreds of elephants from all over Ceylon. And then of course there's 'The Bearer.' "

"The Bearer?"

"Of the tooth. Honestly, Frank, he's the biggest elephant that ever lived. Looking up at his side is like looking up at the side of a gray stone cliff. No maharajah in India ever had a bigger beast in his stable. He's seven tons if he's an ounce!"

"An elephant like that sounds as mythical as Buddha's tooth!" I said. "There's no such animal."

"You'll see," Davis said seriously.

Davis was right when he said that parade would have made Barnum green with envy. It was gorgeous from first to last—jewels flashing in the sunlight, natives in rainbow costumes of vivid reds and greens and yellows, plumed feather fans stirring the hot air, weird Indian instruments blaring shrilly over the heady, steady beating of great drums.

A Mountain on Parade

And then I saw The Bearer, far off, but looming like a gray mountain in a range of hills. An awe-struck murmur ran through the crowd. They were looking far off at the howdah on The Bearer's back, the glass and gold howdah that held the sacred tooth of Gautama Buddha. I murmured in awe myself—but it was at the colossal size of that elephant.

I had never dreamed an elephant could be so big. His feet pressed down on the pavement like soft pile drivers. His trunk—yards of it!—swayed like a great tree in the wind as he walked. His tusks, gleaming white with bands of gold, curved out ahead like long crescent moons of ivory. And he cast a shadow that darkened the bazaars as he passed.

"I'd give ten years of my life," I said, "if I could take that beast back to America. He's easily five inches taller than Jumbo was."

"You'd give *all* your life," said Davis. "These natives would never part with that elephant—they'd die first. He's been The Bearer for fifty years. Did you notice his mahout?"

I hadn't, but I turned to look. Astride that giant elephant's head, stretching out so he could get one bare toe behind a great ear, was one of the smallest and oldest mahouts I had ever seen. He was thin and emaciated, with a scraggly gray beard that only half covered the deep wrinkles in his scrawny neck. There was pride in every line of his tiny body, but he looked so old and weak that I thought each jog of The Bearer would topple him fifteen feet down to the roadway.

"Nobody knows," Davis said, "whether Marku, the mahout, or that elephant is the older. They've been together all their lives. That little bundle of bones is the only one who can do anything with that giant. It's a question of which loves the other the most."

For the next few years I carried in my mind the picture of that great elephant who bore the tooth of Buddha. He was beyond anything I could hope to capture, of course; but he became a sort of model for all the pachyderms I sent back to America—the perfect specimen—and I always had a sneaking dream that some day I might get one like him. I didn't, of course. There was none like him in the world.

On a Moonless Night

But I later got a story about him that was almost as good as the actual elephant. I heard it from Davis, which wouldn't particularly have made me believe it. In fact, if by this time I hadn't thoroughly known the habits of elephants, I would have scoffed at it.

It seems that The Bearer's mahout, Marku—that little old man with the gray beard—went on a trip to India. There was a migration of Tamils to Ceylon ninety years ago, and Marku was an Indian and not a Singhalese. He wanted, of course, to worship at the shrine of his ancestors. In the East natives keep close track of their relatives and make periodic visits to them and their graves.

"He admits this one wasn't so easy, but he got through that one back there, didn't he?"

FRANK OWEN

The mahout had no sooner taken a boat across the straits from northern Ceylon to southern India than The Bearer began to get restless. He would eat no food, he swayed constantly from side to side, refused to sleep, and the rattle of his heavy chains could be heard from dusk to dawn.

"The Bearer is impatient," the natives said. "He misses Marku. He will be all right soon."

But he wasn't all right. He tugged steadily at his chains, he ate nothing, he made little moaning sounds in his throat as if he were trying to speak. Other mahouts came and attempted to care for him. He drove them off with his trunk, his eyes small and red and furious. The natives began to be frightened. Some evil jungle god had taken possession of The Bearer! The wickedness of the lowlands was upon him!

Then one moonless night, when the jungle was still and the streets of Kandy were deserted, there came a tremendous trumpeting from the elephant stables. There was a great clanking of chains, a crash of splintering wood, and a second later the terrifying sound of giant feet tramping through the streets.

The Bearer was loose!

There was consternation in the city. The Bearer must be recaptured! He was sacred! He had borne the tooth of Buddha for over fifty years!

Into the dawn, and into the heavy jungle, mahouts and elephant men sprang to follow the trail. There was no trouble in this. Branches of trees hung limp against their trunks, grass and bushes were beaten down, and in the swamps were great, barrel-like holes where The Bearer had trod.

They found him finally—forty miles from Kandy—in a dense jungle. He was backed against a rock wall, and when he saw them he trumpeted, lowered his head, and struck out with trunk and tusks.

The word went out then for elephants—dozens of elephants, thirty, forty, fifty! Elephants enough to surround The Bearer, chain him, and bear him off by sheer weight of numbers!

They came from all the districts around Kandy—the biggest and strongest of the tame work elephants, and all the decoy elephants practiced in the art of subduing wild ones caught in the kraals. And with them came more mahouts, and more elephant experts, dozens and hundreds of them ready to do their duty in taking The Bearer back to Kandy.

"Where is Marku?"

On the first attempt they used eight of the most powerful beasts. They advanced together, tense mahouts on their backs, chains and nooses ready. The Bearer watched them a moment, his eyes red and hard. Then he lowered his head and charged.

He became a devil of lightning. His long tusks cut and ripped like polished white swords. Elephants screamed as he gored them, turned and ran, with blood flowing from great holes in their sides. Clawing mahouts fell and were trampled into the jungle mud by pile-driving feet. One was caught up on a tusk and tossed high in the air, screaming as he fell.

The news went out all over Ceylon and began to spread across India. The Bearer of the Tooth was loose! He had gone "must"! He had gone crazy! He was killing men and elephants like flies!

And back by the wall of rock where The Bearer defiantly stood, mahouts were trying night after night to creep upon him in the dark, chains and ropes in their hands, to snare his feet. But he drove them away; he crushed them and tossed them on his trunk; he beat them into the mud with his great feet.

Finally the cry went up: "Where is Marku? No one can do anything with The Bearer but Marku!"

So word went out to Marku in India to come back. Come by train and boat and elephant and bullock cart! Come fast on the wings of speed! Come into the jungle where The Bearer has gone mad! Only come—and come quickly!

And Marku came. He came tottering, panting, weary from his long journey, his old shoulders stooped, and his stick picking out the solid places for his old feet on the jungle floor.

Marku paused on the edge of the jungle clearing. Backed against the rock wall, his trunk still raised in angry defiance, his massive body swaying with fury, stood The Bearer. Foam dripped like hot icicles from his red mouth. His long tusks were clotted with the blood of elephants and dead men. And his fierce trumpeting rang like brass horns across the jungle.

Mind over Matter

Marku stood stock-still for a moment. Then he drew his wrinkled little body to its full five feet of height. His old gray beard bristled straight before him as he walked forward. He no longer used his stick as an aid in walking—he held it like a feeble cudgel in his weak old hand.

He walked straight up to that bellowing, frothing, mad elephant. With all the strength in his little body he smote the beast across the trunk with his stick. His squeaky voice shrilled out above the elephant's trumpeting:

"*Sura ka bachi!*"

For an instant The Bearer's red eyes glared down upon the little, gray-bearded atom. Then, suddenly, all the fury and anger seemed to go out of those eyes. His great body ceased swaying, and his head turned slightly sideways as if he were ashamed to look little Marku squarely in the eye. Marku's stick rose again and came down with a weakly resounding whack on The Bearer's great, cruel trunk.

"*Bite!* Down on your knees!" shrieked Marku.

There was a moment of absolute stillness. Then that giant beast slowly lowered his head. He dropped both knees to the bloody jungle mud and doubled his trunk flat under his great body.

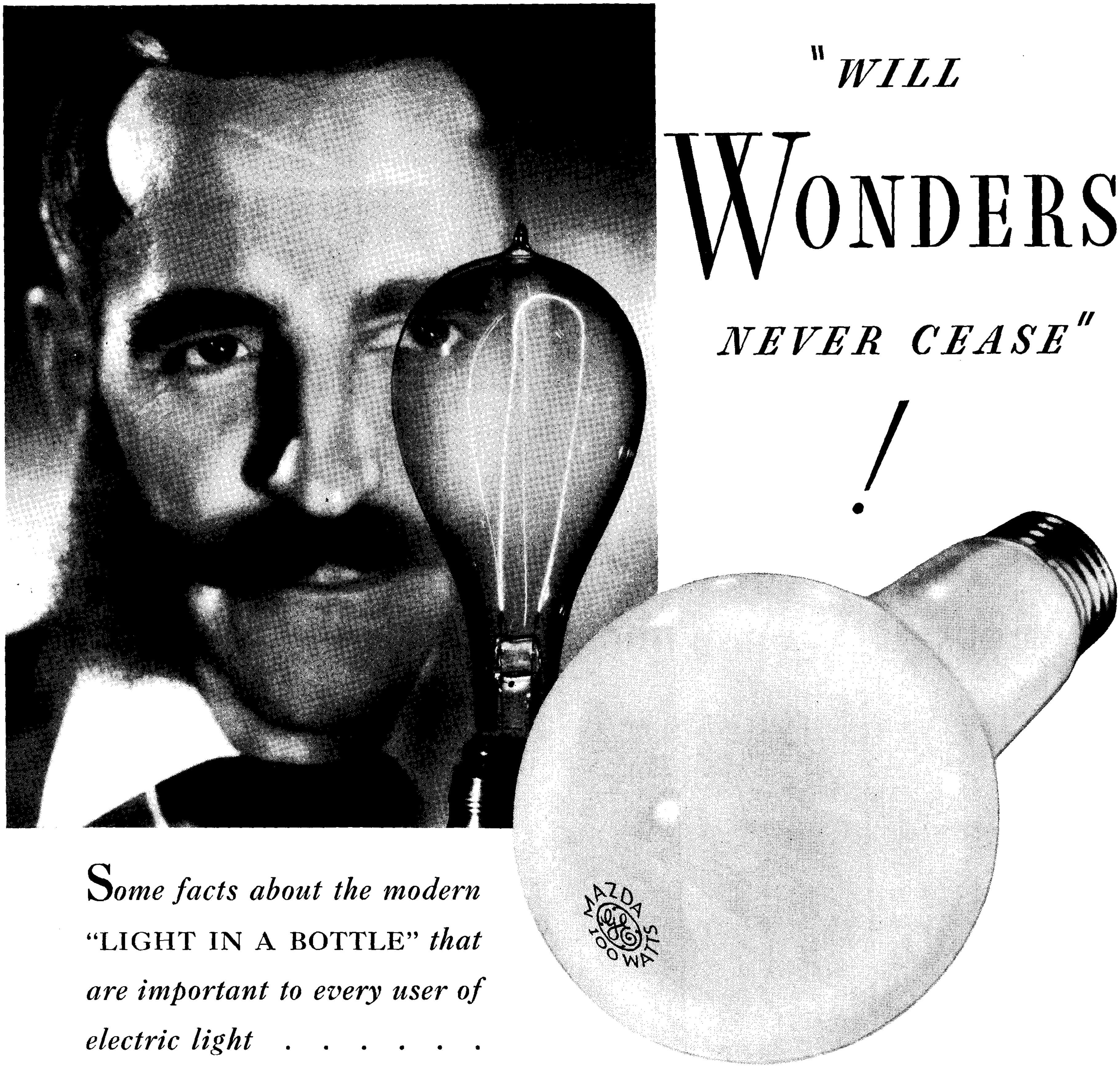
Marku grasped an ear, used a bent knee for a step, and flung himself up to The Bearer's head as quickly as his strength and his old bones would allow. Once astride the massive neck he hooked a bare foot behind each of the huge, flapping ears and hit seven tons of elephant with his stick.

"*Geldi jau!*" he shrilled. "Get going! Get going—fast!"

And The Bearer of the Tooth of Buddha, blood clotted on his great tusks, loped calmly and peacefully back to Kandy with a hundred pounds of Marku perched like a fly on his head!

So while stories of lions and lambs are a little difficult to believe, I find it easy to believe stories of men and animals—because the love of a man for an animal is only surpassed by the love of an animal for a man.

"*WILL* WONDERS *NEVER CEASE*"!



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3. Inferior lamps are uncertain . . . both in light output and in length of life.
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KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Artful Dodger

Continued from page 11

in the outfield he was catching nothing but colds. But Casey strung along with him down south last spring, let him alone, and now you see Hack out there every day looking very much like the Wilson of three years ago.

A few weeks ago the Dodgers ran into a streak of luck. It was the kind of luck you get from walking under ladders and lighting three on a match. Everything they did went wrong. They dropped four ball games in a row, all by close scores. After the fourth one Hack Wilson walked into the clubhouse and threw his glove on the floor in disgust.

"It's bad enough to lose a ball game at any time," Hack growled. "But when you're losing them for a great guy like Casey—that's just plain hell."

That's from Wilson, the man they said couldn't be handled—couldn't get along with managers.

Casey served notice on the boys down south just what kind of a manager he was going to be. Every big league club has a set of training rules which are usually more or less of a joke. Tradition demands, however, that the manager issue training orders, so Casey called his young hopefuls together.

"Drink all the beer you want," Casey told them. "And if you have a toothache, take a shot of grog—it won't hurt you. But don't let me catch any of you guys sneaking out of the hotel at three o'clock in the morning to mail a letter."

Casey knows all the tricks used by ball players. "I ought to," he grins. "Didn't I pull them all myself on the different managers I worked for?"

Casey worked for a lot of managers too. Draw up a chair and we'll take a look at Casey's record. He started playing ball in Kansas City, which is called K. C. by the natives, and that, my little feathered friends, is how Stengel got that Casey plastered on him. K. C.—Casey! Catch on? His real name is Charles but no one ever called him that, and if anybody did he would probably risk getting hit on the chin.

Owner Tebeau only yawned at Casey's efforts on behalf of his club and he shipped him to Kankakee, and what a good name for a song that would be, "On the Beach at Kankakee," except that Kankakee is in Illinois and on account of not having any ocean there they haven't any beach either. Which shows what a small place the world is after all.

Hand Work

From Kankakee, Casey went to Shelbyville and in 1911 he bobbed up with Aurora. He was seeing the Midwest. Now, all of a sudden he started to bust fences down with line drives, and Charley Ebbetts of the Brooklyn club heard about him and sent him to Toronto to be looked over by Manager Joe Kelley. Manager Kelley looked once and gave him a one-way ticket to Montgomery in Alabama. Now Casey really blossomed forth as a ball player and Ebbetts brought him to Brooklyn. The first day he donned a Brooklyn uniform he slapped four for four—the ball player's dream, four hits out of four times at bat.

From then on he became a big-league wayfarer, being at one time or another with Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. Every time that two owners got together with a fountain pen Casey was being either sold or bought.

"I never played with the Cubs, the Cards or the Reds," Casey says now. "I guess that was because the owners of those clubs didn't own no fountain pens."

All during his career Casey has gone along on the principle that hands were made for three things: (a) to hold a bat; (b) to throw a baseball; (c) to throw a punch. Casey had many a fight while playing and later when he was managing Toledo, and it is his boast that he never won a battle except once and then he lost that one.

Casey once had a lovely fight with Lute Boone, who was playing third base for Columbus, and he also gave Phil Weinert, the Philadelphia pitcher, a few lumps. Weinert had tossed three in a row and all three had missed Casey's shell-like ear by only an eyelash. So Casey threw his bat out at Weinert and when that missed he threw some right-hand punches that didn't miss.

A Bird in the Hat

Now about that one fight that he won —and then lost.

"I was with Toledo," Casey says. "And there was a fellow in the bleachers who was riding me hard all day. And I mean riding me. So naturally there was nothing for me to do but look him up after the game and take a poke at him. So I ups and pokes him and he goes right down. I am very much surprised and also delighted and I say to myself, 'Casey, at last here is one that you win.' But what happens? They suspend me for ten days and fine me one hundred dollars, so I figure I lost that one too."

Don't get the idea that Casey is a rowdy. Far from it. Casey is a smiling, genial, pleasant gentleman—but he just naturally hates to have people step on his toes, as who doesn't? Casey's wit and verbal barbs are more indicative and more typical of his nature than his fistic exploits.

Of course Casey's most famous stunt was his bird-in-the-hat act. The Brooklyn fans were riding Casey once pretty hard and part of their riding consisted of the emitting of what is known among ball players as "the bird." One day Casey walked to the plate, bowed politely to the storm of boos, tipped his hat politely—and a bird flew out of it. The crowd roared with laughter—and they let Casey alone after that.

So now Casey is a dignified big-league manager and a good one. He still wears the same size hat, though, and he's still Casey to everyone in the ball park. There was the time in Florida last spring when Casey took his club on a tour of the Grapefruit League. A big bus pulled up in front of the hotel and the players piled in. A shiny limousine drew up alongside and the business manager of the club motioned to it and told Casey that it was for him.

"Oh, never mind," Casey waved an airy hand. "I'll ride in the bus with the players. They won't mind me."

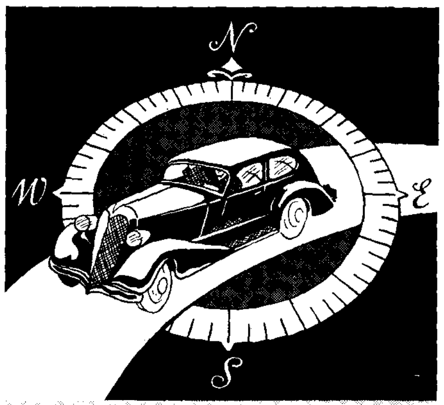
Well, you've got to like a boss like that, haven't you? You've got to play your head off for *him* and that's what the Brooklyn club has done this season.

EDITOR'S NOTE—When we asked Mr. Reynolds to write an article about Casey Stengel we did not know that he was a Brooklyn baseball fan. We expected an unbiased, unprejudiced story about Casey Stengel. We realize now that no Brooklyn fan can write such a story because of the peculiar obsession Brooklyn fans get that their ball club is the only worth-while team in the league. Please make allowances.

"My boys won't grow up in the snapshots, anyway"

● How wonderful to see them changing, growing . . . and yet have a way to keep them as they are! Snapshots do this. Time stops when the shutter clicks. On that precious square of paper, you have the chubby hands, the short courageous legs, the "little-boy" smile, never to change. With Kodak Verichrome Film, snapshots are more natural, and so much more precious. Use it for your next pictures, and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW you must take TODAY



No matter where you go you can locate an authorized dealer easily

"We were in a strange town and couldn't find the brand we wanted."

That's no longer an excuse. Not when it's so easy to locate *authorized* dealers through the *classified* telephone book (available at the nearest public telephone).

Just look for the advertised name — Goodyear, Buick, DeSoto, for example. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of *authorized* representatives.

BELL SYSTEM

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Tires—(Cont'd)

GOODYEAR TIRES

First choice of millions—Goodyear Tires—any size, many types available—for any purse. More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

BALDWIN SERVIC
BEST TIRE & B
CRAIG TIRE &
GOODYEAR S
GOTTLIEB
GRAND TI
HOOLE T
JORDAN

Save time! Shop by telephone!
Your classified directory tells "Where to Buy It"

Carolina Moon

Continued from page 13

There was enough booze there, seized within the previous thirty days, I was told, to give at least four wide-open saloons a good start in life, and yet, as I was careful to note, there was not a bottle there that bore a foreign label. To me this was significant in that it was a clear refutation of the charge, made by some dry fanatics, that North Carolina is being flooded by whisky from wet states. That's nonsense. As I have already indicated, the contrary is the truth.

Another thing that interested me about that seized stock of liquor was this: Why was it there? If it was true, as I had been told, that there is hardly any law enforcement, then what were the police in this little town doing with all that corn? As soon as my friend had liberated his friend's friends, I asked him about that, and this is what he told me. "Here in ———," he said, "there is a lot of drinking and naturally when our police, who are all honest fellows, have to quell a disturbance in our colored section, or when they stop an intoxicated driver, white or colored, they always take over whatever booze there is in sight. That's where all that stuff you saw in there came from; not from actual raids."

"And what about the sheriff's office?" I asked. "If the police in a small town like this have seized all that I saw in there in thirty days, then the hauls that the sheriff makes must be tremendous."

My man hesitated before replying. Finally he said: "No, they are not. In fact, I don't believe that the sheriff of this county ever seizes any liquor. If he does I never heard about it, and certainly he knows, just as well as I do, all about the location of perhaps a dozen places in this county where the stuff is made and sold."

"Would you mind taking me to one of those places?" I asked.

"Certainly not," was the answer, "just come along right now and I'll show you where I get my liquor. But I can't take you to the still. They wouldn't like for me to do that."

In Black and White

I agreed, of course, and then, hardly twenty minutes later, when we drove around to the side of a very nice farmhouse on the edge of town I found myself in the presence of the most interesting bootlegger I ever met.

"Why, howdy, gentlemen," said a motherly old lady who was standing in the doorway. "Step down and come right on in. John ain't here, but I reckon I know what you want and I can tend to it."

After that it was gossip. The old lady knew all the best people in town, who had, it seems, been beating a pathway to her door for ten years. She and my companion swapped news, and as she got two half-gallon jars down from her shelves and wrapped them up for him, she was as casual about it as if the transaction involved nothing any more sinful than some of her homemade pickles. She probably felt that it didn't. On their farm she and her husband raise their own corn; back in the woods somewhere they have a still; in their cellar they age the liquor in barrels, while up in her kitchen, where she chats with her customers, there are rows and rows of shelves of filled jars.

In connection with their activity there is practically no effort at concealment. These old folks are openly and avowedly in the business of making and selling corn whisky. Within the state there are probably several thousand other farmers who are doing the same thing just as openly, and why then, if North Carolina is so sincerely dry, are not these good people rounded up and herded into jail? One answer, a facetious one, is that there are not enough jails in the state to hold them all. But even if there were they wouldn't be occupying them because, as anyone who is not afflicted with a bad cold can easily determine, instead of being sincerely dry North Carolina is sincerely wet.

In 1908, however, things were different. In that year when the voters first voted for prohibition they were honest to this extent: they, the voters who were white, didn't want the non-voters, who are Negroes, to have access to alcohol and so, knowing that their supplies could be shipped in, and that therefore their reputation for true Southern hospitality would not be seriously damaged, they outlawed the manufacture and sale of liquor within their state.

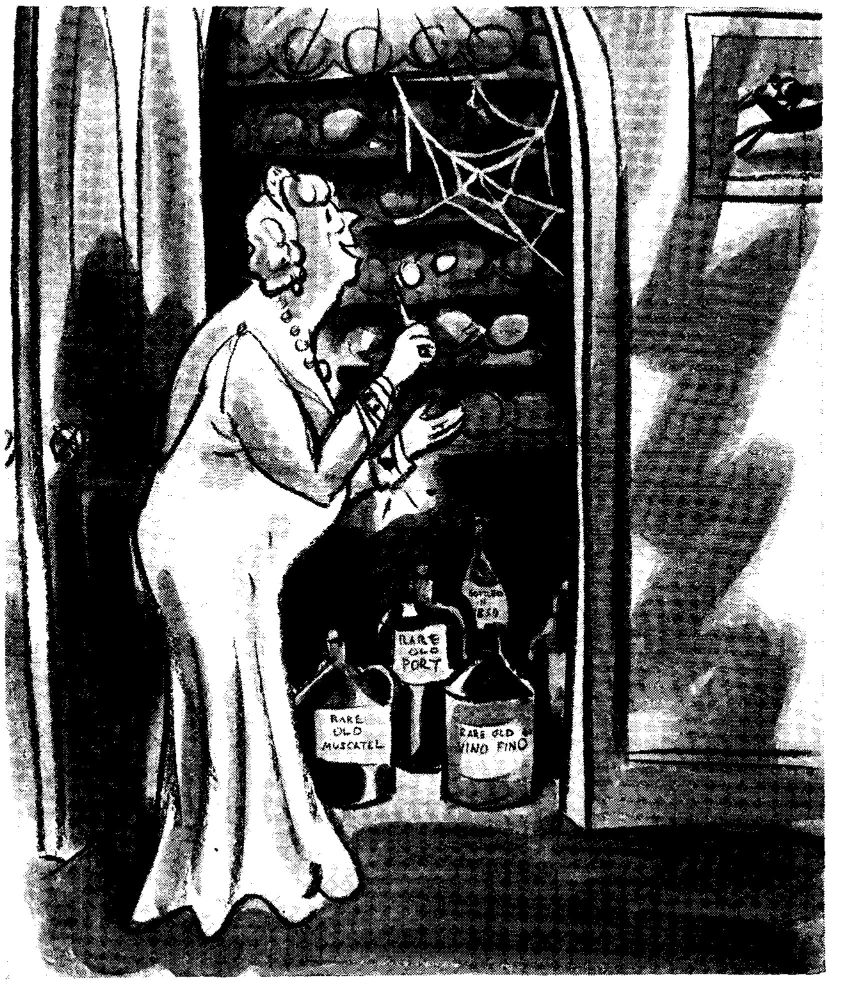
For some years this arrangement, although it wasn't one hundred per cent efficient, was quite satisfactory. The whites were wet, the blacks were dry, and then, suddenly, along came the Eighteenth Amendment with the devastating declaration that, regardless of race, color or previous condition of servitude, all drinkers were equal under the law, and *nobody* could have any. That was the blow that killed prohibition, such as it was, in North Carolina. Up to that time it had been all right for the Tarheels, so long as they could get theirs, to keep strong drink away from the Negroes, but it wasn't all right for Uncle Sam to snatch their booze away from them, and so, just like all other liberty-loving Americans, they started in to make their own corn, the illegal flavor of which they have now learned to love so that they don't want to abandon it in favor of licensed whisky.

To this situation, however, there is, and has been for ten years, a serious drawback. With whisky being made in every county, and sold, as you might say, on every news-stand, it is now just as easy for a black *citizen* to buy it and lubricate himself with it as it is for a white *voter*. This makes it necessary for the police in all towns and cities to exercise much nice discrimination. They do.

North Carolina's Advantage

In conclusion then, what can one say, either in criticism or praise, of North Carolina's attitude toward its corn industry? Nothing. The matter is one that comes strictly under the head of the personal business of the Tarheels. They are handling it according to their own notion of the way it should be handled.

To say that on the whole they are heftier drinkers than the New Yorkers, the Pennsylvanians, the Californians or the denizens of any of the wet states, might be erroneous. To say that they drink less certainly would be. Probably the per capita consumption is about even; but even if it is, North Carolina has this advantage: it pays no tax on the liquor it imbibes and therefore is not asking the federal government to protect it against any influx of booze from the wet and wicked yet law-abiding states which lie to the north of it. Perhaps, though, the time may soon come when those wet and wicked states will be asking Uncle Sam to build a Chinese Wall around North Carolina to protect them.



"William, look! Those spiders the man put in have started!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

HOW'S BUSINESS? ON THE BOOM! IF YOU HAVE A SENSATION LIKE THIS "G-3"

YEAR
TIRE SERVICE
THE GREATEST TIRE GOODYEAR EVER BUILT The New
GOODYEAR TIRES
43% G3

Seventy-five per cent of our customers have requested that their new cars be equipped with the new "G-3" tires. J.B.W., Huntsville, Texas. (car dealer)

These "G-3" tires . . . have run a total of 18,030 miles . . . and have practically 75% of their non-skid left. L.K., Seattle, Wash.

I have driven 25,850 miles since these tires were installed and you can hardly see that they have been used. A. K. L., Fergus Falls, Minn.

My car now has 17,500 on it with plenty of non-skid life. I feel that they will give at least 35,000 miles. K. H. S., Schuyler, Neb.

I have 33,000 miles on my set and they are still good for many more. W. H. K., Albany, N. Y.

I have this new type Goodyear on my Plymouth and they have run over 22,000 miles. The diamond blocks are in good shape and still give me plenty of traction. R. J. L., Cherokee, Iowa.

These tires have been well over 20,000 miles, and still have many more non-skid miles left. F. R. R., Albany, Ga.

I usually wear out a set of tires in about 15,000 miles, but have already driven these tires 12,879 miles and can note no appreciable wear on the front and very little on the rear. W. G. B., Cedartown, Ga.

. . . after more than 16,000 miles it appears that this set of tires will give me a non-skid feature for better than 25,000 miles. A. A. H., Baltimore, Md.

Buyers come with a rush to get the tire that defies fast tread-wear

43% more miles of real non-skid safety in "G-3" meets tremendous popular response

HERE'S thrilling news for the millions who are scanning the business horizon for signs of increasing sales.

Here's a *1934 success story* that teaches the homely truth that *people will buy if you build what they want.*

And the cash registers of 30,000 Goodyear dealers from coast to coast are ringing with the news that car owners want *43% longer non-skid mileage.*

An overnight success

"G-3" is the magic name that released this flood of buying.

"G-3" is the tire that stood up under the toughest tests ever dealt out by a test fleet.

"G-3" is the tire that *keeps its grip* 43% longer than former All-Weathers — *twice as long* as other tires tested against it.

"G-3" is the All-Weather Tread Goodyear tire that gives you a broader, flatter tread — more rubber in the tread — more rubber against the ground.

It gives you more non-skid blocks in the center of the tread — 16% more, for greater safety, quicker stopping, longer wear.

It gives the finest foundation any tread could have — patented Goodyear Supertwist in the tire body — and frankly, it would be impossible successfully to build such a tread without this Goodyear ply material.

You might expect that this extra rubber, extra mileage, extra safety would make the "G-3" more expensive.

It *does* cost more to build this sensational new tire — but *you pay no more to buy it!*

These plain facts started the rush of buying at Goodyear dealers! Isn't it a good idea for you to join the crowd?

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

NEW PENNZOIL RECORD! COAST-TO-COAST TRANSPORT FLYING TIME CUT TO 18 HOURS

MAN, WHAT A TRIP! ONLY 18 HOURS FROM COAST TO COAST
I UNDERSTAND THEY USE PENNZOIL. I USE IT IN MY CAR TO MAKE IT GO FASTER

UNITED AIR LINES USE PENNZOIL IN SPEEDING UP SCHEDULES

The correct grade of Pennzoil in your car will increase speed and pick-up—save up to 12% on gas

TRY PENNZOIL—AT NO EXTRA COST

IMAGINE leaving California after dinner tonight, lunching in Chicago, and being in New York or Philadelphia for a late afternoon appointment. Or flying from New York to Los Angeles or San Francisco with the loss of only a half of one business day.

That is exactly what you can do in United Air Lines' three-mile-a-minute, multi-motored Boeings which fly 15,000,000 miles a year.

United Air Lines use Pennzoil exclusively to lubricate the engines of these giant planes.

A Record-Breaking Oil

Pennzoil is the same oil Ab Jenkins used in his Pierce-Arrow when he broke 14 major world's auto-speed records . . . the same oil that lubricates Union Pacific's new super-train that has a top speed of 110 miles an hour.

And Pennzoil is the same oil that thousands of motorists are buying every day to *make their cars go faster* . . . to *increase pick-up* . . . to *save money on gasoline.*

You, too, can get this special oil. Just ask for Pennzoil—the correct grade for *your car.*

What Pennzoil is

Pennzoil is refined from the finest Pennsylvania crude. It is *3 times concentrated* to give it an amazing *tough film* that can withstand the terrific punishment of record-breaking speeds. Then, the non-lubricating elements found in many plain oils are removed from Pennzoil. This cuts down *internal* friction or engine drag as effectively as streamlining cuts down *external* friction or wind resistance. Lets your motor run smoother, easier, *faster.* Hence you get more speed and *quicker pick-up.* And *less* gasoline is used besides.

Try Pennzoil Today

Why be satisfied with *plain* oil . . . especially when Pennzoil costs no more? Go to any bonded Pennzoil dealer and get Pennzoil . . . the oil that has broken 14 major speed records . . . the oil used by United Air Lines, Inc., Eastern Air Lines, Inc., National Park Airways, Northwest Airways, Rapid Air Express, U. S. Airways, General Air Lines, Inc., and others. Try this record-breaking motor oil in *your car* today!

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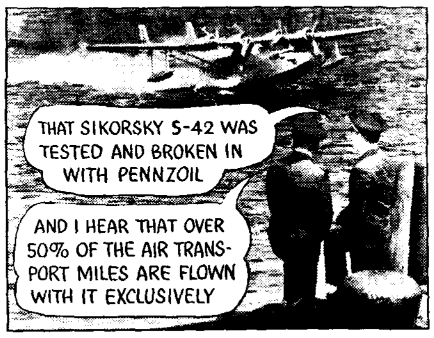
THAT SIKORSKY S-42 WAS TESTED AND BROKEN IN WITH PENNZOIL
AND I HEAR THAT OVER 50% OF THE AIR TRANSPORT MILES ARE FLOWN WITH IT EXCLUSIVELY

IN FACTORY TESTS with Pennzoil, the Sikorsky S-42, largest transport plane ever built in America, took the air in 20 seconds, with an 8-ton load . . . climbed 6000 feet in a little over 7 minutes . . . showed a speed of 190 m.p.h.

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MAKES CARS GO FASTER..SAVES ON GASOLINE

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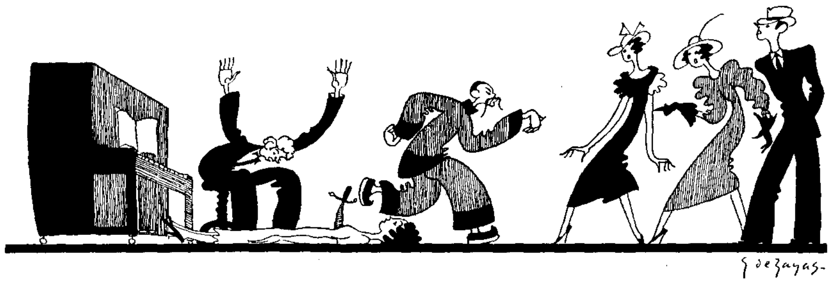


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A sight-seeing trip through New York's Chinatown, until a few years ago, was exciting—to tourists who did not know that the "joints" were conducted for their benefit. They saw joss houses, gambling rooms, opium dens, passageways riddled with tong-war bullets and even a "murder" in a cabaret.

A large American company, which manufactures all kinds of crooked gambling devices, makes 62 different decks of marked cards that virtually defy disclosure and 73 kinds and combinations of transparent dice so cleverly loaded that they can be cut, burned, weighed or measured with calipers without detection.—*By H. H. Olmsted, Hartford, Connecticut.*

The skin surface of human beings and animals does not increase proportionately with their weight. For example, a baby has relatively twice as much skin as its mother and a mouse has relatively a hundred times as much skin as a large elephant.

"Eyelid crutches" are now being used by persons suffering from *ptosis,* the permanent drooping or falling of the upper eyelid, due to paralysis of the lifting muscle. These crutches, which are made of platinum and attached to the ordinary spectacle frames, fit invisibly in the exterior fold of the lid and comfortably support it in a natural open position.—*By W. A. Summers, Lansdale, Pennsylvania.*

No longer do members of mind-reading acts presented on the stage endeavor to make the audience believe that they possess telepathic ability. Today they readily admit that they use one of the 200 different systems of signals, the most famous being the Zancig Code which, through its employment of both spelling and gestures, is virtually infallible.

Various tribes throughout the world believe that ghosts have their feet reversed and walk backward, that fathers have no part whatsoever in the procreation of children, and that the dead should be buried near a body of water so the soul will be protected from the fires of the underworld.

Several Americans have made extensive preparations for the return of the Prophets and the Messiah. Outstanding among them is a man in California who has built and deeded a large house to David, and a woman on Long Island who has turned her beautiful mansion into a replica of a Hebrew home so she can appropriately welcome the Saviour. Even her wardrobe contains Palestinian dresses.—*By Mrs. P. M. Ellis, San Diego, California.*

A "***one*** cannon ball battle" occurred at Sackett's Harbor on Lake Ontario during the War of 1812. A British ship came up and fired at the American fort. But the cannon ball fell short and landed harmlessly at the feet of an American, who promptly placed it in his cannon and fired it back, raking the ship from stem to stern, killing 14 men, wounding 18 others and ending the battle.—*By Glen E. Shears, Chicago, Illinois.*

During the Middle Ages, Belgium had very strict laws to prevent what it considered to be unfair competition. In at least one town, craftsmen and venders of goods were not only forbidden to advertise but they were not even allowed to stand in their doorways for fear they might blow their noses or sneeze in order to attract the attention of passers-by.—*By Isaac Hershkowitz, New York City.*

The jiu-jitsu bout of Japan is the roughest two-man sport. All kinds of fouls are permitted and broken necks and ankles, dislocated hips and shoulders and torn tendons are not uncommon. When a combatant is in a painful grip and about to receive a disabling injury, he is supposed to give in and end the round. Rather than face this humiliation, however, he sometimes allows himself to be punished to the point of insensibility.

Although about 17,000,000 books have been published since the invention of printing, less than 100 of them have reached a sale of 1,000,000 copies.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

"MY GAS COMPANY RECOMMENDED *ELECTROLUX* . . .

and now I'm recommending it to all my friends!"

BECAUSE

IT COSTS LEAST TO RUN

IT'S PERMANENTLY SILENT

IT HAS NO MOVING PARTS

IT HAS EVERY MODERN ADVANTAGE

USES NO WATER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WHETHER you see the New Air-Cooled Electrolux in a friend's home or in the showroom, remember this: You are looking at a new and different kind of refrigerator . . . a refrigerator that is far ahead in economy, convenience and beauty.

Electrolux has no moving parts. A tiny gas flame circulates the simple refrigerant, and ordinary air cools it. This unique simplicity gives Electrolux several unmatched advantages that you cannot afford to overlook.

Electrolux owners enjoy the advantage of a remarkably low running cost, the comfort of permanent silence, and the assurance that parts that do not move cannot wear. Furthermore, Electrolux actually pays for itself in savings.

Warm months are here . . . months when you will appreciate a generous supply of ice cubes, crisp salads, delicious desserts—and the fuller food protection that Electrolux gives you.

Visit your gas company or local dealer. See the beautiful new Electrolux models on display. Ask about their modern advantages. Trays that release at a trigger-trip, split shelves that accommodate large bottles, a temperature control that speeds freezing, are only three of many.

Your own gas company recommends Electrolux. And, still more important, it willingly stands back of and services every one it sells.

SAVES ON RUNNING COST

Because of its simpler operating principle, Electrolux makes real savings in running cost . . . savings that are considerable over a period of years.

SAVES ON FOOD BILLS

With Electrolux, you can keep left-overs fresh and delicious for days. You can also buy in quantity and take advantage of all "specials."

NEW . . . FOR FARMS AND CAMPS

Write for full information about the Electrolux that runs on kerosene. Learn how farms, homes, and camps beyond the gas mains can enjoy the same efficient refrigeration that Electrolux gives city homes. Address Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Indiana.

NEW *Air-Cooled*
ELECTROLUX
THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

Act Natural

Continued from page 22

you're pulling the dope act, dear, you might as well go and get it over with."

"Don't 'dear' me!" Jack Spreeter exclaimed, springing to his feet. "Don't pull that business with me!"

"All right, sap," Sally replied. "I won't."

"That's better," Jack said. "That's better, all right."

"Third door on the right," Eric said after they had gone in. He always made the same announcement, always too late for the callers to hear. He got a kick out of it.

JACK and Sally marched down the corridor and Sally opened the door of Izzy's office for Jack, who rushed in with his mouth wide open.

"All right now, shut up!" Izzy Enfield shouted. "I know it! I'm a doity bum and a heel and a double-crosser and a chiseler and a dope, and you're taking the whole act over to Ginsky! Jonesboig—phooie!"

"That's it!" Jack Spreeter shouted back. "You're so low as a snake you'd steal my words from my mouth. You'd steal the milk from the blind starving babies you would! You shut that big mouth and listen to me!"

"I'm not listening!" Izzy shouted. "You're so dumb you'd put me on a spot! You go to Jonesboig like I tell you! I know what I do, don't I?"

"What you do!" Jack Spreeter sighed in raucous agony. "You railroad me to the sticks, when Noo Yawk's yelling for a good show. Where is your brains? They was taken back by the poor widow you stoled them from! You swindler! You low-lifer! You hoi-polloi! You insect!"

"Listen, you mugs," Charlie Weiner interrupted, thrusting himself into Izzy Enfield's office. "You shut up. I am in the next office here with a opera singer. You birds tone your language down!"

"Since when is a opera singer so sensitive?" Izzy Enfield asked. "They holler so loud in a show you could think they'd listen to us all right. We're just talking friendly business here."

"Close your door then," Charlie said. "I don't mind, but this is a opera singer!"

"All right now," Izzy said as Charlie departed. "Listen to what I'm doing. You ain't woiked in seven weeks, have you? Well, you been enlodging your act, ain't you? Well. Now you'll shake it down in Jonesboig. You'll get three hundred for the week, just for shaking the act down. Then I'll book you in Jamaica again, maybe, or Yonkers. The big time'll catch the act in Yonkers, and you'll begin getting the bookings you want."

"I dunno," Jack replied. "When you go back to small time, you get stuck for good sometimes."

"Not Spreeter and Sailor," Izzy confided. "Spreeter and Sailor is my own particular sweetheart. I am in love with Spreeter and Sailor. I have big faith in you two. Now, go to Jonesboig, Jack, and give it to them. Go ahead."

"Well," Jack said, "we'll go. Is the town papered all right?"

"Didn't you always leave everything to me?" Izzy asked with tears in his eyes. "Don't you always able to trust in Izzy Enfield? Don't you?"

"I trust you like I would a stool-pigeon," Jack said. "Come on, Sally, let's get out of here!"

"I hope you're the woist flop of the year!" Izzy Enfield called as Jack and Sally went out the door. "I hope they ride you out of Jonesboig in a garbage wagon!"

JACK and Sally went to the hotel and packed for Jonesburg. It was Thursday and they were opening at the Jonesburg Theater tomorrow.

The Lefler-Goldman Agency went on in the business of ruling show business, but all was quiet in the office of Al Blumstein on the twelfth floor. The door was locked, and both telephone receivers were off their hooks. Al Blumstein was deep in a book.

The book was entitled, The New Deal Business Man. It was by Professor Edgar G. Hargraves, Ph. D., Lit., D., D. D., and M. S. in Bus. Al Blumstein dreamily turned back to the jacket, lovingly running his fingers across what was printed there. . . .

"In this Changing Social Era," it said, "The New Deal looks to the New Deal Business Man with Hope and Faith in Its Eyes. *There* is the Sacred Errand of the Doers of the Present Day!"

Al Blumstein shook his head in ecstasy. At times he underlined the loveliest of the phrases.

At ten o'clock the next morning, Al Blumstein pressed one of the buttons on his desk.

"Miss Goodsell," he said when that young lady appeared. "You will please inform all department heads that I will appear immediately for a general conference in Mrs. Sergent's office upstairs."

"Why—er—yes, Mr. Blumstein," Miss Goodsell replied. Al Blumstein had always called her Mary.

"Br-r-r-r!" she muttered to herself as she went from office to office, making the stupendous announcement, and scratching her left temple wonderingly with a pencil. Al Blumstein had ordered only one general conference since he became business manager, and that session had been what is vulgarly known as a lulu.

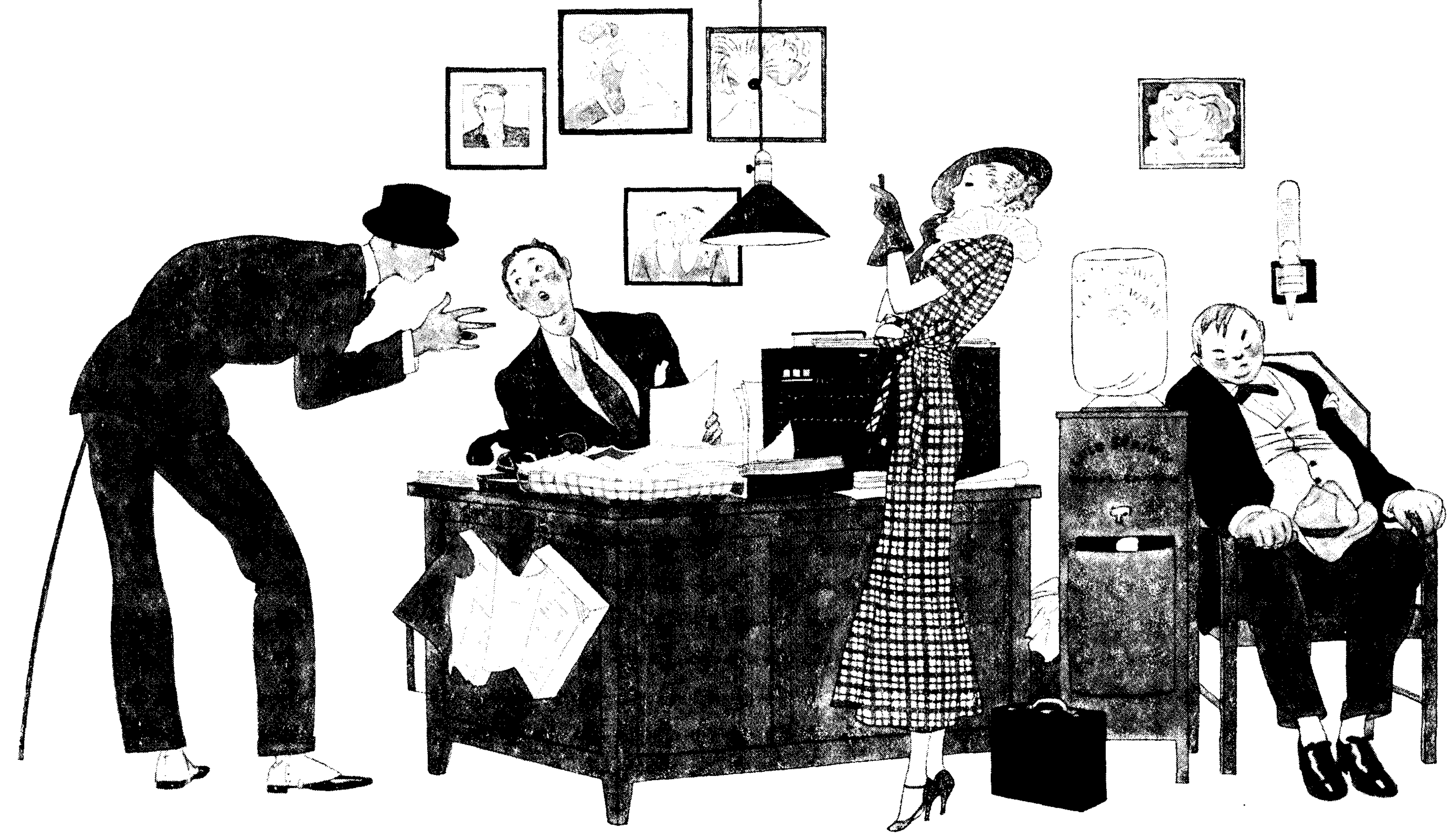
The hard business brain had been buzzing all night, and this morning one or two brand-new convolutions would have been discovered upon its wrinkled surface had an autopsy been possible. The Lefler-Goldman Agency was now to get a shovelful of The New Deal Business Man.

Al Blumstein made his awful way upstairs, through the reception room, and down the corridor. He entered Mrs. Sergent's office, and took a good stand in the middle of the floor. There was Mrs. Sergent, perched divinely behind her desk. There was Izzy Enfield, sitting on that desk and pulling on a long cigar. There was Charlie Weiner, standing in a corner with a foot on the radiator, meditatively stroking one ear and gazing out of the window upon the upper reaches of Times Square. There were all the rest of them, and no one spoke while Al Blumstein stuck his hands behind his back and paced a little.

"BOYS," he said, "—and you too, Mrs. Sergent. This is the end of the week and next week we are starting a new week. When next week starts we are going to be a different place. Society has altered the face of it, and these epic changes is reaching into the roots of the structure. When business is pared to the bone, then it's pruned back, and it starts a new living with brand-new shoots of branches. I mean this theatrical booking agency of Lefler-Goldman is going to lead the way to the New Deal Business Man. We're going to show those birds. You got to pay attention to me here, as I mean every word and nobody will take the consequences of anything different, and we'll be all one happy family just like before. We got to win the respect around here of that there great street out there."

Al Blumstein made a round gesture in the general direction of Broadway. Izzy Enfield cleared his throat, and Charlie Weiner changed feet on the radiator. Al Blumstein also cleared his throat:

"Ahem. This thing is getting too sloppy. I mean you got to quit hollering



"He says to wait a minute," Jack Spreeter mimicked. "Here I'm all steamed up and he don't want to talk to me"

Burroughs

ELECTRIC CARRIAGE RETURN

TODAY'S CONTRIBUTION TO TYPING

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President of Smith College

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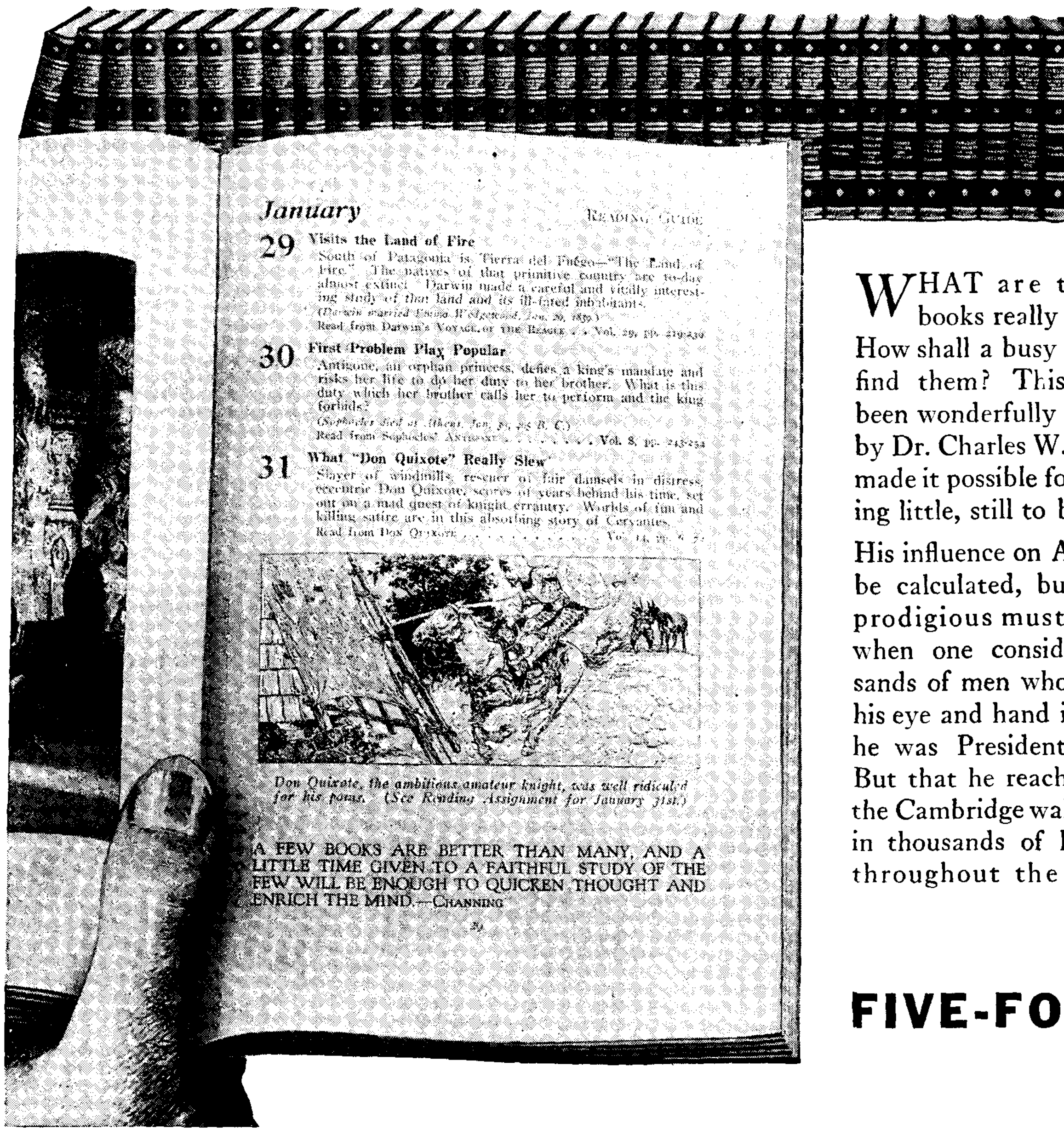
ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Author of "Standard Etiquette"



January READING GUIDE

29 **Visits the Land of Fire**
South of Patagonia is Tierra del Fuégo—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are to-day almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vitally interesting study of that land and its ill-fated inhabitants.
(Darwin married Emma Wedgwood, Jan. 29, 1839.)
Read from Darwin's VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE . . Vol. 29, pp. 219-230

30 **First Problem Play Popular**
Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?
(Sophocles died at Athens, Jan. 29, [illegible] B. C.)
Read from Sophocles' ANTIGONE . . . . Vol. 8, pp. 243-254

31 **What "Don Quixote" Really Slew**
Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and killing satire are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.
Read from DON QUIXOTE . . . . Vol. 14, pp. [illegible]

Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

29

WHAT are the few great books really worth reading? How shall a busy man or woman find them? This problem has been wonderfully solved for you by Dr. Charles W. Eliot. He has made it possible for you, by reading little, still to be well read.

His influence on America cannot be calculated, but that it was prodigious must be admitted when one considers the thousands of men who passed under his eye and hand in the 40 years he was President of Harvard. But that he reached far beyond the Cambridge walls may be seen in thousands of home libraries throughout the land. Many denied any other guidance have gained a speaking acquaintance with the world's classics through—Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics).

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(The Harvard Classics)

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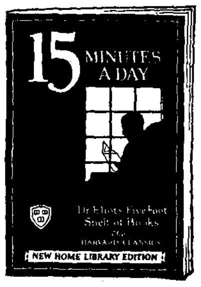
"Fifteen Minutes a Day" has brought new happiness, a turning point in life to thousands who have sent in for it. It comes without obligation when you fill out and mail this coupon.



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Address ....

433 HC-DSB

....

Act Natural

Continued from page 38

and swearing over the telephones. When you dictate a letter you got to put it in good grammar, or at least"—Al Blumstein glanced hurriedly at Miss Goodsell—"at least the secretaries has got to finish it in mailable condition. There is entirely too much familiarity with our clients."

Here Al Blumstein looked at Izzy Enfield, who glibly shifted the long cigar.

"The clients coming in here is acting like bums. It is the fault of us. We got to quit fooling around, and get onto the next thing. For instance, when a client comes to see Mrs. Sergent here, and asks where is the script of that play he wrote, Mrs. Sergent here telephones down to Mr. Ginswelt here, and Mrs. Sergent says right in the hearing of said client: 'There is a certain sap up here wants that piece of junk he wrote called Around the Square.' Now that ain't no way to talk in front of no client. And, for instance, when Mr. Enfield here is discussing matters with a act, he should not use such foul language so loud. It is bad for Mr. Weiner here, who is handling some very ritzy radio parties. Now, no complaints has been made to me, but walls has ears. Now I want to see different. The President of our country is calling industry to coöperate, and Lefler-Goldman is going to lead the way, or else I will know the reason why. I thank you."

Having delivered himself, Al Blumstein departed for the Holy of Holies on the twelfth floor. He left an astounded silence behind him.

CAME the week-end, followed as usual by Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

On Thursday morning Jack Spreeter and Sally Sailor got back to New York. They hastened to Fair Brothers' Theater Building, where Sally again held the door of Izzy's office open for Jack, who rushed in with his mouth open.

"A fine booking agent you turn out to be!" Jack shouted. "We get to Jonesboig. So the manager of the theater is off on a drunk, so the theater don't open and we don't get our pay-off. Is getting drunk a act of God? It ain't a act of God. So what? So Mr. Moiphy, the manager of the Jonesboig theater, owes Sally and me three hundred smackers. Am I right, Izzy Enfield?"

"Very true," Izzy replied. "Will you have a seat, Mrs. Spreeter?"

"Huh?" Sally said.

"Do sit down," Izzy said. "And for Pete's sake—I mean you may hang your hat on that rack there, Mr. Spreeter."

"So!" Jack exclaimed, pulling his black fedora to the more defiant angle. "Now that we got three hundred smackers coming to us, he freezes up on us! Do you see that, Sally? I tell you, I will take the whole act over to Ginsky!"

"Now, Mr. Spreeter," Izzy placatingly replied. "Don't become upset. Your claim is so good, Mr. Spreeter, that I will now at this very minute give you a voucher for two hundred and seventy dollars, which is three hundred dollars less ten per cent. But before that, I have some contracts here which I wish you would sign."

"Well, fine!" Jack said. "What is the contracts? But wait a minute here. You got a toothache? You're talking funny, seems to me."

"We will leave irreverent matters for another time," Izzy said. "This contract here, Mr. Spreeter, calls for twenty-eight weeks in the Phantom chain at one thousand dollars a week. This other contract here will bind you to Lefler-Goldman as your managers and booking agents for three years, with a guarantee of not less than one hundred and fifty dollars a week for forty-five weeks in the year. I hope you will see your way clear to sign both of these contracts, Mr. and Mrs. Spreeter."

"She's Sally Sailor to you!" Jack yelled. "Don't you know us no better than that?"

"I'll explain at another time," Izzy said. "What about the contracts?"

"I'll sign the twenty-eight weeks all right," Jack said. "Give it here."

Izzy handed it over, and Jack and Sally glanced through it and signed.

"Now about this three-year agreement," Izzy asked, holding that contract lovingly across the desk. "It is a wonderful liberal contract."

"There is something phony here," Jack said. "You ain't acting natural, Izzy. I don't feel good in here. I'm getting out of here. Come on, Sally."

"Just a minute," Izzy said, "and Mr. Blumstein will poisinally handle this for you."

He scratched with a pen on a printed form and gave the form to Jack.

"That's right," Jack said. "The two hundred and seventy. Well, let's get out of here, Sally. We're lamming."

"Perhaps if you can drop in here about ten o'clock in the morning," Izzy said, "I can convince you different about the three years. Good day."

Jack and Sally escaped down the corridor.

"What is that guy sitting on, a ant hill?" Sally asked.

"I don't know," Jack said. "I just don't know at all."

"Well, little sweetheart," Jack said to Eric at the reception desk. "Shove us through to this here Mr. Al Blumstein. We'd have woids with him."

"Yes, sir," Eric said.

"Snap out of it, will you, Eric?" Sally said. "Don't you know us? What did we do in Jonesburg, step on a skunk?"

"No, ma'am," Eric said. "Mr. Blumstein will see you immediately."

"Whew!" Jack exclaimed as they headed downstairs to Al Blumstein's office. "I'll hand Mr. Al Blumstein a piece of my mind about this treatment we're getting."

THEY entered the Holy of Holies.

"How do you do, Mr. Spreeter?" Mr. Blumstein said. "And you, Mrs. Spreeter? Please be seated."

Jack made sounds in his throat while Sally pushed him to a chair.

"If you will present that voucher," Mr. Blumstein said, "I will take care of it for you without delay."

"Here," Jack said, seeming about to burst, but managing to hold himself in.

"Very good," Mr. Blumstein said. He pressed a button. Miss Goodsell appeared almost immediately.

"Make Mr. Spreeter here a check for two hundred and seventy dollars," Mr. Blumstein said. The girl did so, and Mr. Blumstein signed it and passed it to Jack Spreeter.

"All right," Jack Spreeter said, folding the check and tucking it into a vest pocket. "Now, Mr. Al Blumstein, I'll tell you something. I'm going crazy in this agency here. When that twenty-eight weeks on the Phantom time is done, I go over to Ginsky. Everybody was pals here until we play Jonesboig. We play Jonesboig out of the goodness of our hearts. What happens? We get high-hatted all over this dump! I'm through with this garbage heap, I'm through with it!"

(Continued on page 42)

Men still on reduced incomes can get needed insurance *at once* by this New Plan

"That's more like it. This plan would give me a chance to get straightened out financially—without taking the risk"
3

"That's the plan I took, Marian—the Economic Adjustment Plan. I was actually able to get all *the protection I needed for you and the children—a thing I had no hope of doing until business improved. It cost only about half as much to start as the usual forms of life insurance, yet, like them, it gives us permanent protection. I'm certainly glad I got in touch with the Union Central."*

The Economic Adjustment Plan

"A good company, John. Both my grandfather and father had policies with it."

SECURITY FOR THE AMERICAN FAMILY SINCE 1867

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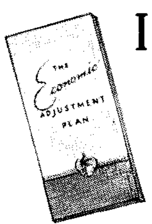

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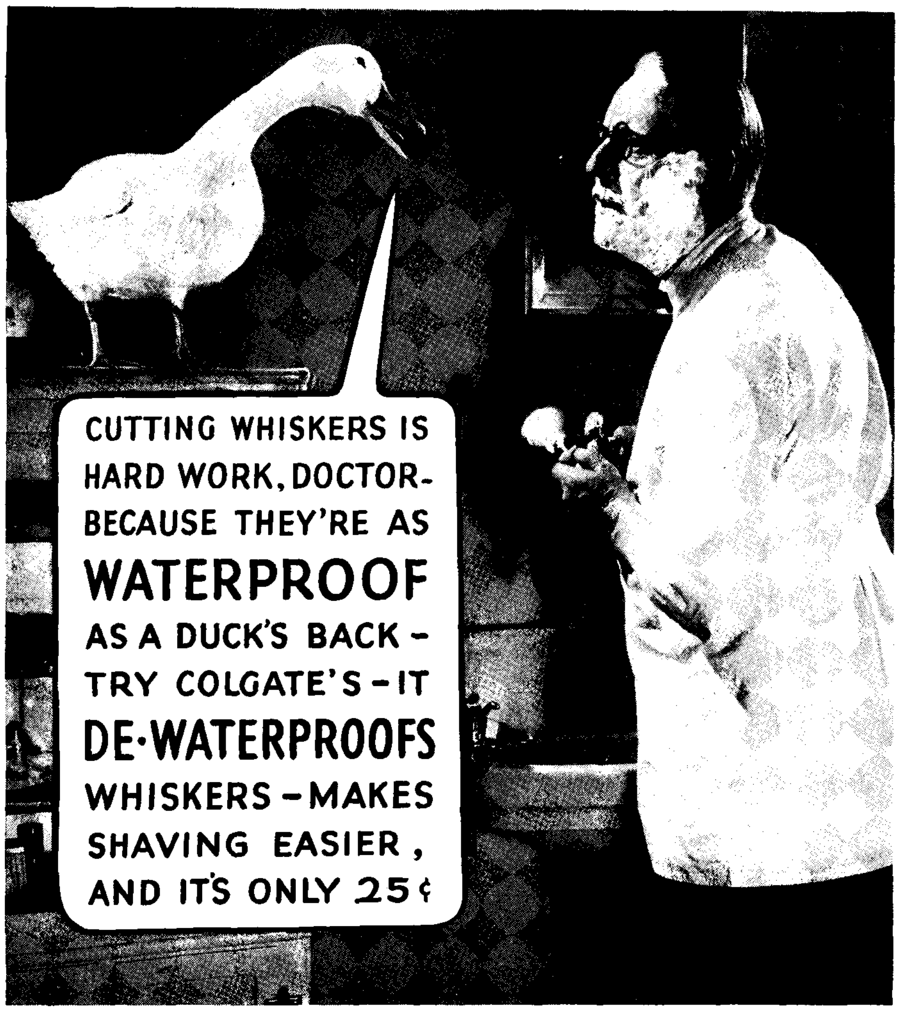
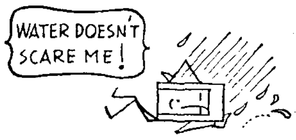
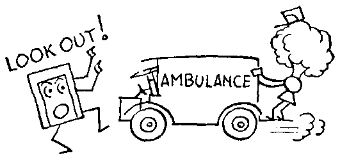
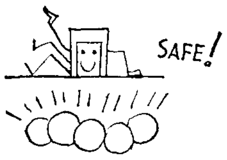

CUTTING WHISKERS IS HARD WORK, DOCTOR- BECAUSE THEY'RE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK - TRY COLGATE'S - IT DE-WATERPROOFS WHISKERS - MAKES SHAVING EASIER, AND IT'S ONLY 25¢


WATER DOESN'T SCARE ME!

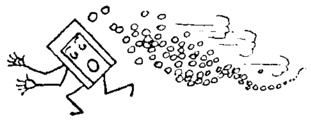
There's a waterproof coating of oil around every whisker on your face. And that's what makes shaving a tough task for you!



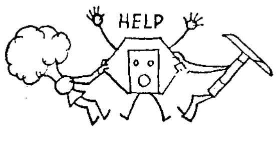
But—if you can remove that waterproofing from every whisker, you get a shave so smooth it will *feel* like your razor is running on ball bearings.



Most shaving creams do not remove all the waterproofing. They *can't*. Because they froth into *big-bubble* lather... bubbles that are too big to get close to every whisker.



But Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is different. Colgate's makes a *small-bubble* lather. Millions of these tiny, *little* bubbles crowd *close* to each whisker—remove every last trace of waterproofing. They *emulsify* the oil... *float* it away.



Then they seep into every whisker you own... *wilt* it... soak it *soft*. Take every bit of the fight out of it. And then your razor slides down your face, as smoothly and easily as though there were no whiskers there.

Why don't you try Colgate's—and learn how much easier small-bubble lather will make your daily shave? The large 35¢ tube of Colgate's is now only 25¢.

P. S.—For a great finish to a grand shave, try Colgate's After-Shave Lotion and Colgate's Talc for Men

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CR
De-waterproof your whiskers... and make shaving easier.
Large size Tube NOW ONLY 25¢

(Continued from page 41)

Al Blumstein's hard business brain in a flash suffered a brand-new convolution upon its serried surface. In that flash he realized what was troubling the clients that stood before him now. He jumped to his feet and pulled Jack Spreeter's black fedora down over Jack Spreeter's blazing eyes, to a more defiant angle than it had ever experienced.

"You dumb, shabby-ankled, good-for-not-a-thing, East Side bum!" Al Blumstein lewdly sneered. "You four-a-day, small-time, penny-changing loafer! Who you think you're talking to? Shut up!"

Jack and Sally stared.

Jack pushed his black fedora to the back of his head. He shoved his right hand out, to meet the right hand of Mr. Blumstein.

"Al," Jack Spreeter said. He couldn't talk any more. He was gulping furiously, and tears were behind his eyelids.

"Al," he said, "old pal . . ."

Sally sat on Mr. Blumstein's desk.

"SO YOU couldn't take it, hey?" Al Blumstein said. "Didn't you know we was ribbing you? Why, we said, we will give Jack and Sally a welcome home. They done so good in Jonesburg. But let's have a little fun first. So we plan this home-coming, all for you. We meant it good, Jack."

"You done that, all for us?" Jack exclaimed, with a look of wondrous unbelief on his face. "All for us you done it? Why, Al, if you'd shove that three-years contract to us now, we'd sign it in all languages and the Scandinavian fifty times!"

"Nuts," Mr. Blumstein said, and patted Sally's knee affectionately.

"Now that we got our money," Jack said as he lit another of Mr. Blumstein's cigarettes, "we'll tell you what happened in Jonesboig."

Sally settled herself more comfortably on Mr. Blumstein's desk, Jack perched himself on the filing cabinet, and Mr. Blumstein reached for his derby, donned it, and draped his feet across the radiator.

"We get to Jonesboig," Jack began, "and the sole owner and proprietor, Mr. Moiphy, is on a drunk and the theater don't open. So we begin to wonder about the hotel bill that's due Thursday, and about the railroad fare that's due with our departure.

"Well, Al, we're worrying in our hotel room, Sally and me, when the Reverend Doctor Bentley comes to call. He has a benefit he desires to immediately produce for three days, with Spreeter and Sailor as the headliners. 'Well, Reverend,' I says, 'we would be happy to play the benefit, if you would please feed Sally and me for the three days of the benefit, and if you would be so kind as to contribute our railroad tickets to New York City as well, and to handle our hotel bill, and we will be delighted.' The Reverend Doctor Bentley says all right.

"So we show at the choich hall there. After cleaning up the act, of course, since it's a religious gate we play to, Wednesday night the Reverend comes to me and says: 'Mr. Spreeter, we sointinly have enjoyed your performance. You and your charming wife has helped us out of a very tough hole. So here's three hundred dollars for your trouble.' I was surprised, Al, believe me. 'But, Doctor Bentley,' I says, 'I could not take all of your money, as it was for charity.' 'I know all about Mr. Moiphy and his drinking habits,' he says, 'and we are keeping six hundred dollars for ourselves, as we did very good at this affair, and you was a big drawing card.' "

"And you was!" Mr. Blumstein cut in. "You was terrific!"

"Well," Jack continued, lighting another cigarette, "the Reverend hands us the money and says: 'I know you are a man of the woild, Mr. Spreeter, and you would understand. Mr. Moiphy is a drinking man, and his wife keeps all of his money as he would drink it all up.' "

"I don't blame him for going on drunks, with a wife like that," Sally interrupted.

"You're a exceptional woman," Jack said to her, and continued:

"So the Reverend says: 'I knew Mr. Moiphy was primed for his semi-annual spree, so I see to it that Mr. Moiphy is paid a one-hundred-dollar debt last week, poisinally in cash. If the only theater in Jonesboig don't open, the fair will be well attended, and his family would not be injured, as Mrs. Moiphy keeps the bank book, and sometimes a man of God must fight the devil with the devil's own weapons, and he would have got drunk anyway. So now we will be able to heat the choich next winter.' "

" 'Reverend,' I says, 'if you would like to come to Noo Yawk, you will find plenty of devil to fight in that town, and I will poisinally engage you as the manager of Spreeter and Sailor. The sky would be the limit, Reverend Bentley.' 'I must feed my flock,' the Reverend replies, and that is five hundred and seventy dollars Sally and me make this week."

"Well!" Mr. Blumstein said. "Now you'll go into the Phantom time and clean up."

"You said it," Jack replied. "And we'll be able to put on our act as it is supposed to be put on. We've been in a strait-jacket of a Sunday school all week, Sally and me."

"You'll not do anything of the kind!" Mr. Blumstein declared. "The Phantom time sent a man to catch your act, and he was the same who caught your act two months ago in Jamaica. Do you know what he says when he comes here to arrange for the twenty-eight weeks? He says, 'Mr. Blumstein, you certainly got men around here who can stage acts. When I seen Spreeter and Sailor in Jamaica, they was nothing. When I see them at this benefit in Jonesburg, what do I say? I say the Lefler-Goldman Agency can stage acts. The act now is a champion! It has polish! It is class! I will paste this in my hat, Mr. Blumstein, and we will watch the products of the office of Lefler-Goldman!' "

"What do you think of that!" Jack exclaimed.

"Now you two get out of here," Al Blumstein shouted affectionately. "I got business to attend to."

"We was just going anyway," Sally said.

"I'll instruct Mr. Enfield to chisel you to your underwear!" Mr. Blumstein called.

"Izzy don't need no instructing!" Jack yelled back.

AL BLUMSTEIN sat quietly at his desk, Jack and Sally gone.

"Hey, Mary!" he began to shout.

Miss Goodsell popped into the office.

"Beautiful," Al Blumstein said, "round up the bums for a general conference. Make it snappy!"

Miss Goodsell wordlessly made her way to the door.

"Mary," Al Blumstein said.

"Yes, sir," she answered without turning around.

"My first name's Al. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Miss Goodsell replied. She fled.

Al Blumstein took The New Deal Business Man with him. As he passed through the reception room on his glorious way to the general conference, he paused at Eric's desk.

"Eric," Mr. Blumstein said, "here is a book for you. There is some good stuff in this book, but I marked some parts in here that I figure are a lot of baloney. Look 'em over!"

So the King Stopped it

Continued from page 16

some more cocktails," said Mister Ashe.

"And then?"

"And then they went somewhere else."

"At the same speed?"

"At even greater speed, Your Majesty."

"But why?" said King Swat, combing his fingers through his beard in great perplexity.

"Well, naturally, Your Majesty, in order to start off again from a new place, they first had to *reach* that new place, didn't they? And the quicker they got there, the less time they would lose in getting started away again; and so they developed a marvelous efficiency in arrivals and departures."

KING SWAT murmured to himself: "There must have been something in it that I don't quite get." And then, to Mister Ashe: "What else did they have besides automobiles and cocktails?"

"Currency, Disarmament Conferences, National and International Debts, Bubonic Plague, Philanthropy, Poison Gas, Prosperity, and buildings seventy stories high."

"Why seventy stories?"

"Well, Your Majesty, that was in the interests of speed—when you jump from the top of a seventy-story building, you arrive at the bottom at a greater rate of speed than when you jump from a ten-story building."

"Why jump?"

"It was a part of the general speed program, Your Majesty."

"I see," said the King. "What were these Debts you talk of?"

"They started as a device to speed up prosperity, but they soon attained a rate of speed of their own, which kept the rest of civilization on the jump trying to catch up with them."

"And this Poison Gas?"

"It was a device which was used in helping to keep the world safe for Democracy, Your Majesty."

"What was Democracy, Mister Ashe?"

"It was one of the places civilization was always hurrying to reach, so that it could start off again for some other place."

"That seems simple enough, and logical," said the King. "If I could only get the clue to what it was all about in a general way, Mister Ashe, I might be able to understand some of the details better."

"It was this way, King Swat: Certain people were trying to *preserve* certain brands of civilization, and other people were trying to *destroy* certain brands of civilization. Do you understand that?"

"In a way, yes. But why?"

"These ancients had Ideals, Your Majesty. And Ethics. Naturally, if you had an Ideal of Civilization, an ethical ideal, and its very existence was threatened by another ideal, you'd want to kill off the other ideal, and the other ideal would—"

"Stop!" King Swat was holding his head in his hands. "Mister Ashe," he said after a moment, "please go slow. Sometimes this hammock makes me a little seasick. Or else the home-brew they bring me in the royal gourd isn't always quite right. Or else this civilization of yours is making me dizzy. Tell me briefly, Mister Ashe, how did it all end?"

"Well, Your Majesty, they got so many opposed Ideals of Civilization, and so many improvements in the efficient killing off of opposition that the whole thing blew up."

"And you stand there and tell me, Mister Ashe, that you want this Civilization which the human race really ought to have.

"Mister Ashe, do you want to see your King running around in circles at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, without knowing where he is going?"

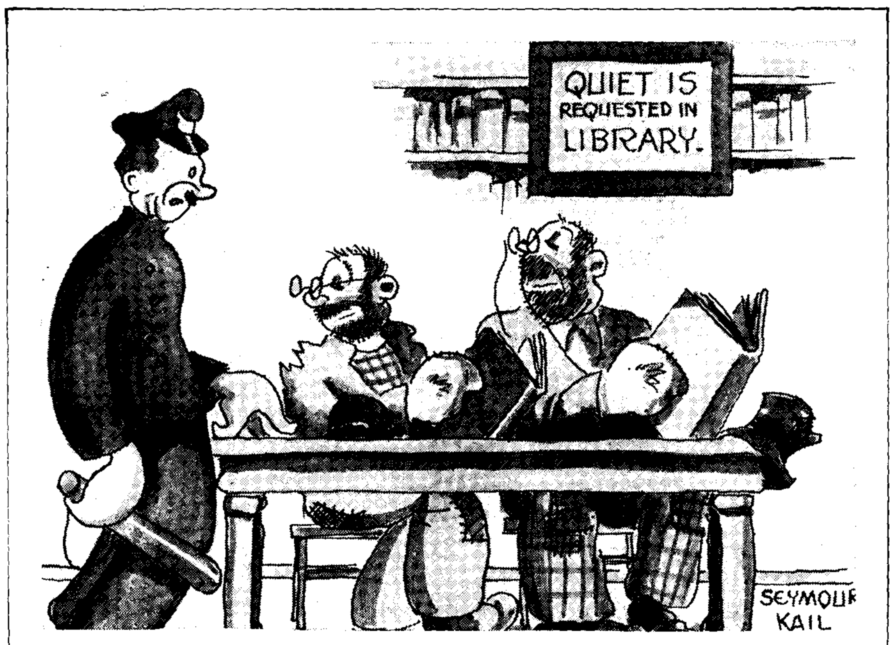
"No, Your Majesty, but—"

"Mister Ashe, do you want to see me jumping from the top of a seventy-story building just to catch up with the debt at the bottom of it?"

"No, Your Majesty, but I do think—"

"Mister Ashe, I am going to put a stop to your thinking!" The High King snapped his fingers three times, and a gigantic Nubian appeared with a scimitar.

"Jeff," he said to the Nubian; "please behead Mister Ashe. He's trying to get something called civilization started in the world. And then go and find out which queens have been putting yarbs in my liquor, and nick their beans off, too. I might easily get filled up with cocktails and ideals without knowing it, and go streaking off across the country at two hundred miles an hour with no more destination than a rabbit. Stick to the boss, Jeff—we've got a mission! We're going to keep the world safe for Barbarism!"



"I wonder if you two students would be interested in knowing that it has stopped raining outside"

SEYMOUR KAIL

What? Holding my cigarette wrong?

Does smoking steady or stimulate?

What has lighting a cigarette to do with teeth stains?

THIS BOOK answers your questions about cigarette smoking

Theory and Facts of
CIGARETTE SMOKING

The odds are greater than ten to one that you don't know how to light a cigarette, no matter how long you've been smoking! It's even more unlikely that you hold your cigarette correctly! These, and dozens of other equally amazing facts, have been uncovered in a scientific investigation of cigarette smoking.

Probably you'll be surprised to learn that nicotine is not the dread demon it's popularly supposed to be. And you'll be delighted to discover how to smoke cigarettes with a minimum of objectionable effects.

For that's the purpose of this new book . . . to help you get more genuine, harmless pleasure out of smoking. Written after years of research and based on university tests, it tells you how to judge popular brands of cigarettes for mildness. It reveals the secret of lighting and holding *any* cigarette to reduce its tongue-bite, its staining-effect on your teeth.

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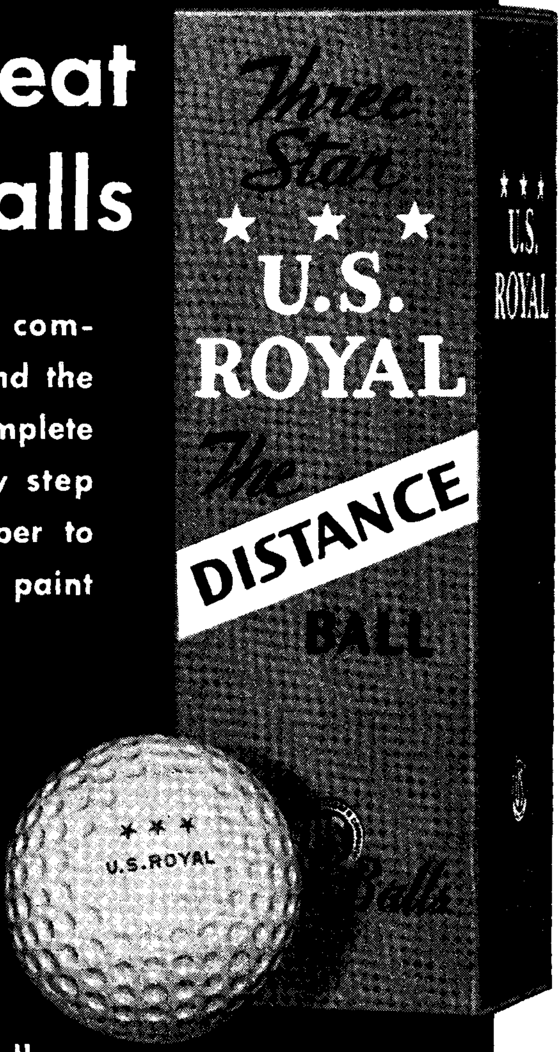

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Woman in Love

Continued from page 9

under the big double bed. There were already boxes and bundles under the bed; the one shallow closet was bursting with clothes, the one strip of wall that had neither windows nor doors in it was embellished with a row of hooks from which more clothing hung. All about the mirror on the dresser photographs of men were stuck at angles; the dressing-table itself was closely littered with pots and jars, cigarette boxes and ashtrays, brushes, jewelry, small articles of apparel. Kid and satin slippers, discolored and twisted and collapsed, were in a row on the table; the room was in complete disorder and the bed was not made.

AN ODD expression came into Tamara's face as she set about what superficial ordering and straightening might be immediately accomplished. It was a look of intense seriousness and steadiness. Steadily, without stopping, she moved chairs, hung garments on hooks already bulging with garments, made the dreadful bed and plumped the sodden pillows. She hung up her coat and hat; washed her face. Every towel in the bathroom was damp and smelled of perfume and soap; the sheets on the bed were limp and soft with use. It didn't matter; she was tired, and these were first impressions. It didn't matter. No use crying, anyway.

Mother Laurence had been wonderful to her. She had said, "I expect great things of you, Tamara. You have a most unusual character, dear. Don't expect life to be easy—it isn't good for us to have life easy. You have to make your own happiness, you'll never find it ready-made—"

But Tamara could not think of Mother Laurence tonight. It made her throat feel sore. Instead, she must go evenly on with this duty that lay under her hand, and indeed under her feet. If she began to think of Mother Laurence she would remember Saint Bride's; the many trees at the edge of the green, clean lawn in pink and white bloom, the shining long halls, the spotless windows with their prim touches of white, the soft voices, the noiseless feet. She would remember study hall, and the girls grouped about in their blouses and pleated skirts; and the organ on that last flower-scented, sun-flooded day, and the scent of incense on Sunday afternoons when there was Benediction in the chapel.

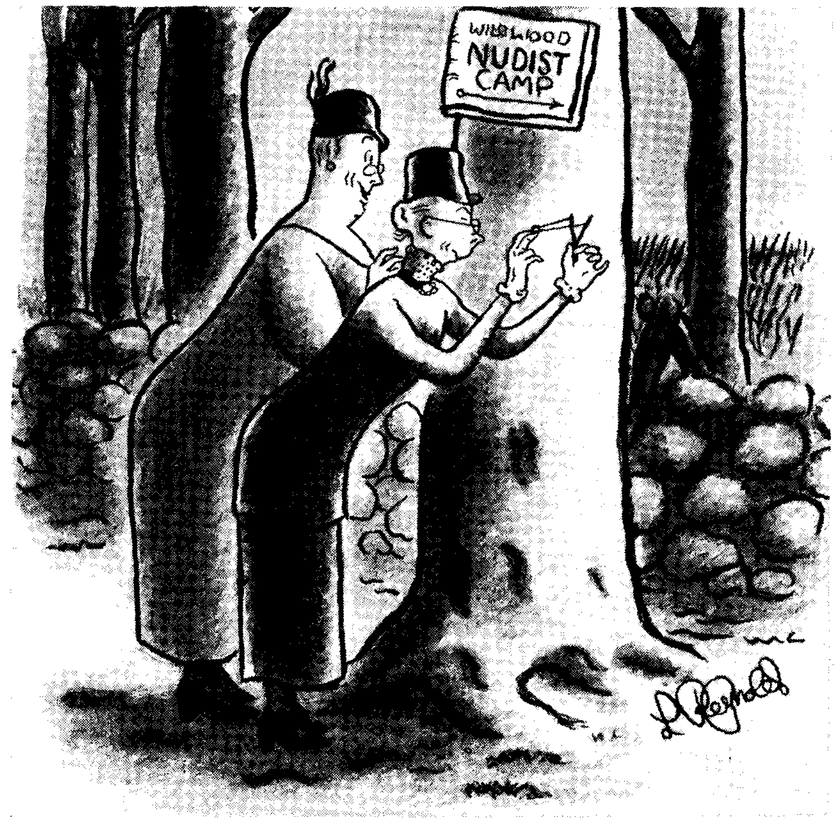
She looked out of the bedroom window; fog had filled the side street in the dusk. It was a shabby street whose cheap stores were pouring garish light across the sidewalks; there were quite a lot of people coming and going. Bareheaded women with coats over house dresses went into the delicatessen stores, came out with little packages; boys yelled papers. The lights of the movie houses in the neighborhood fanned up in pink and green glory; went down, came up again. The spitted chickens in the window of the rotisserie went round and round.

"This is all an adventure—this is funny—" Tamara said half aloud.

But she felt bewildered and shocked and ready for tears. She felt like a traveler making his way cautiously across a bog in the dark. Each step might indeed be tested, but there was no definite hope of reaching safety and security after all the steps.

CORAL came in and the sisters kissed each other, and laughed nervously as they sat talking awkwardly of trifles; after five years they could not be easy with each other all at once. Tamara felt another shock when she saw Coral. It might be only Coral's strangeness, she might get over it, but she seemed talkative and shallow and affected, somehow. The words did not come to Tamara but she felt their meaning. A tremendous and desolating sense of disillusionment in her sister swept over her. This was not the gay, successful young actress she had pictured as laughing over fan letters in her dressing-room, evading unwelcome callers at the stage door.

"How d'you think Mamma looks?"



"Come on, it's my turn to do a good deed" LAURENCE REYNOLDS asked Coral, working her lips as she spoke with a vigor that Tamara had forgotten was one of her characteristics. It was an actressy mannerism, it gave full value to every consonant, and was accompanied by much arching of eyebrows and widening of eyes. "She's been deathly ill. I didn't write you, I'm *the worst* letter-writer—"

Inasmuch as her sister had never written her at all, Tamara could not politely deprecate this. She remembered the candy and thanked Coral for it again.

"Oh, Lord, that was nothing. I happened to be passing a candy store and I remembered you used to love it!" Coral said. But she was pleased. "I'm like that," she added. "If I once think of something to do for somebody, well, it's as if you'd given me a present."

"It's a nice way to be."

"Well, it is and it isn't. I never have a cent, and every fortune-teller I've ever been to tells me I'm generous to a fault."

Tamara laughed. "You don't believe in fortune-tellers?"

"Ever been to Divina? She's a wonder. She's marvelous. She told a man friend of mine all about his first marriage. I thought he'd faint. 'Is she good or is she good?' I said. 'She's good,' he said. I'll bet you're starving," Coral broke off to say suddenly. "I'll bet they starved you in that convent! Want something to eat?"

THE sisters went into the kitchen together, and Tamara had her first meal at home. She was presently to discover that all her meals would be like this one; eaten casually from paper bags, from bowls in the ice-box, from the saucepans and coffeepots on the gas stove. No table was ever set in the Todhunter house, and no meal was ever served. Each member of the family ate when and what he liked; the coffeepot simmered on the pilot-light all day. Coral hospitably assisted her in finding food, sat watching her as she ate. But Coral ate nothing herself; she was going later with the aforementioned man friend for a late dinner.

"Mamma, want anything?" she presently shouted.

Mrs. Todhunter came heavily to the kitchen door; a shapeless big woman with a strip of fine veiling tied tightly about her bronzed and carefully set hair.

"I don't believe I'll have anything," she said. "I may go out later with Ray. He phoned awhile back. My check hasn't come and I'm flat! I'm going to have Cutter go see Jesse."

Jesse Straut was known only vaguely to the girls as the man who had been for a brief space their mother's second husband. Jesse, for his experience of wedded happiness, was supposedly paying his late wife forty dollars a week. Tamara now learned that he was not doing so with that regularity that Willette considered her right.

Coral had taken off all her street clothing but her cloth skirt, and slipped on a loose short cotton jacket stenciled in bright designs of chrysanthemums and maple leaves. She looked younger and prettier than she had in her hat and coat and Tamara could see in the thin, rouged face and the quick glancing look of the blue eyes the sister she remembered from years ago.

"I'll bet it feels good getting home, Tam," the mother said.

"She hasn't grown good-looking or anything," Coral said, studying Tamara with half-closed eyes. "You were an awful scrawny little thing last time I saw you."

"You weren't here that Christmas I came down to Portland—when Mamma was playing at the Golden West."

"I was in Hollywood. I ought," Coral said gloomily, "to be there now—no fooling."

"They certainly gave you a dirty deal down there. I oughtn't to do this," Mrs. Todhunter murmured, breaking a date from a block that was still half-wrapped in paper. "I'm going out with Ray. Poor fellow, he's trying awfully hard to get a job."

"That'll leave Tamara alone, then," Coral said. "D'you care? Or are you tired and would you like to go to bed?"

"I really am tired." Tamara finished a bowl of canned soup, felt better. Her heart trembled at the thought that they would let her be alone the first night, but the hot food had reinforced her courage, and she could smile. Of course they didn't love her, they hardly knew her.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," her mother said suddenly. "I'll skip the movie and get home early, what d'you say?"

"She's gotten awfully good-looking, no fooling," Coral said, still studying the younger sister. "Honest, you're good-looking," she added.

"Oh, thanks," Tamara said, busy with bakery cookies taken from a grease-ringed paper bag.

"Don't clean up," Coral presently yawned. "Liss comes in and does it—I give her all my old clothes and she likes to pay it back somehow."

But Tamara had to do a little straightening; she could not leave her supper dishes to add to the incredible disorder of the dirty little kitchen. She concentrated various odds and ends of milk in one bottle instead of five; scrambled paper bags together and put them in the ash-can; scraped butter and piled dishes in the dishpan.

When she went into the bedroom Coral was dressing; their mother, magnificent in a smart hat with a whorl of aigret about it, a loose beaded black silk coat, and high-heeled shoes with white kid saddles and toes, was just leaving. She walked mincingly in the tight shoes; her rather full, soft face was carefully made up now, and she looked quite handsome.

"Got any money, Coral?"

"Got a five, but it's all I have got."

"I have money," said Tamara. "There, in my bag. Aunt Tee used to send me an allowance, and I never used it. I've got two hundred in the Victoria bank."

"I'll see you get this back at the end of the week," Mrs. Todhunter said. "And I wouldn't go out tonight but that this man—he used to be a good friend of your father, he's one of the best managers in America today—is feeling so down and out. Tell Lance, if he makes coffee, we'll have to have another pound. Goodby, girls, be good now. It's nice to have you home again, Tam."

AFTER she was gone, Tamara, half sitting and half lounging on the bed, asked her sister simply:

"What do we live on, Coral?"

"Oh, everything," Coral answered vaguely, painting her finger nails carefully with crimson. "I'm probably going to begin rehearsing on Monday."

"That's fun!" the younger sister said, brightening. "Isn't that lots of fun?"

"It's no part at all; I oughtn't take it," Coral said absently. "But I'll get a hundred a week, and it all helps."

"A hundred a *week!*"

"That isn't so much. When I was in pictures," Coral mused on, squinting at her bunched finger tips, "I got two-fifty. And if I hadn't looked so much like Lita Burnside I'd have got fifteen hundred."

"Nobody gets that!"

"Don't you believe that nobody gets that."

"You do look like Lita Burnside," Tamara decided, after inspection.

"She wouldn't have me in the com-

(Continued on page 46)

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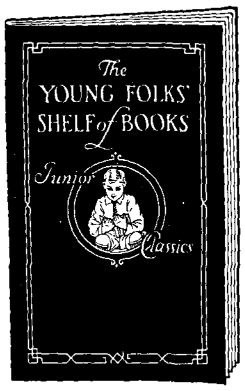

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(Continued from page 45)

pany because in the rushes everyone got us mixed," Coral explained. "If Jesse'd only pay up we could at least pay the rent!" she added with a sudden vicious snip at a nail. She put the finger in her mouth, sucked it, looked at her sister.

"Are we behind with the rent?"

"Only about four months. And there are people in this house that haven't paid for a year," Coral said. "But to hear Finbein talk you'd think it was a hanging matter! Oh, Lord, there's Houston!" she exclaimed, as there was a sudden ring at the doorbell. "Go out and talk to him, and tell him I'll not be a minute."

TAMARA obediently went into the sitting-room, and did her best to talk to Mr. Houston Hickey. She saw instantly that she bored him terribly and that he preferred absorption in his own thoughts to anything she could say, but there seemed to be nothing else to do but sit on, on the edge of the tumbled couch, and timidly offer him one conversational overture after another.

"I just came down from the convent today. It certainly is foggy in this city!"

"You said it," the man said morosely, looking at his feet.

"You don't like San Francisco?"

"Huh?" he asked, when she had repeated the question.

"I was thinking you didn't like San Francisco."

"Where'd j'get that idea?"

"Well—from what you said—"

"I loathe it," he said heavily. "It's the rottenest hole I ever got into. You can have it. I wouldn't take the whole damn' place as a gift!"

Tamara was silenced for a moment by this onslaught, and after a moment Houston asked restlessly, with a glance at the bedroom door:

"What the hell does she think she's doing?"

"Please?" Tamara queried in turn, in the polite formula of Saint Bride's.

"What's she so long about?"

"Coral? I don't know. She was almost ready."

"You visiting her?"

"Why, I—why, no. I'm her sister."

The man's sodden eyes rose to her face, were lowered again.

"'Sat right?" he said indifferently. "Didn't know Lance had a sister."

"Yes. I'm the youngest," Tamara said rather superfluously. The conversation dropped like a dripping blanket. Coral came out, stunning in rouge, jewels, black velvet.

"Houston, you met my sister?" Coral said.

"Listen," the man said, rising, "this party isn't at the Spreckles, you know."

"Well, what you want me to look like, one of the waitresses?" Coral countered promptly. They went away without a good night to Tamara; she could hear them squabbling as the elevator jerked its heavy way upstairs. Almost immediately afterward, while she was trying to decide between going to bed and writing a long letter to Mother Laurence and determined that whichever she did she positively would not cry, her brother came in. He wanted nothing but black coffee; it was seething on the stove, and of such a formidable color and consistency that Tamara felt herself in duty bound to warn him against it, even while rather uncertain of her own ability to brew him a fresh supply. But Lance said he had a bad headache, and wanted exactly that sort of a drink.

"I have certainly got a lollapalooza," he muttered, putting his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. "I was taking a girl to dinner—suddenly the whole thing went bla-a-a."

"Oh, too bad!" Tamara said, from the other end of the kitchen table, where she sat watching him, her chin in her palms. Could Lance possibly mean that he had been drinking? she thought nervously. Mother Laurence had said something about "your dear mother's anxieties with your brother—the temptations of a big city—"

"I started this yesterday. When I met you at the ferry today I couldn't stand up, that's God's truth," Lance said.

"I'm so sorry!"

"Where's Ma?"

"She went out to meet some man named Ray."

"That's right, she had a date. Coral go out?"

"With Mr. Hickey."

"Hickey, huh? What j'ou think of him?"

"Not much," Tamara said briefly, and Lance laughed.

"The thing is," he said seriously, "Coral doesn't do herself any good running with a man like that. She ought to be trying to land herself a job."

"She says she may begin rehearsals Monday."

"In what?" he asked skeptically.

"She didn't say."

"I'll bet she didn't say! If she lands anything in three years I'm in the wet wash business!" Lance said amusedly.

"Oh, why do you say that, Lance?" Tamara asked anxiously.

"Because I know it."

"But doesn't she know all the managers—hasn't she had lots of parts—wasn't she down in the movies for two years?" Tamara demanded.

"Sure she was. But let me tell you something. Variety—know what Variety is?—Variety says that this is the worst theatrical season in seventeen years."

"In New York?"

"Everywhere."

"But there *are* shows, Lance. There are theaters open."

"There are shows and there are theaters open," Lance repeated with drunken emphasis, sparring for time. "You're right. But they're not making any money, and if they were Coral wouldn't have a dog's look in."

"Oh, Lance, why?"

"Because she can't act—she can't act—she can't act!" the man said, in a voice that rose to a faint, impatient whine.

"Coral can't?"

"Naw-w-w. Never could. She's got a pretty face, that's all she's got. Her voice don't screen worth a red herring!"

"Oh, I didn't know that," Tamara said, dashed. "I thought—I thought—and Coral can't act? I'm so sorry!"

"NONE of us can act," Lance said impatiently, darkly. "When Coral gets on the stage she's rotten!"

"She thinks she can act," Tamara submitted anxiously, her forehead twisted into worried lines and her eyes dark in her rather pale face.

"Oh, sure, we all think we can act!" Lance said. "Except me, I don't," he added. "Barker said to me the other day, 'Lance, I'll be damned if you aren't the only man I know in the profession who knows how rotten he is!' That's why," Lance ended simply, "I always can get a part."

"Oh, can you?" Tamara said, tremendously relieved. Lance could get parts, anyway! "Are you playing in anything now, Lance? Have you a job?"

Lance glanced up. His handsome young face was flushed and dark, he scowled faintly over his coffee cup.

"I could be," he said.

"Oh, well, then that's all right!" Tamara said. Instead of answering her, her brother looked at her steadily for some minutes, with his eyes a little sunken in his face.

"What'j come home for?" he asked. Tamara widened her eyes; her color fluctuated a little.

"Why—why, I graduated," she offered, a cold wind again blowing over her heart. "What—what else could I do?"

"I say, what'j come home for?" Lance repeated, in drunkenly quiet stubbornness. It was as if he were challenging her and she trying to evade him. He smiled a superior hint of a smile.

"Well—Mother wrote me to. I mean, it was taken for granted, wasn't it?"

"And you're always going to do what you're told to do, is that it?" Lance continued, in the same quietly contemptuous manner. Tamara had never seen an intoxicated man at such close range before, and she felt a little frightened and a little sick. But almost immediately Lance locked his arms before him on the table, and saying, "It's all so *silly!*" put his head down comfortably and began to snore.

For a while Tamara sat watching him, feeling distressed, ashamed, uneasy. Then she softly arose, and began to go gently about the little kitchen, and in and out of the other rooms. There was not much that could be done in the way of straightening, but she must do something; impossible to sleep in this dreadful disorder.

PRESENTLY with an unusually loud and even alarming series of snores Lance awakened, looking bewildered, and tumbled his rich, soft hair with his hands.

"I suppose you know you're a pretty good-lookin' girl," he said with a yawn. Tamara, to whom the scene had begun to seem like something in the endless nightmare of fever, smiled at him, and was conscious of tears close behind the smile.

"You know what I ought to do?" Lance asked, in a thick, sleepy voice. The girl stopped and regarded him questioningly.

"Oughtn't you go to bed, Lance? I've fixed your bed."

"Ix-nay on the bed," the man said, on a devastating yawn. "I ought to go out to Joe Barker's."

"Another of his drinking companions!" Tamara thought. Aloud she said nothing. The kitchen was in reasonable order now, although a heap of dirty dishtowels had found no more permanent resting place than the end of the sink-board, and days of cleaning would be needed really to arrange the jumbled contents of the shelves, and scour the rooted grease from the gas rings and oven of the stove.

But the sitting-room was hopeless. There were not places or closets or storerooms or shelves enough to hold one half of the accumulated garments and souvenirs and chairs and lamps and tables that crowded it; at its best it would seem little better than it did now—a cheap parlor filled with cheaply upholstered furniture, in a cheap, theatrical apartment house. A low red light burned under a frilled shade of sleazy Japanese silk; there was not enough light in the room to obliterate the bright, harsh glare that came in from the street whenever the great chocolate sign on the roof of an opposite building flared up. And it flared up punctually, ran with snakes of green and blue lights, throbbed for fifteen seconds and subsided again through all the early hours of the hot spring night.

"Yes, sir, Joe Barker would fix me up," Lance repeated, eying his sister speculatively.

"Is he a doctor, Lance? Don't you feel well?"

"I feel fine," Lance said heavily, hoarsely. "But Markisohn wants me to come to a reading at ten tomorrow morning. A fat chance I'll have if I can't shake this somewhere!"

"Shake?" Tamara, young and bewildered and concerned, stood watching him, her head on one side. "Wouldn't you *rather* go to bed, Lance?" she asked him.

"Barker has a gym, he puts you over the jumps," Lance explained. "Rubs you, gets you into a sweat, starves it out of you. But it stands you in ten berries a night."

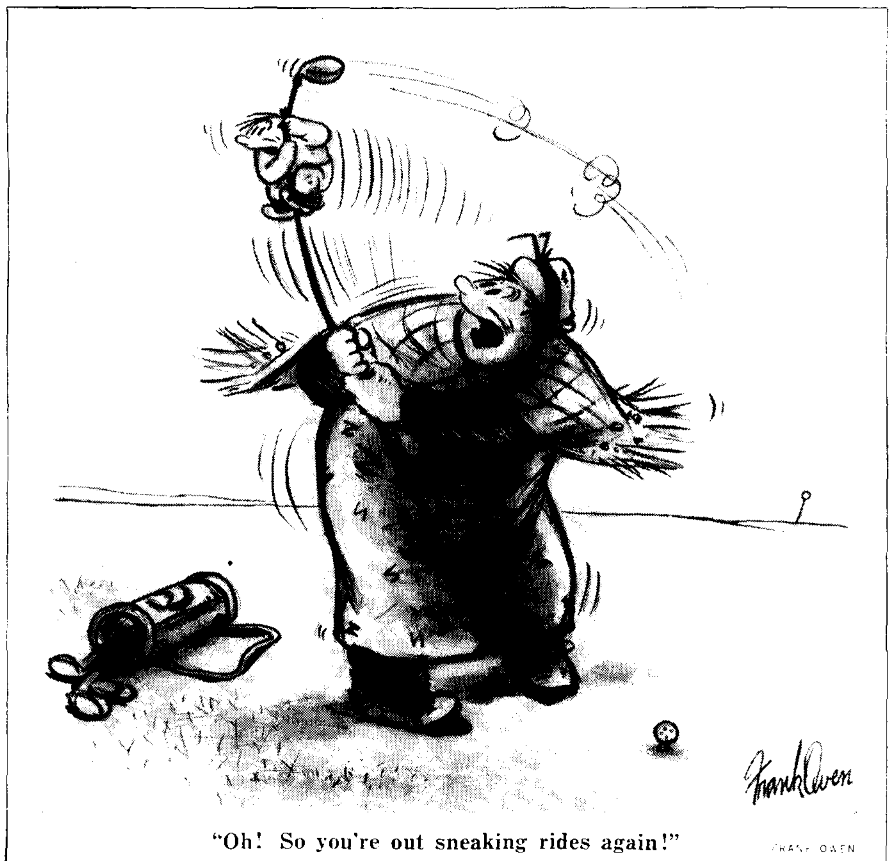
"Ten dollars?"

"Y'haven't got it, have you?"

"No, I haven't. Mamma wanted five, and then Coral took my purse—she couldn't find hers—"

Lance's eyes glinted and his face got red. Tamara braced herself for an explosion. And presently it came.

(To be continued next week)



"Oh! So you're out sneaking rides again!"

FRANK OWEN

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Dark Landfall

Continued from page 21

“Fred, look after him. He deserves it.”

She was gone. The chief mate remained standing there, his lips a little parted. Look after him? What sort of a rum business was that? He cursed softly under his breath. Couldn't understand that girl. It was well enough for her. She was always looking after people. That was Betty Norwood. What the devil did she mean? The mate of a ship looking after her master! He swore again, quietly, and went lumbering out on deck in search of the bos'un. Take it out on work. That was the thing to do. Get the ship looking respectable before she made the land. This blasted weather! He could get no paint work done at all.

MEANWHILE the Saginaw snored down for the land. The northwest gales left her heaving in immense, sullen swells. The wind swung through west and came southerly, wet and dankly heavy, forerunner of rain and the coastal fog. Captain Lasker was constantly on the prowl. His large, heavy figure haunted the bridge. Mr. Pollard, coming up for his watch the night the Saginaw hunted the Farallones, found him standing in the weather wing, massive and silent in the darkness, with hollow eyes glowing beneath the peak of his uniform cap. He seemed looking for something; waiting for it; something he knew was bound to come. The second, surly with the impatient worry of his presence throughout the mid-watch and eager for the relief of his bunk, growled out of the corner of his mouth to the mate:

“A man who won't trust his officers don't trust himself. What's he think this is, a windbag? Why in hell don't he wait for a call?”

He shot a final look of anger toward the master and went down the ladder, grumbling. Well, he was right, Pollard thought to himself. Captain Lasker ought to know better. Couldn't carry a steamer on his own shoulders. Hadn't he ever made a blind landfall before? What in blazes was eating the old man? He looked worn out. The chief mate raised his head aloft. The sky was thick and starless. A fine, raw drizzle seeped down steadily. Fog ahead now, the thick, murky fog of the west coast. Had to expect it that time of year. He poked up the collars of his greatcoat and took a turn of the bridge, shrugging his shoulders. There were all kinds of weather, all kinds of ships, all kinds of men. You had to take it as it came. No good grumbling. But if the ship were his, as she ought to have been . . .

It came with innocent gentleness, the blind whiteness Captain Lasker and Mr. Pollard expected. It crept without a sound across the washing water. First a puff that passed away to leeward like a cloud that had got lost somehow and had blundered too low from the heavens. Then another. Then a still opalescent wall of it that obliterated the ship's foredeck. It drifted in, steadily and without pause. The Saginaw seemed stationary in the midst of a murky, dripping vapor. Only the throb of her engine gave the illusion of motion. The world was sightless now. The ship floated in a narrow circle of whirlpooling water which she seemed to carry along with her. Mr. Pollard reached for the whistle rope. He had run in fog before. The west coast was famous for it.

There was a hissing and a sputtering of hot water to the bridge before the whistle found its throat in a hoarse roar that came echoing back from the walls of fog. For all the noise of it, it sounded eerie and forlorn. The ship's lights were pale, glimmering things in dripping auræ above decks without shape or substance. But presently the Saginaw would be on soundings to help her find the Farallones. All the shipping of the Pacific Ocean and the coasting trades converged here, but if you kept your ears unplugged and you knew your trade, you could hear things through that blind whiteness, things that had meaning. That was what a sailor was for. Mr. Pollard bore down on the whistle lanyard again.

“Put her on a stand-by bell.”

The chief mate spun the telegraph handle and looked sharply toward Captain Lasker. The command was good enough. It was expected. It was the master's voice that startled him. It was hoarse and uncontrolled, the voice of a man face to face with an awaited dread. He stood head and shoulders above the windbreak, straining his eyes into a sightless void. And the look on his face! Good Lord, Fred Pollard thought, what's wrong with the man? You had to expect blind landfalls on that coast. It wasn't anything out of the way. A man with his reputation. . . . Lost his nerve, that was what! He was old, too old for the sea. Hadn't any business coming back to it out of his retirement. A stab of pity went through Pollard. There wasn't any fun in seeing an old man dishonored in a profession he loved and had given his life to. It wanted courage and skill to take an eight-thousand tonner past Mile Rock without the sight of a light.

He turned suddenly and darted into the chartroom, snapping on the lamp as he fumbled for the parallel rules. Someone on that bridge had to know! He peered down. Things spun in his brain. The whistle blared over his head. Then he heard the telegraph jangle. His head snapped up. Old Man heard something out there in the fog? He felt the Saginaw stumble in her pace and slow down. He dove through the wheelhouse onto the bridge again.

The ship's engine barely turned. Steam hissed aloft. The sea babbled. The dank, wet fog swirled by. The chief mate stood motionless, straining for the sound of the ship's whistle Captain Lasker must have heard.

“Can't make anything, sir,” he said at length. “How did she bear?”

“Mr. Pollard!”

THE master's voice was dry and cracked. His massive shoulders were stooped. His fist knuckles showed white where they clenched the stay. Sweat drained down the haggard lines of his face. There was agony on it.

In that brief instant of silence, broken only by the wash of water and the hiss of steam in the fog, mad things spun dizzily through Pollard's brain. It was an instant of vivid lucidity. Miss Bett' wanted him to look after the master. Yes; he remembered that now. And suddenly he understood what it was Captain Lasker had been waiting for.

He turned without a word and dove down the bridge ladder. He had to find Miss Bett'. He started along the deck toward her room, but her clear voice brought him up short.

“Fred!”

He strode toward her quickly.

“What are you doing up here this time of morning?”

“Fred, I—the whistle woke me. I couldn't sleep.”

“That's not so, Bett'. It's no use. He—”

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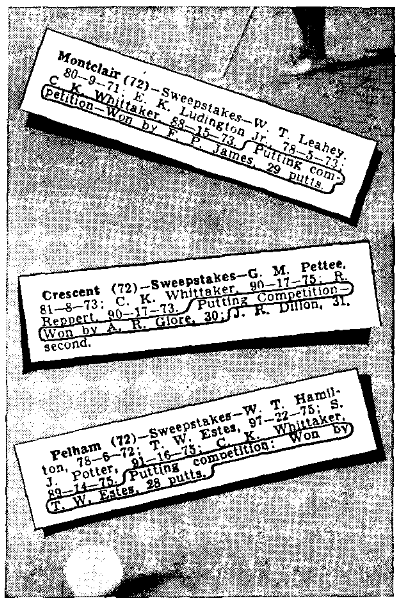

Montclair (72)—Sweepstakes—W. T. Leahey. 80—9—71; E. K. Ludington Jr., 78—5—73; C. K. Whittaker, 88—15—73. Putting competition—Won by F. P. James, 29 putts.

Crescent (72)—Sweepstakes—G. M. Pettee. 81—8—73; C. K. Whittaker, 90—17—75; R. Reppert, 90—17—73. Putting Competition—Won by A. R. Glore, 30; J. R. Dillon, 31, second.

Pelham (72)—Sweepstakes—W. T. Hamilton, 78—6—72; T. W. Estes, 97—22—75; S. J. Potter, 91—16—75; C. K. Whittaker, 89—14—75. Putting competition: Won by T. W. Estes, 28 putts.

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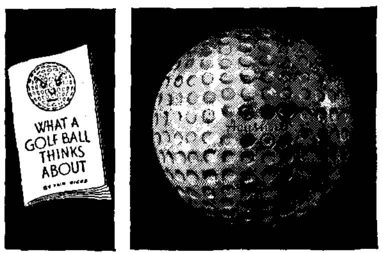

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"Fred, I tell you—"

"He's deaf!" the mate spat out. "The man's deaf! He's sweating blood up there. He's got the ship slowed down to a walk and there's nothing to be heard. How does he expect to command a ship in a fog? He can't hear! . . . And you knew it."

"Yes," she said simply. "He told me. I knew it."

"All right, then. I had to be certain. I'll have to take over from him. The ship can't be trusted to his command. I'll log it and take her in myself."

HIS voice was hard and sure. He knew his responsibility. He knew what he had to do. You couldn't trust a valuable ship and seventy-odd lives to a deaf commander. Not in a west coast pea-soup fog. A stab of pride went through him as he turned away. He couldn't help it. The ship ought to have been his, anyway. Now it was. Captain Frederick Pollard, master! That meant something to him.

He felt Betty Norwood's hand on his arm. There wasn't any time to waste, but he stopped and looked at her. Had to. She had strength in her fingers, that girl. Strength in her spirit, too. How her eyes burned!

"Fred, you mustn't do it!" she cried. "You can't. I tell you you can't. You'll disgrace him in every port of the world. He deserves better of us. He—"

"Disgrace him?" He whirled on her. "Good Lord, Bett', think what he's doing! He hides it clever enough, but he knew he couldn't hear well when he took command of the ship. He knew it, didn't he? He had no right to take her. He can fool the inspectors till his renewal comes up; he can fool his officers maybe; but he can't fool that fog. What happens if he cracks her into a ship because he can't hear her whistle? Two ships and the Lord knows how many lives flung to hell because—"

"It can't happen, Fred. You mustn't let it! You—"

"*I* mustn't . . . ?"

"If you're half as decent as he is you won't."

Her voice throbbed huskily with emotion. Her eyes were afire. The chief mate looked down at her burning face uplifted to his in an aura of fog. He hadn't ever seen her like that, fierce and intense as her voice rushed on. Not even that night in Yoko. She had smiled then, angry as she had been; she was not smiling now.

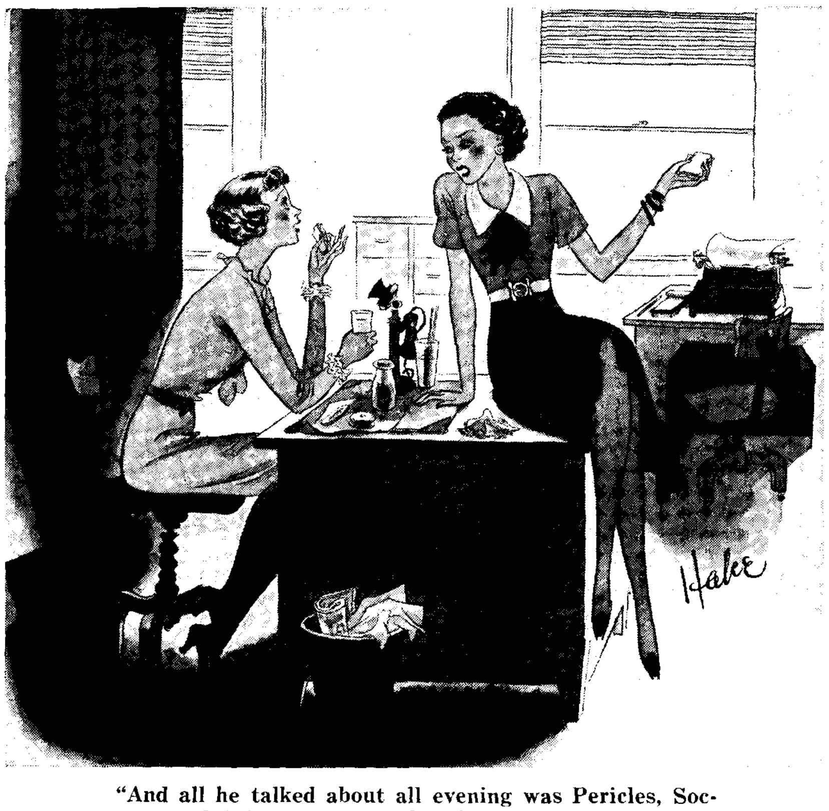
"You think he's a rotten cad to take a ship, knowing his hearing went back on him. Don't you? You'd never do a thing like that. You're young. Strength and the sap is wild in you. Go write it down in red ink in the log book. . . . 'Captain Joseph Lasker, age seventy-three, is a filthy swine. He's deaf. The ship is running the land down in fog. I'm the chief mate and I'm taking her over.' . . . Kick him into the dung pile. Climb over him into command. You'll be a hero, all right!"

How her low voice stung and curled. How her eyes burned as she swept on:

"Let me tell you this first. He was commodore skipper of this line when you were a fo'c'sle hand. He retired five years ago because he thought he couldn't hear as well as he used to. Well, he's heard things in his day! He sailed wind ships around the earth when you and I were squalling kids in arms. More than fifty years of his life he's spent on deep water. What else could he do but come back to it in his trouble? What else, I want to know? It isn't his fault the last years ruined him. He had comfort and dignity, and he deserved it after what he's seen and done in his life! He's honest; he trusted men. Now he's broke. I tell you he hasn't got a dime. And he's seventy-three years old, with his daughter dying in agony. You never saw a girl, full of youth and loveliness, struck down like that, did you, Fred? Someone you loved? Lying paralyzed in horrible pain because for some unknown reason a growth fastened itself on her spinal column! What fault is it of hers? It might not happen to one person in a million. But it happened to her.

"Well, that's why a deaf man commands the Saginaw. Because if that diagnosis is correct, it wants a delicate operation by one of the few surgeons in the country who'd dare to do it, and months of hospitalization. Her life is just beginning: Captain Lasker's is ending. He isn't whining about it. He wants no one's charity, even if he could get it. His friends are gone. He's got nothing left to offer her for the one chance she's got except his professional integrity. So he's staking it, his hon-

(Continued on page 50)



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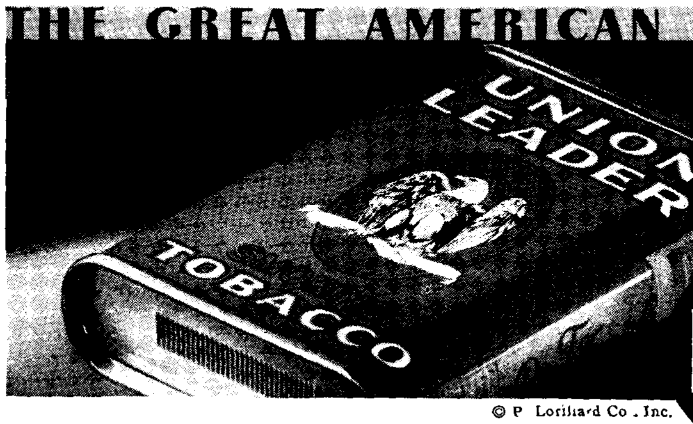

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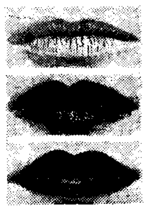

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(*Continued from page* 49)

esty, his reputation as a man and a sailor, to give that girl the one bare chance she's got for life again. He'd break his heart if it would do her any good. He can hear all right if you're close to him, and he can read lips. He's practiced with me for months." The pouring rush of her speech broke at last in a gasping sob. She was panting, her cheeks aflame, her little white fists clenched tightly at her sides. "Now you can go up, Fred," she finished with a stony calm, "go up and write whatever you want in your log."

"So that's the truth of it, eh, Bett'?"

"Yes," she whispered, "that's the truth of it. You think you deserve command of this ship. Now's your chance, Fred. All you have to do is take it. You'll be a hero!"

That last sentence stabbed him with its mocking taunt. There were hard lines about the chief mate's mouth as he turned brusquely from her and grabbed the handrail of the bridge ladder.

Betty Norwood saw the set of his shoulders, the lithe strength of him as he climbed up. She raised her hand toward him, but he was gone into the upper gloom. Her arm dropped to her side. She wandered aft along the boat deck, her cheek against the cold raw drafts. She could do nothing.

"If you knew, Fred," she breathed tensely at the soiled white night. "If you only knew!"

The faint jangle of the telegraph drifted up through the dripping engine-room skylight. The ship throbbed, found her pace again, and went driving into the blindness. The whistle blared, a quick sure roar. The Saginaw was on a full speed bell. Regularly she flung her warning against the walls of fog. Another ship, somewhere in the invisible distance, hooted faintly at her. The Saginaw did not hesitate. She kept her course and her way. Authority was on her bridge, sure and certain authority. She held her speed through the west coast fog that had grayed prematurely the head of more than one ship-master. Betty Norwood knew. She sensed the firm hand of command on the ghostly bridge. And she stood at the boat-deck rail, staring blankly down at a dim, oily whirlpool that went swiftly along with the Saginaw's hull. It was all that could be seen of the sea.

WHEN the Saginaw found the light-ship at last and started wailing for the pilot boat, she was still there at the rail. She looked up, startled. She was cold, and she shivered with the wet and the swirling fog. It had thinned a little. Somewhere a sun had risen, for you could see things weirdly now. The glint of a lace-capped roller beneath the drifting vapors, and the dancing dory of the harbor pilots making for the rolling hull of the Saginaw, and the rope ladder swaying drunkenly there amid-ships.

She looked up toward the bridge as the pilot came aboard. It was clearer now. He went up with a little bag in his hand. A tall, efficient man greeted him on the vessel's bridge. It was the chief mate! The pilot nodded at something he said and called an order at once. Captain Lasker was not on the bridge. Mr. Pollard started down for the deck.

A flame of rage went through Betty Norwood. She had believed in Fred. She came forward to him quickly, her eyes blazing as she met him before the door of the master's room.

"You . . ." she cried, " . . . you rotten cad! You've ruined . . . that man!"

He looked at her. His eyes were hard and cold, but there was something strange in them. He brushed past her without answering and stepped into Captain Lasker's cabin. Unthinking, she followed.

He was at his desk, waiting for his chief officer. He stood erect and massive, as if braced against an expected blow. There was anguished defeat on his stern, square face. Betty Norwood suppressed a sob; it was so pitiful to see that aged and honorable man defeated and hopeless at the end of his vigorous life.

"Pilot's aboard, sir," she heard Mr. Pollard crack out tersely. "Are you feeling better, now, sir? It is clearing inside. You can see blue water."

He said it clearly and deliberately, with his face squarely in the master's vision. Captain Lasker's strong lips opened and closed. Then he took two paces forward and stopped short, squaring his shoulders.

"Mr. Pollard," he said firmly in his rich voice, "there is no use dodging it. You aren't a fool. It was . . . more than decent of you to tell me I was ill, and make me lie down on the chart-room settle while you took the ship through the fog yourself. Commands are scarce these days. Very few men would do it. I agree with you now. There are good men in steamers today. You are one of them. But I can't dodge it, Mr. Pollard. I thought I could, but I can't. You know, of course, that . . ."

"I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about, sir," the chief mate interrupted with swift gruffness, still looking squarely at him. "I've got to get along to the anchor windlass for'ard. Second mate's up. Can you take the bridge now, sir? If you're well enough? We are on a full speed bell. Pilot is taking her in at once. It is clear inside."

HE TURNED away quickly. Captain Lasker looked at his erect back, raising one large hand. Then he let it fall again. Without a word, he went toward his companionway. His heavy tread sounded with retreating distinctness as he climbed slowly up to the chartroom and the bridge.

Betty Norwood turned her face toward Pollard at last. Her eyes were very bright.

"That . . . that was a splendid thing you did."

"Bah!" the chief mate snarled.

"I'm sorry for what I said, Fred. Sorry and ashamed."

"Well, what else would you want me to do?" he barked, whirling on her. "I'm not a dirty dog!"

She smiled at his anger and touched his arm. "I'm grateful, Fred."

"Bett'," he said quickly, "you oughtn't to be going to sea on a hooker like this." The hard lines about his mouth softened. "Why don't you go ashore . . ."

"What would I do ashore?"

"Well," he bit off hurriedly, "you're always looking after people. If you could forget what happened in Yoko . . . in time you might have a couple of our kids to look after."

"Fred!"

"Well?"

"I'd love it!"

He embraced her quickly, for he heard the telegraph ring, and he would be wanted on the forecastle head. But he stopped long enough to look down at her glowing face uplifted to his. She saw something rich and fine in his eyes, some sympathetic kindness she had never suspected. He seemed to look clean past her toward some secret source of courage and strength.

"I was thinking up there," he breathed, "I was thinking what I'd do . . . if it were you, Bett'. By God, I'd . . . !" He broke off. "We'll see him through his trouble, Captain Lasker. You and I. My command can wait. There are better things. Aye!" he said firmly. "We'll see him through."

A TRUE STORY

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(Advertisement)

Jail Breaker

Continued from page 24

He had Headquarters written all over him.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello," said Jones. "Want something?" Jones was irritated and his manner was not very reassuring. He was frowning and his eyes had narrowed. It was what Healy had called his "fighting face." Miss Wicklow looked at him in surprise.

Jones noticed that the big man had his right hand in his pocket where there was a bulge. He realized that his own hands were beneath the table and that the dick was worried. Jones slowly lifted his hands and tightened his necktie.

"Well?"

The dick relaxed.

"Let's see the card," he said with a grin. "Don't kid me, though, because I got a rod held on you."

JONES took out his passport and put it on the table. The dick picked it up and read every word written on it, then he handed it back.

"Well, excuse me. I kind of thought you was Jones when I saw you and the lady come in, as this ain't the kind of place Mannion would pick. Well, no offense. See the latest?" He took a paper out of his coat pocket and put it on the table. "Keep it. I read it. If things keep getting hot you better stay home, Jones, because some of the young guys on the force are scared of Mannion and will be a little too ready to pop him. Sorry to bother you. If you and Mannion ain't twins . . . !" The dick left his sentence in the air, shook his big head several times, then turned and went out.

The waitress came with their order and they began to eat.

"Whew!" Miss Wicklow exclaimed. "What's he done now?"

"Oh," said Jones, "it's just some more stuff about how he raided the State Armory and stole all those machine-guns. No. Wait! They've picked up three gangsters, pals of Mannion's, and two of them have been partially identified by the night watchman. Oh, well."

Jones began to eat the shrimp Newburg, but it was not as good as it had been the first time. The overly-seasoned sauce nauseated him slightly and he put down his fork. Really, all joking aside, he was in a very dangerous position.

"No wonder he thought you were Mannion," said Miss Wicklow. "If you could have seen your face."

"Well, it irritates me, always being taken for that scum."

Miss Wicklow smiled.

"It's certainly made a different person of you."

Jones stared at her.

"Do you think so?"

"Well, I don't think that it's changed you. People don't change. But I do think it's sort of . . ." She hesitated.

"Please say it."

"I think it's shaken you out of a rut. Are you offended?"

Jones *was* offended, but he did not say so. Instead, he referred to something which had been rankling for twenty-four hours.

"All this notoriety has certainly had a very strong effect on people who wouldn't look at me before."

She flushed slightly.

"That's aimed at me, I suppose."

Jones was surprised at his own boldness and wanted to draw back, but Miss Wicklow said:

"I know it is. We might as well be frank if we're going to be friends. As a rule I don't care much for men." She hesitated. "For various reasons. You were always very nice to me and I appreciated it. But, Arthur, you always seemed so depressed and, if you don't mind my saying so, futile." Jones' face darkened. "I've known too many futile men."

"I see," he said, coldly.

"You don't see at all. You ought to thank me for telling you the truth."

"Thanks."

"PLEASE don't act that way. What I'm trying to say is, you don't seem futile any more. Naturally I didn't know you'd been writing all those years. I could only judge by what I saw. I like you. Let's be friends."

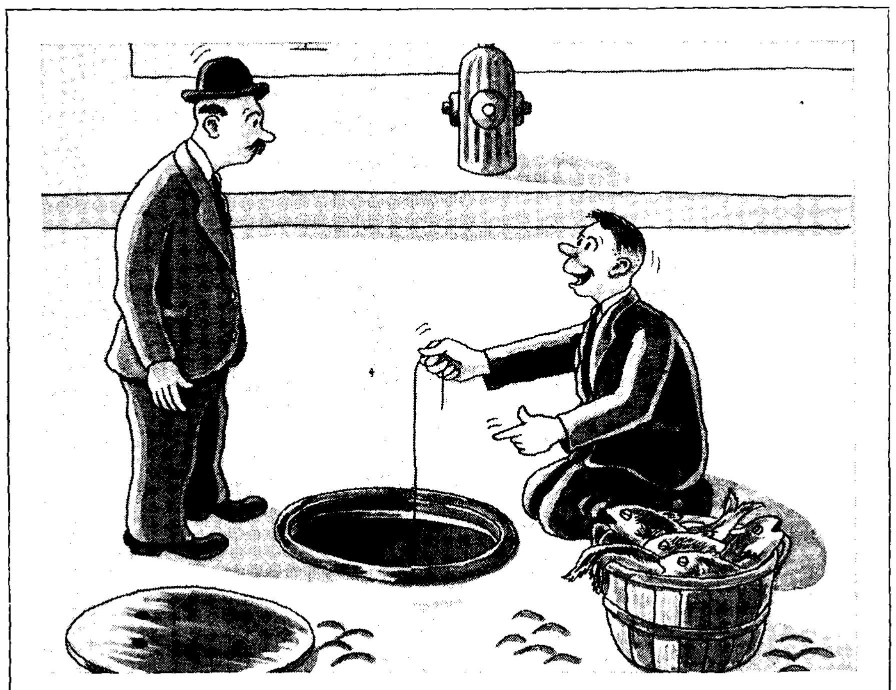
Jones softened; he had been more hurt than angry, anyway. It was really something to have the superior Miss Wicklow wanting to be friends.

"All right. Let's. Shall I tell you the truth?"

"Why not?"

"I've always been puzzled about you.

(*Continued on page* 52)



"I dunno, I saw it done by the Eskimos!"

ERIC ERICSON

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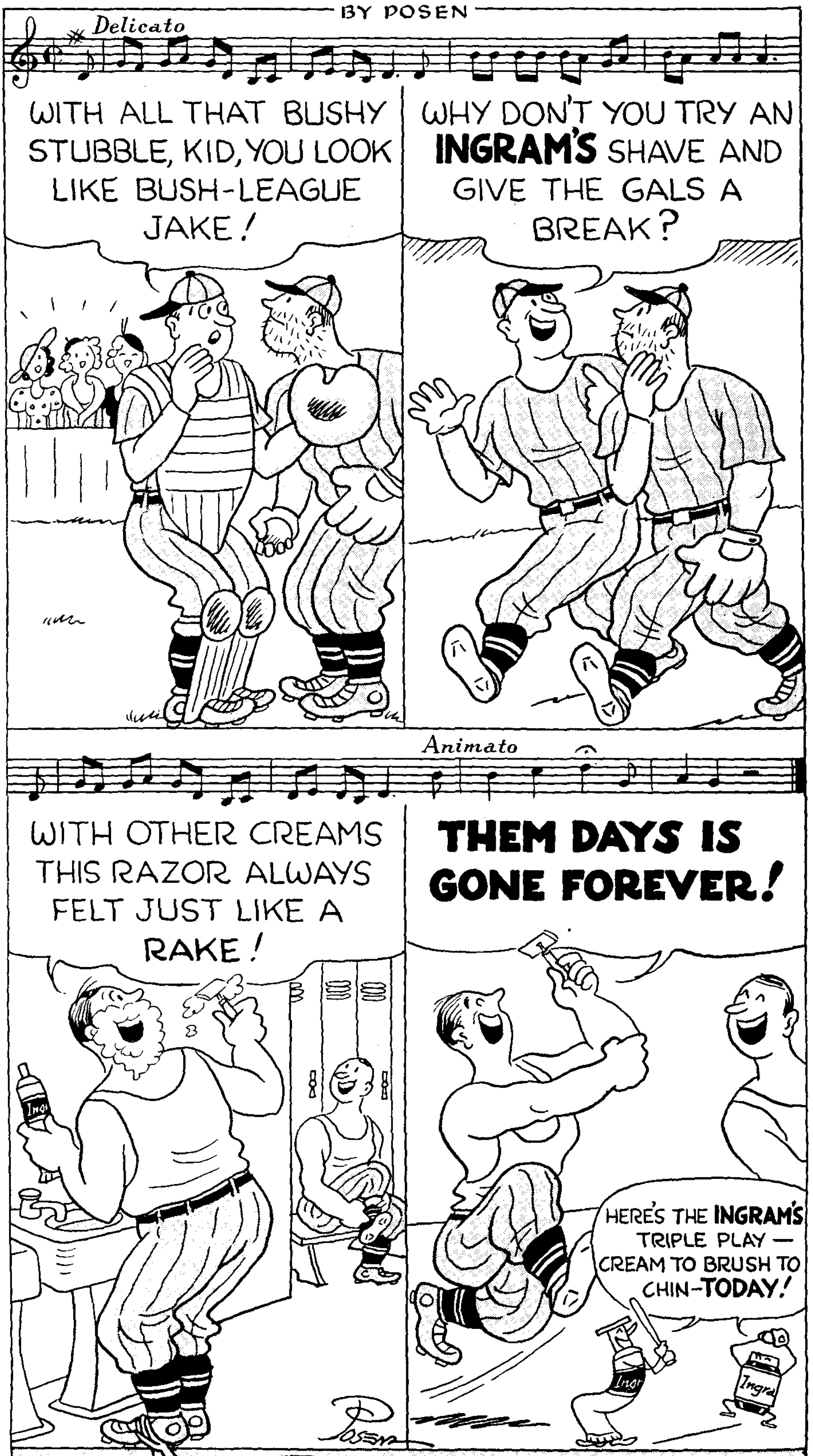
BY POSEN



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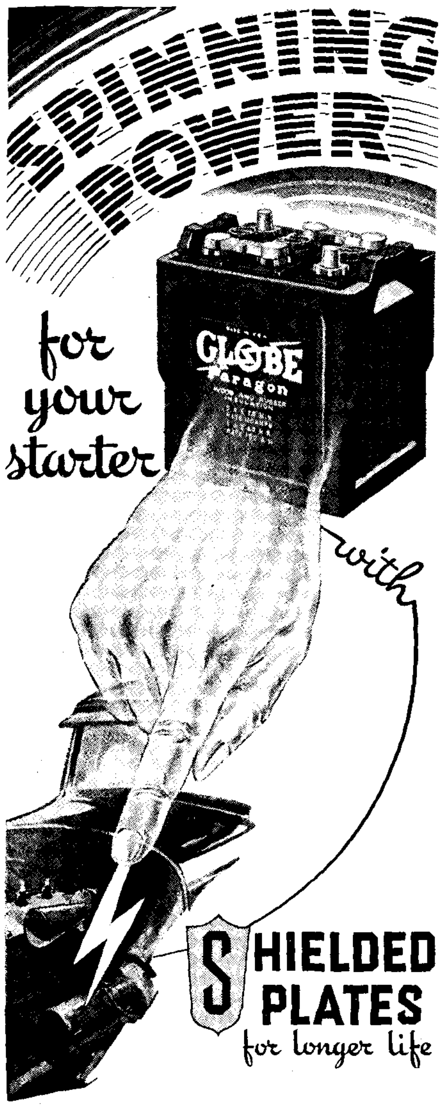

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(Continued from page 51)

You're so very attractive and yet you never seem to have any men friends."

She flushed slightly.

"There's a very good reason."

"I've heard you say things which made me pretty sure that you thought men were a bad bunch, generally."

"They are."

There was a long silence. Jones found that he had developed a little appetite and began to eat the shrimp. After a while he said:

"Well, I still don't understand you at all, but let's be friends."

"Friends to the end," said Miss Wicklow, with a laugh. "And the end may not be very far off."

Jones laughed. He felt much, much better.

"For tomorrow we die."

"That's what I was thinking when the detective came up. Mannion may be sorry we know so much about him."

"He may be. But as long as he thinks we can keep still, we're safe. Anyway, he needs me for a blind."

THEY were finishing their coffee when Healy, who had eaten his dinner and was going out, saw them. He grinned and hurried over to their booth.

"Hello, Killer Mannion," he said. "How are you today?"

"Hello, Healy. This is Miss Wicklow."

"How do you do, Miss Wicklow. I've seen you at the office. May I sit down?"

"Sit right down," said Jones. "Have a cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks. I haven't got an inch of freeboard now. You seem startled. That's a nautical term I picked up when I was assistant editor of a magazine in Chicago which specialized in tall tales for he-men. Of course most of the stories were written by women and nearsighted males with flat chests, but they knew their lingo. In other words, I'm full."

He sat down. Jones could see that Miss Wicklow did not approve of Healy at all and it made him uneasy.

Healy turned to Jones.

"Have you had time to start the masterpiece yet? Or should I bring that up?"

"It's all right. I'm going to start it tonight."

"Did you ever see anything like this Mannion? If I didn't know otherwise, I'd think the papers had banded together and hired him to make news. He's increased circulation a hundred per cent. What a man! Things were getting pretty dull when he busted out of stir. It got so for a while that a marble tournament was front page news. Vive Mannion!"

"If he'd only kill someone now," said Miss Wicklow.

Healy winced.

"The young lady doesn't approve of the ethics of the press." He laughed, then, leaning on the table, he looked directly at her and said slowly: "Murders, suicides, sex scandals are what we pray for. Awful, isn't it?"

Jones saw Miss Wicklow lower her eyes; her neck got very red. Healy stared at her for a moment, then turned to Jones.

"That reminds me of Washington. I was a cub there. We could never find anything to write about except the doings of senators and congressmen. It was dull. Oh, what we would have given for a Mannion. Once in a while some guy would jump off the Washington Monument and relieve the monotony. Yes, and from time to time a juicy scandal would crop up; and when they're juicy in Washington, they're really juicy. But it was a long time between scandals. Oh, well. I'm older now; I don't expect the impossible."

Jones noticed that Miss Wicklow was very uncomfortable. He was pretty sure that Healy's easy cynicism annoyed her. He tried to change the trend of the conversation, but Healy persisted in talking about Washington. Miss Wicklow said nothing, and kept playing with a spoon. Finally Healy said:

"Ever been in Washington, Jones?"

"No."

"Have you, Miss Wicklow?"

She hesitated.

"Yes. I used to live there."

"Think of that! And here I've been popping off as if I knew something about it. As a matter of fact I was only there a few months in twenty-seven. I'd like to talk to you about it sometime, Miss Wicklow. It would be like old home week. Shall we have lunch together some noon? We'll exclude Jones, as he'll be busy writing a life of the benefactor of newspaper-men, and, anyway, he's never been to Washington."

Jones hardly knew Miss Wicklow; she was all Amazon now.

"Washington bores me," she said, quietly. "Shall we go, Arthur? We'll be late."

They began to get up. Healy jumped to his feet.

"Don't let me spoil your charming tête-à-tête, as it says in the worst papers. Sorry I bored you, Miss Wicklow. Just have lunch with me some time. I won't even mention the place."

"Why should I have lunch with you?"

Healy winced.

"Ouch! That's a hard one to answer. Maybe I'd better withdraw. Well, no hard feelings. By the way, Jones, I had all the dope you'll need on the boy friend sent over to your place this morning. Will you please get busy?"

"I'll start tonight."

"Good. Well, Miss Wicklow, just forget I was here. I can see that it won't be hard for you to do."

Healy turned away, stopped to talk with the head waitress for a moment, then went out.

"Cheap little Don Juan," said Miss Wicklow, compressing her lips.

Jones felt responsible.

"I'm sorry he annoyed you. But it's *just his manner.* Really, he's a very nice fellow. He's done a lot for me."

"For a price," said Miss Wicklow, shrugging.

Jones stared at her but said nothing.

JONES worked his way up through the crowded street-car till he was on the front platform, where the lights were dim. He wanted to avoid all complications. In the first place, he was late. In the second place, the town was in an uproar over Mannion and Jones did not want to be picked up by bungling policemen and delayed further. Mannion was waiting for him, probably fearing the worst. It was a quarter to six; he was half an hour overdue already. He had had to finish up some idiotic report for J. G., and then he had been worried about Miss Wicklow and had waited to speak to her. But she was offhand and distant, as if she had something on her mind much more important than himself, and he was sorry that he had waited, and a little hurt.

There were so many things all at once. Before, his life had run along monotonously but smoothly; now he was pulled this way and that by conflicting duties and desires. But he had made up his mind about one thing: he was going to write Mannion's life at top speed and try to make himself famous. He wanted to get out in the world, far beyond his present restricted orbit, and see things; also he knew that he wanted Miss Wicklow, contrariety and all. He had to get out of that office; make a new start. After all, thirty wasn't old. He

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had begun to realize that resignation was not a virtue but an acknowledgment of defeat. The ethical problem of harboring a dangerous enemy of society worried him but he tried to put it out of his mind. He had Miss Wicklow's life and future to think of as well as his own.

At four o'clock that afternoon, as he was poring over an extremely complicated report, very suddenly his mind had begun to work at high speed. He forgot the report; forgot the office with its maddening clatter of typewriters and adding machines; forgot the gray day, the lowering sky. In a flash, he saw how he could write his book and make it something beyond the commonplace story of a bandit, written for commonplace, illiterate readers. He would write it in the simplest language possible, using the idiom of the man himself; the average newspaper reader would find this to his taste, but would never suspect that he was reading an exercise in style and that the author was deliberately avoiding the use of literary English. Jones saw that he could, if he succeeded, please both himself and the average reader.

Besides, it came to him suddenly how he could make his book different. The commonplace way would be to start with Mannion's boyhood and work forward to the present. That was too easy and too dull. He'd start with him at the peak of his career, before he had ever been arrested at all; then from this point he could work both forward and backward, eventually, again if he succeeded, giving an effect of completeness and not sacrificing any of the interest.

Jones had slapped his forehead and cried, "I've got it! I've got it!" and the other clerks had stared and then laughed, thinking he was referring to the report in front of him.

Jones had finally realized that his qualms in regard to devoting his talents to the task of writing a life of a criminal were rather silly; that was the clerk and trimmer point of view. Better men than he had contributed to what was known as "rogue literature." Pretending to study the report in front of him intently, he had begun to enumerate to himself the more famous examples of that genre: Fielding's Jonathan Wild, Smollett's Roderick Random, and Quevedo's Pablo de Segovia; and there were Lazarillo de Tormes, Moll Flanders and Till Eulenspiegel; not to mention Gil Blas, The Satyricon, and the best of them all, Baroja's The Struggle for Life. Warming up, he had gone on, but looking up he had seen Seaver standing in front of him, staring at him.

"Ah," Seaver had said, "sleeping with your eyes open. That's a talent I didn't know you had, Jones."

The clerks had laughed. But Jones had abruptly replied:

"I'm not sleeping. Far from it."

Seaver, sensing the contempt in Jones' voice, had later mentioned the episode to J. G. But J. G. had yelled:

"Don't bother me with trivialities," and then had groaned.

Seaver had felt the solid ground giving under him. What had happened to all of them in a few short days!

WHEN Jones opened the door of his room, he saw Mannion in his shirt sleeves, pacing the floor like a caged animal. As soon as Jones had closed the door, Mannion sprang across the room, grabbed him by the coat collar and began to shake him as a terrier shakes a rat. Jones was terrified and held himself rigid, making no attempt to struggle or fight back. He was overwhelmed by the hatred and malice emanating from Mannion, who went on shaking him for a moment, then threw him into a chair.

"What is this!" cried Mannion, his eyes blazing. "Trying to give me the run-around? It's damn' near six o'clock and here you are coming in like you was on the dot. I got a good mind to . . . Say, what's all them clippings about me doing here? Square that right off and then we'll argue about the rest. Make it good, too, or I'll take you apart like a clock."

Jones couldn't bring himself to speak for nearly a minute. Mannion stood there with his fists on his hips, glaring; his whole body seemed to bristle with evil vitality, making Jones feel limp and useless. Jones began to understand why Mannion was so feared; he could diffuse a terrible atmosphere of impending murder. Jones wondered if there was a man alive who could stand up to him.

"WAIT a minute, Mannion. Hold on now," said Jones, still panting. "I'm sorry I was late. But we're mighty busy at the office right now. There's something up; I don't know just what; but the boss is turning the office upside down."

"So?" Mannion's face relaxed slightly. "Turning things upside down, eh? That boss of yours is a politician, ain't he?"

Jones stared.

"Why, yes. He's a sort of unofficial adviser to the governor."

"Sure. Well, there's an election coming, ain't there?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"Don't be dumb. Buddy, when a politician starts to dig around, there's only two answers: Gelt or an election."

"But I don't see . . ."

"Never mind. If you did see, you wouldn't be a clerk." Mannion smiled slightly and sat down. Jones relaxed and sighed with relief. "I didn't really think you'd rat. But you had me worried. Did I put this city on its ear or not? Damn' hick town. The cops here couldn't catch flies. Right under their noses, the chumps. What a headline, eh, boy? What a headline! Say, what about them clippings? A kid brung them and left them outside the door. I snatched them when nobody was looking."

"Well, you see," said Jones, "it got around that I was a writer, so a fellow named Healy looked me up and wanted me to write a life of you for serialization. He thought it would be a good stunt."

Mannion's smile broadened into a grin.

"Gonna do it?"

"Yes."

"Hot-cha! A life of Mrs. Mannion's boy Jake. Well, it will make good reading. I looked through them clippings. Some of it's not bad. Especially the stuff in the Brooklyn papers. Them boys came down to see me and I showed them a good time and gave them straight dope. You can use all that stuff. Except about the escape. It was all planted. I seen they was getting careless. So a pal of mine . . ." Mannion hesitated and looked at the floor. "You see," he said, "this side-kick of mine was all wool and a yard wide, but didn't some stool bump him! It's funny how the good guys always get killed off."

Jones remembered.

"You mean Bugs Martin."

Jones was terrified by the effect, in spite of the fact that he had been warned to anticipate it. Mannion leaped out of his chair and danced on his toes as if he were on steel springs. His face went white and his lips were drawn back in a snarl. Jones had read many times the word "ferocity." Now he learned what it meant.

"That's him!" cried Mannion. "They got him where I can't get at him. He's so yellow you could paint a house with

(Continued on page 54)

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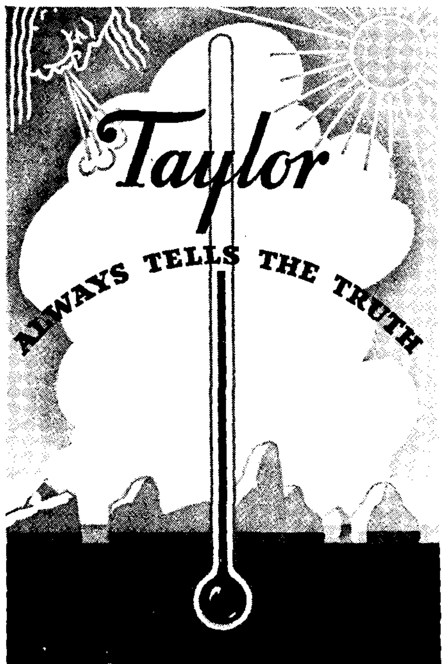

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(Continued from page 53)

him. Shot Sid in the back. Never give him no chance. Oh, well." Mannion calmed himself and sat down. "As I was saying, this side-kick of mine planted a frail with a rod."

"He what?"

"What's the matter—don't you understand English? You see, they was getting careless in the courtroom. At first they took me in there with irons on my legs. But I pretended I was sick and weak and pretty soon they let up. So Sid planted a . . . he give a gal a gun, see, and got her a seat in the courtroom. So one day I broke loose, grabbed the gun, and shot my way out. But I didn't get away in no traffic like they said. I just got behind a billboard." Mannion laughed and shook his head. "It was a cinch. I just laid there till it got dark, then I went over to a hangout in Pell Street. But, brother, that was the best lam I ever made till I broke the State Pen. That's a story I ain't ready to tell."

"DO YOU mind if I use all this?"

"No. Say, before I forget it; you sold me out today."

"I did?"

"Yeah. Why *didn't* you tell me it was cleaning day?"

"Good heavens! I forgot."

"He forgot. What a swell pal you'd make."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I locked myself in the clothes closet."

Jones smiled slightly.

"Didn't they try to open it?"

"No. You see, I figured on that. I left a note saying I'd put some valuable writing in there and was going to keep it locked. I signed your handle to it, see? Smart, eh?"

"Yes. But how did you know?"

"I heard 'em coming down the hall, chump. What a detective you'd make! Anyway, they was making so much noise a dummy would've caught on. One gal fell downstairs with a bucket of water. I laughed so hard I nearly tipped the works."

Jones laughed also.

"That was Nell. She trips over her own feet."

"Yeah. She and another dame cleaned this room and you should've heard the talk. Brother, it sizzled. They took the skin off of everybody in the joint, even you."

"Me?"

"Yeah. They said you was the most stuck-up john in the place. That give me a laugh, too. A guy could hear a lot of funny things if he could hide around like that. One night Sid and I was looking over a joint we was going to bust. That was before I was on the big time. It was a house out in the country and we was giving it the double-O. Swell house, you see. It was dark as the inside of your hat; not a light any place. So I whispers to Sid: 'Maybe we better crack this joint right now. It's dead as a doornail.' We was coming around from behind a big three-car garage, see? Well, right then we heard voices. At first we couldn't figure out where they was coming from. We didn't even breathe. Pretty soon we seen that one garage door was open and a couple was sitting in a car inside. Well, we never exactly got the straight of it; but it seemed like the gal was married and lived in this big joint and the guy with her was trying to get her to lam with him. He was putting on a swell spiel, but every once in a while this dame would chirp: 'But what would George say?' George must of been her husband. Well, we stood there and pretty soon I could feel Sid shaking. He was laughing, see? It got so I had to nearly choke him to keep him from busting right out. Finally the guy says: 'Honey, why should we worry about other people? We been doing that for five years! Let's lam.' The tommy didn't say nothing, so Sid chirps up: 'But what would George say?' My hair stood straight up. You never heard such a scramble in your life. They was falling over each other trying to get out of the jallopy. So I says to Sid: 'Let's strip 'em.' So we did."

Jones stared.

"Took their clothes off, you mean?"

Mannion held his head.

"No, no. We stripped 'em. Took their dough. You sure are slow on the uptake. What's the use of me telling you a story like that when you don't understand what I'm talking about?"

Jones said nothing.

"But here's the pay-off," said Mannion, grinning. "That guy had just three bucks and the dame didn't have nothing except a couple of nickels. Can you feature people like that with no dough? Look." Mannion reached into his pocket and took out a roll of bank notes five inches thick. "There's fifteen grand right there. That's the kind of dough to carry." Mannion stuffed the roll back into his pocket and got up.

Jones cleared his throat hastily and said:

"Mannion, are you in a hurry?"

"No. I'm just kind of—you know: nervous. I been sitting around here all day reading this and that, and that makes me nervous. Say, it's a wonder you wouldn't get some books a guy could read. I tried half the books in that bookcase over there and I never did find out what any of them was about. I like sea stories, you know. Stuff with action; he-man stuff. So I seen a book with an anchor on it so I begin to read it. It just went on and on with no talking in it, hardly, and pretty soon I went to sleep. If that's a sea story I'm a chorus man!"

JONES tried to keep from laughing but Mannion stared at him suspiciously.

"What's the joke? It was that book right there."

"Lord Jim."

"That's it. What's it about, anyway?"

"It would take too long to tell you."

Mannion stared.

"You mean I'm too dumb to understand it. All right. I'm dumb. But I got fifteen grand and you ain't got nothing."

"That's one way to look at it."

"There ain't no other way to look at it. What does every guy in this country want? Dough. What makes a guy a big shot in this country? Dough. Who *runs the country?* Guys with dough. What do they run it with? Dough. When a rich guy gets in a jam how does he get out? With dough. When a poor guy gets in a jam what does he do? Wishes he had dough. When you want the best criminal lawyer you can get what does it take? Dough. What are you writing a life of me for? Dough." Mannion sat down and began to bite his finger nails. "Brother, you can't tell me anything about it. My old man was a coal miner. You should have seen the joint we lived in. I been so hungry I stole the feed from the chickens next door. When the mines shut down we starved. All right, I says to myself, when you get big you ain't going to live like this. You're going to have dough. So I *did.* For six years I've never had less than ten grand. Brother, when I go after dough, I go after big dough. I nicked a bank in Kansas for seventy grand once. Course I had to split it but I got a nice hunk. That was before I'd ever done a year. I'd of got a whale of a sentence if I hadn't had thirty grand in my kit. I

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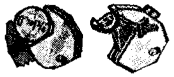

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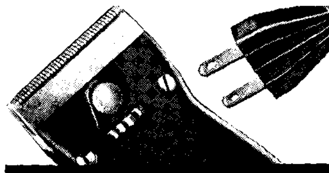

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got the best lawyer in the West. He made monkeys of them jurymen. We got two disagreements and finally I got off. Dough; that's the answer."

Mannion got up and began to pace up and down. Finally he turned to Jones:

"You're an educated guy. Tell me something. Are you superstitious?"

"No, I'm not."

"I'm not either. Every guy I know is. But I'm not. Even Sid was. Well, the last few days I've had a sort of feeling like I was going to get bumped. Ever feel that way? I mean, ever get an idea something's going to happen to you?"

"Yes. Many times. That's just nerves. It makes you feel low and your mind gets to working, trying to figure out why you feel so low. It's nothing."

"But I never felt that way before. Getting old, I guess. Say, I been looking through them stories of yours."

"Yes?"

"Well, you write just like them books I was trying to read."

"Thank you."

"No kidding. Are them books supposed to be good?"

"The best."

"Well, I'm glad I never went to school, then. Say, are you going to write my life like that? Long-winded and all?"

"No. I'm going to try to write it like you talk."

"Better fix the grammar up a little."

Jones laughed. He felt very much at ease with Mannion now. He was just a human being after all.

"Mannion," he said, "before you go I want to ask you something. It's kind of hard to find the right words. I'm going to start to work tonight and I want a little help."

"Me, I can't help you. Me, write? I can't even spell."

"I don't want you to write. I want you to tell me something. Haven't you got a philosophy of some kind, a sort of guiding principle, something like that?"

Mannion hesitated. "I don't get you."

"Well, something to live up to. A certain way of looking at things. Like: A short life and a merry one. Or: Get it while the getting's good. Or . . ."

"I get it. I get it. Like a motto or something. Well, I don't have no regular motto. But here's how I look at it: There's only two kinds of people in the world: right guys and wrong guys. My pal Sid was right. That low-down baby-killer, Bugs Martin, was wrong. There's only one way for a guy to be: right. No harm in bumping the other kind. Nearly all coppers are wrong. Nearly all politicians and lawyers are wrong. See what I mean?"

"No, I don't."

"Look. Say you was a pal of mine. Say you was broke and some copper come to you and said, 'If you turn Jake Mannion up I'll see that you get ten grand.' If you was wrong, you'd turn me up. That's simple."

"I'm beginning to see."

"Suppose the same copper said: 'We got the goods on you and if you don't rat we'll send you to the hot seat.' Well, if you did rat you'd be wrong, see?"

"So your motto is: Don't rat."

"Yes. They could cut my heart out and I wouldn't. One time out in the West, three cops give me a beating with a rubber hose, trying to make me rat. I just laughed at 'em. You see; I wouldn't have no self-respect if I had."

JONES started slightly but said nothing. Mannion paced the floor for a moment, then he went over to the closet and took out the suitcase.

"Well, Jonesy, old boy, I ought to be through tonight. Give me the passport. Thanks. Well, toodle-oo. You better make a good job of that life or I'll sue you." Mannion laughed.

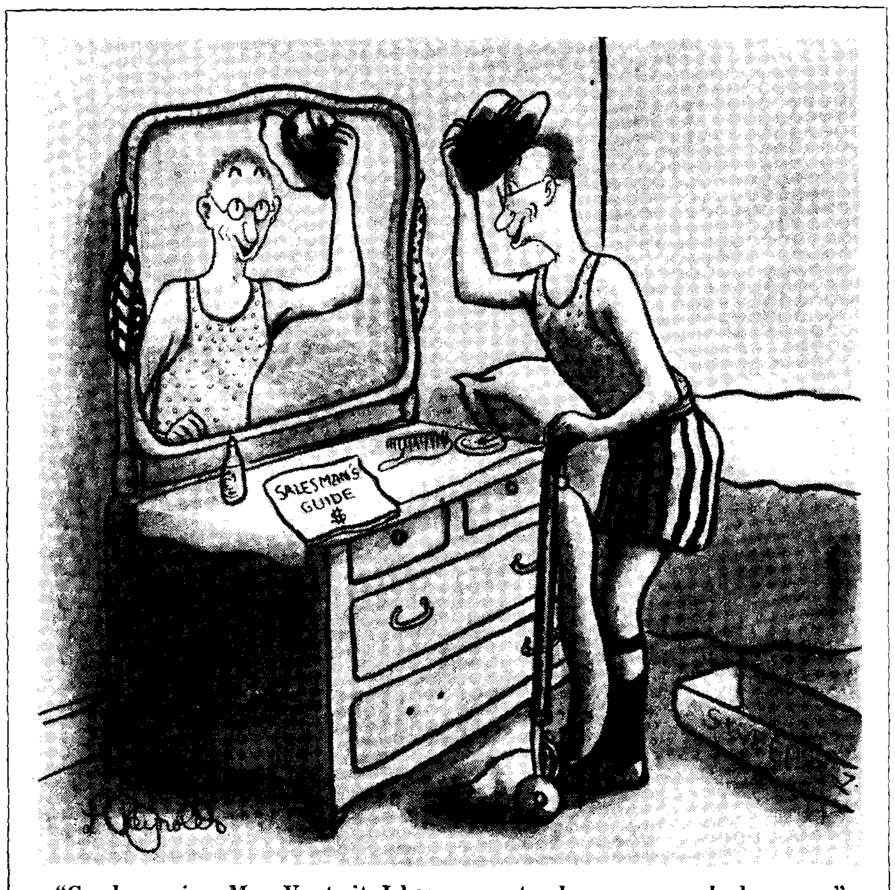
"Aren't you afraid you'll get picked up with those machine-guns?"

"I might. But a friend of mine is waiting right around the corner. It's a dame, see; and she's got a big car. Cops don't bother dames with expensive cars. Dough! Get it?"

Mannion went to the door and unlocked it, then he turned:

"If you want to use a picture of me, go see somebody at the Journal. The picture they got of me is the best one I ever seen. It makes me look kind of classy. Here I go."

(To be continued next week)



"Good morning, Mrs. Vantwit, I have come to chase your workaday cares"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

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THE "NEWEST SHOT IN GOLF"

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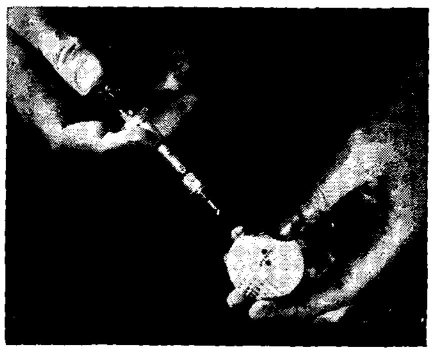

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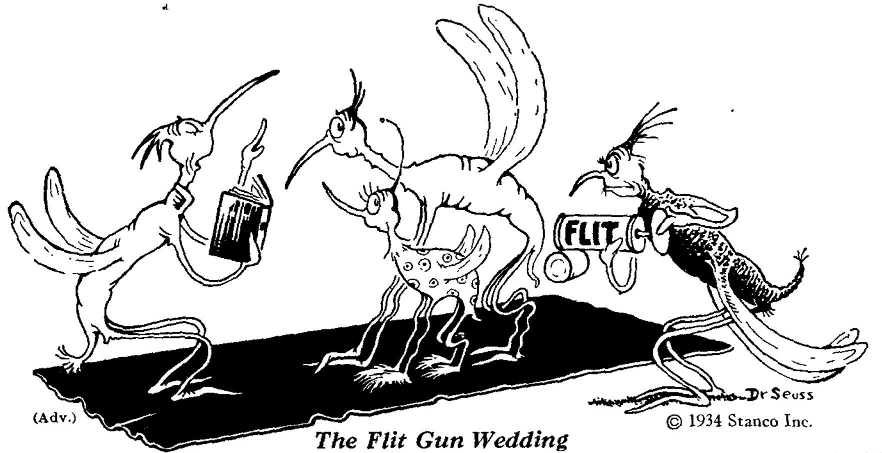

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The Flit Gun Wedding

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HAVE YOU SEEN "THE DOLLAR THAT KEEPS ON GROWING"? JUST PUBLISHED, SEND FOR YOUR COPY

The Other Hero

Continued from page 19

She had always been like that, he thought; more direct and candid than any other woman he knew.

"We had a good three years in the beginning. And then you got tired of being a rancher. The rodeo business crept in your blood and you had luck. For five years you've been nothing but a stranger boarding with us during the winter. The failure was mine—because there wasn't enough in me, or in the home I made for us, to keep you satisfied."

For that one moment he caught the off-guard expression in her eyes; it was something beyond pain and defeat, and it slashed him like a knife. He said: "Madge, suppose—"

"No. You had five years to decide, and you still want to roam. You weren't meant for a slow life. You'd be miserable. Nothing can hold you."

BUCK CRUSE stared at his heavy fingers.

"What do you want?"

"To be let alone."

He said: "Why isn't Honey in school this morning?"

"You have a right to see her before you go." Her hands went to the sewing, and he saw nothing but the auburn top of her head.

"All right," he said, and wheeled out of the door with his chin dropped, his reckless features thin. He didn't see anything till Henry Doran's calm voice arrested him.

Henry stood at the curb with Honey, a gold nugget on his watch chain glittering in the hard sun.

"I thought maybe you'd like to look at the horses," Doran suggested evenly. "It's only three quarters of an hour till your stage comes through."

"Sure," said Buck Cruse, his thoughts still back in the shop. Honey's fingers gripped his thumb and all three of them walked southward under the pressure of the day's heat. The air was tinder-dry, with the smell of tar in it again. Beyond, the rolling wheatlands were glaring yellow; a powder-colored haze wiped out the horizons. They turned down an alley to a series of corrals, in one of which dust rolled up like fire smoke.

Buck Cruse climbed the sides of the corral, lifting Honey. Henry Doran, following up, pointed to the milling horses inside.

"I've been trying to clean the wild stuff out of the foothills. Is any of this any good?"

Buck Cruse's face lightened, became keen and lively. Then his eyes turned to an adjacent corral in which a raw roan began pitching around a snubbing post. He got down, Honey on his shoulders, and crossed to this other corral where a thin, little puncher was at the moment climbing into the roan's saddle.

The little man jammed his feet in the stirrups and released the snub rope, and the roan whistled out of his wide nostrils and bucked away. The little man spread-eagled through the bright air—and dropped with a grunt. The roan stopped bucking.

Cruse's glance clung to the roan. He said, very softly: "That's a horse."

Henry Doran, standing on the ground, strangely repeated what the little man had already said. "He's never been ridden out, Buck."

"No?" said Buck Cruse, smoothly drawling. He measured the roan with a long glance, and then he got down with Honey and they walked away from the corrals, leaving Doran and the puncher behind; they went along the street, past the dressmaking shop, out of the town's northern limit.

Honey said: "You could ride him, couldn't you, Daddy?" But he wasn't listening, so she repeated it.

He said finally: "Nobody knows. Nobody knows much of anything." And seeing Honey's flushed cheeks, he picked her up and turned back.

"But you'll be home tonight," said Honey.

He said: "When you grow up, be like your mother."

A long echo squalled through town and Buck Cruse turned to watch a yellow stage roll to a stop at the hotel porch, across the way. The smell of gas spread unpleasantly through the hot, expanding air. Buck Cruse lowered Honey from his shoulders and teetered on the edge of the sidewalk, the quick angles of his reckless face deep and sharp. "You had better get your lunch."

"All right," said Honey, and reached for his hand.

He shook his head. "I have to eat at the hotel, because of some business."

Honey's eyes, again shadowed by wonder, searched him. Buck Cruse sucked in a heavy breath, let it out. "I'll see you later," he said, and watched her go. She had a way of carrying her head that was like Madge's—the same accent of sureness there. At the doorway of the shop she turned to wave back. Buck crossed the street in sudden long strides.

Henry Doran, after Cruse had gone from the corrals, spoke to the little puncher who stood by. "Think he could ride the roan?"

The little man cast up an oblique glance.

"Never was a horse that couldn't be rode—or a rider that couldn't be throwed. I ain't so sure."

Doran went to the street and for a moment watched Cruse and his daughter strolling side by side under the hard sunlight. Then he turned into the dressmaking shop. Madge Cruse sat with a piece of work in her lap, but she hadn't, he saw, been working at it. Her hands were idly folded, her body was slack against the chair's back. The flat expression of her eyes troubled him. He stood solidly, patiently before her.

"What do you want, Madge?"

"To be let alone."

"You're sure?" he insisted. "You're pretty sure?"

"Buck and I are not the same kind of people. It took us eight years to find that out. I couldn't stand the heartache of trying to patch up the impossible."

He removed his hat and rolled it between his two hands. The stage rolled by and stopped, the "put-put" of its exhaust ruffling the midday silence. Doran turned to look through the window; his chin lifted and after the stage went on he spoke again.

"He had to take that stage to reach Pendleton on time. But he didn't."

Madge Cruse's hands lifted and protested. "No," she said. "No."

HONEY came into the room, disappointment on her small and candid features. She smoothed the front of her rose-print dress and spoke her words carefully. "Daddy had to eat at the hotel. Because it was business. Mother, why does he keep his suitcase at the hotel?"

Henry Doran at once went from the shop. A man called out of Laing's store, saying, "Henry, will you stop here a moment?" But Doran walked on toward Cruse, who stood on the hotel porch and watched the departing stage.

"You didn't take it," said Doran gently.

Buck Cruse came about and when

Doran saw the man's face he dropped his own eyes. "No," said Cruse.

"I meant to drive to Pendleton in the morning," reflected Doran. "But if you change your mind I'd be glad to go this afternoon and take you. We'd have to start by three o'clock." He went on, not waiting for an answer.

Buck Cruse remained in his tracks, teeth clenching an unlighted cigar. Then he climbed slowly up to his room. At the window he paused, caught in his own heavy thinking. The school bell on the hill rang and Honey came from Madge's shop with a book under her arm. She took a few steps indecisively toward the hotel, and finally turned and disappeared down an alley, bound for the afternoon classes.

Cruse made an odd gesture with his arms.

"So I've had all the kindness coming to me—and there isn't any more."

He rubbed the sweat from his face, and turned hatless out of the place. He went swiftly across the street to Madge's shop; and when he saw her bent over that same piece of sewing regret sliced through him.

He said: "I didn't take the stage. There's nothing more I can say."

She wouldn't look up from her moving fingers. "You always live by impulse," she murmured. "Tomorrow morning you'll be sorry you stayed."

"Is that all?"

He had to bend his head to catch her answer. "That's all," she said.

"GOODBY," he muttered—and wheeled out. The heat struck him wickedly and he was at once more tired than at any other time in his memory. He saw Henry Doran come from the bank, and he turned toward the man, who pulled out his watch and soberly scanned it. "I'll bring my suitcases down," Buck Cruse said.

"So there's no chance for you?" asked Doran, immeasurably quiet.

"You can't change a mistake five years old."

Henry Doran launched his question, bluntly. "So what now?"

"The same old trail."

"I'm extremely sorry," Doran said. There was a long moment of silence. Henry Doran spoke again. "If that roan is a real bucker, I could sell it in Pendleton. I wish I knew—"

"We might as well find out before we go," suggested Cruse. And returned to the hotel. Doran went into the dressmaking shop. Madge Cruse looked up at him with a faint surprise.

"I don't believe you can forget," said Henry Doran. "There's too much you have shared together. If he goes, it won't be the hurt you'll remember. It will be the fine things you've lost and won't get back any more."

Madge Cruse bowed her head, and her answer was hard to hear: "I want to be let alone."

"Then why," demanded Henry Doran, gently insistent, "did you let him see Honey? It was a kindness—and why should you be kind?" He didn't wait for a reply. He left the shop, and passed down the nearest alley to the corrals. The little puncher sat on a rail and watched the roan with a drowsy, speculative interest.

Henry Doran said: "Put a saddle on him, Ben. I think I'm right."

"About the horse?"

"I wasn't thinking of that," murmured Henry Doran sadly.

BUCK CRUSE stood a moment inside the corral, the leather chaps making him seem longer than he was, the tightly cinched belt above his hips making him seem slimmer. He was, Henry Doran thought, the embodiment of all those restless, reckless qualities that stirred the world; he was one of those men who would always rise from the earth to look down and laugh at the dusty travels of lesser men. Nothing could hold him. Nothing but one slender, golden thread.

Cruse walked casually to the snubbing post, where the little puncher held the roan's head against the post's eyebolt. There was then a short, tight moment of suspense as he put one foot tentatively into a stirrup. The roan seemed to stretch and flatten; Cruse went into the saddle at one long spring, gripped the hackamore ribbons and called to the little puncher. When the puncher let go the holding rope, Buck Cruse's broad lips broke into a white, daring smile.

The man was a fighter; and the fight, while it lasted, was wonderful to see. Buck Cruse sat high against the burning light—a loose and lean figure superbly balancing to the hard, beating shocks of the horse. The wings of Cruse's chaps snapped like a gun's report. His hat came off. His feet moved forward and back, scratching the roan, and Henry Doran said to himself, coldly and dismally: "The man's master."

His eyes missed what happened next. The roan, turning violently on its hind feet, came down with a great lunge and whipped its body against the corral sides. The whole corral shook with that impact, and then the roan sprang aside —and Buck Cruse was lying in the dust, holding himself painfully off the earth with his stiffened elbows.

Henry Doran and the little puncher were in the corral at once, the little puncher diving for the roan's hackamore rope, Doran dropping beside Cruse.

"You're hurt."

"It's a good horse," said Cruse with a grinding calmness that haunted Henry Doran the rest of his life. "He broke my leg against the corral."

Henry Doran started to say, "Are you sure?" But he didn't, for he saw the pallor of pain creep across Cruse's lips. He rose and said, "Stay here," to the little puncher, and vaulted the corral's side. He walked back down the alley to the street. Wheeling into the dressmaking shop, he stiffly regulated his voice: "Your husband was scraped off my roan horse. He's hurt."

THIS was something else he knew he'd never forget. Madge rose from her chair, and the material fell from her lap. She was instantly white—so white that her dark eyes seemed suddenly to burn. Saying nothing at all, she ran past him into the street. Henry Doran followed, turned left, and stopped beneath a second-story window, voice at once harsh and irritable. "Doc—hurry down here." And he waited until a man's bald head came out of the window. "Go to my corrals, Doc," said Henry Doran. He started back into the alley—and then withdrew and stepped into the dressmaking shop.

"Of course," he said to himself. "You can't erase eight years of life by just sayin' goodby. She went to him. And he'll clip his own wings and they'll go back to that ranch." He wasn't bitter; he was indescribably sad. Some men got fame, and some got happiness. Some got both and some got neither. Life was a gamble and, win or lose, there could be no crying.

A little later, Honey, coming into the shop, found him standing there in front of a blank wall, his broad shoulders lax and his arms straight down. She said: "I have decided to call the dolly Marian instead of Gretchen. Isn't that nice?"

Henry Doran turned and lifted Honey up to the level of his patient eyes. He said: "It would have been a wonderful thing to have had a girl like you, Honey. I'll miss you when you're gone. Once in a while think of me, who would liked to have been your dad."

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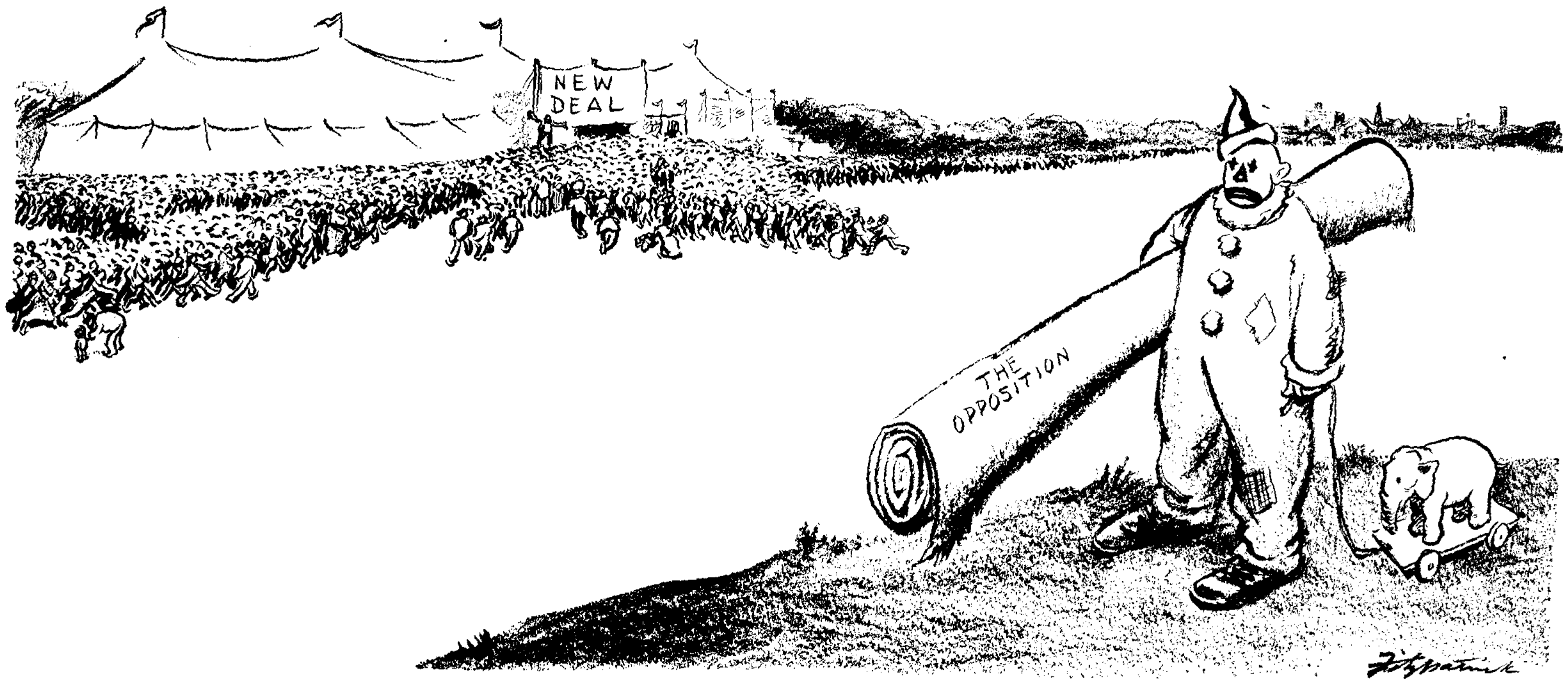


All Opposed—Say Something

THE congressional opposition to the Roosevelt administration is weak in numbers and weaker still in argument. So popular polls show now a greater measure of approval for the President's program than was indicated by the huge vote which elected him.

This is an amazing development unparalleled in our history. Woodrow Wilson faced a strong party opposition even in the midst of a World War. Theodore Roosevelt had to run the gamut of a critical Congress from the very beginning of his administration. Franklin D. Roosevelt in contrast has been subject to no restraint from congressional or outside party opposition.

Obviously this state of affairs cannot and will not continue. Everybody admits that our kind of government works best with an effective party opposition.

A Congress made up of "yes men" is not useful to the country or even to the Administration. Without an intelligent and articulate opposition, governmental policy is not subjected to that critical scrutiny essential to considerate lawmaking.

Up to now the loudest critic of the Administration in Congress has been Senator Arthur Robinson of Indiana. Better opposition must be found if it is to be taken seriously by the American people. Senator Robinson made himself conspicuous through tremendous trifles, as by rebuking the Senate for inviting the British Ambassador to accept its courtesy, by attempting to link the Roosevelt administration with the intrigues of international bankers, by various shoddy efforts to foment class and sectional prejudice and by raking over the coals of dead issues.

Senator Robinson was renominated by Indiana Republicans merely because his opponents could agree on no other candidate. The platform adopted for him contained only things about which to talk and nothing for action. Return to the gold standard, legislation productive of a parity in prices between what the farmer buys and sells, and opposition to the Roosevelt economy program were important items.

Obviously opposition cannot be founded on so flimsy a foundation. We have already returned to the gold standard. The Administration long ago adopted policies intended to lift agricultural prices to the level of industrial prices. Some program sounder and more popular than attacks on governmental economy will have to be found if public support is to be won by critics of the Administration.

The declaration of policy adopted by the Republican National Committee at the Chicago meeting which elected Henry P. Fletcher national chairman avoided the cheapness and silliness of the Robinson oratory but it made too few sharp distinctions. The Republican National Committee came out against unlimited inflation and against the extension of the powers of the federal government.

The Committee favored a free press, free speech and a free radio. It favored an economic system based on individual initiative and free competition, checked, however, by government regulations. It approved the Constitution. Democrats might and do say as much or more.

Intelligent Republican members of Congress, looking for guidance as to their future tactics, won't find much help in the Chicago statement of policy. No important differences in policy were defined.

The opposition must do more and better thinking if it is to devise a program which affords a genuine alternative to the policies now governing the country.

So far the most forceful criticism of the New Deal has come, not from a politician at all, but from Virgil Jordan, president of the National Industrial Conference Board. Spokesman of a conservative business group, Mr. Jordan had the courage to lay down a program in flat opposition to the policies of the Administration.

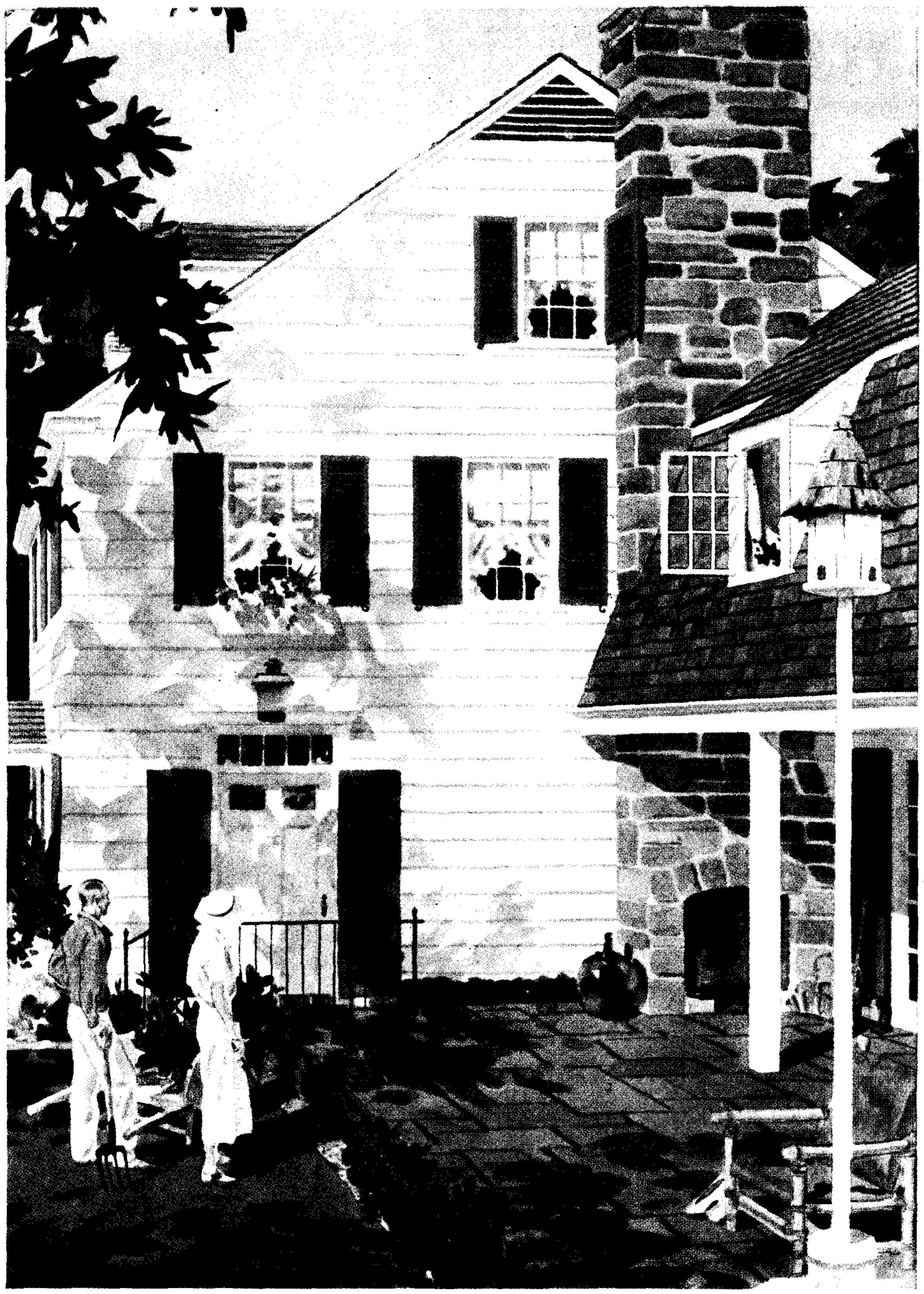
Mr. Jordan calls the New Deal public capitalism. He is against it. He admits that security may be obtained by the Roosevelt program but he thinks progress would be made slower by the heavy hand of governmental control. His argument comes down to our old friend, rugged individualism, but nobody has argued the conservative side more forcefully.

It is too bad to have to rely upon business men outside politics and a minority of dissident Democrats in Congress for any criticism of the Administrative program. Senator Glass, veteran Virginia senator, was the only important opponent of the Administration's fiscal policies. Senator Harry Byrd has been the chief critic of the agricultural program. As Democrats, however, Glass and Byrd are necessarily restrained in their opposition.

What we really need is a reorganization of our political parties. There are conservatives and liberals both on the Republican and Democratic sides of the halls of Congress. Liberal Republicans support Mr. Roosevelt. Conservative Democrats are hostile to his ideas. Their own factional differences have so far prevented Republicans from offering effective opposition.

If our two-party system is to survive, the parties must stand for principles which can be recognized and understood by voters. Today the country knows what the President seeks to accomplish. We do not know what alternatives his scattered critics offer.

This won't continue. Either the Republicans will consolidate their forces and agree on a policy or some new party of opposition will arise. Such things have happened before in this country. The Republican party arose because the Whigs could not make up their minds concerning the issues of the 1850's. This might be a warning to those who are now confused. The American voter wants a reason for his vote and if the old-time politician is short of arguments the newcomer will be supported.



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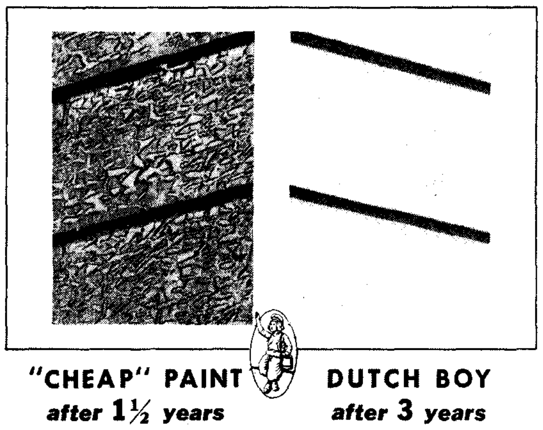

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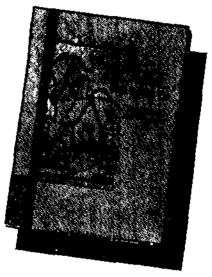

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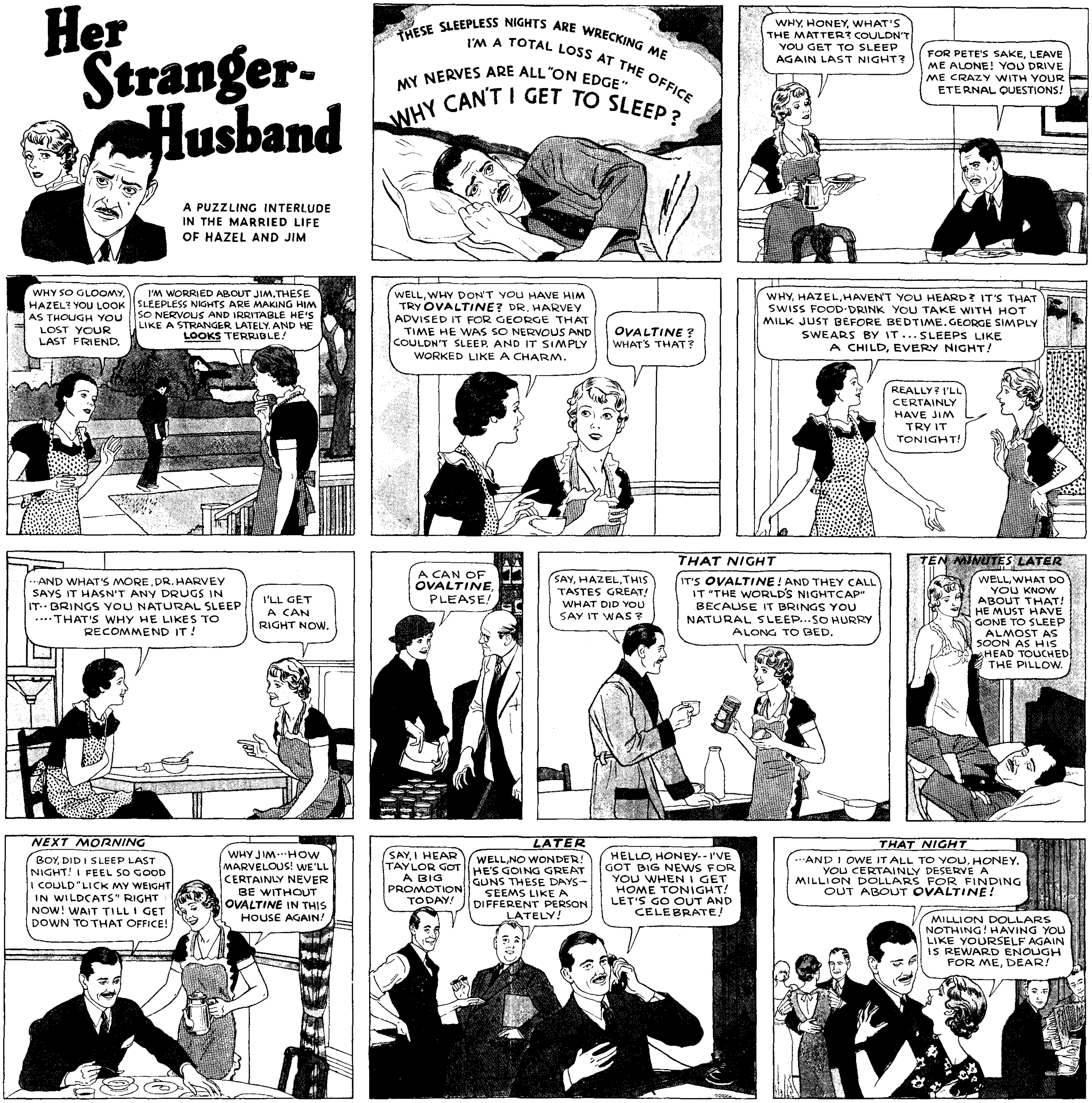
Good Paint's Other Name


Her Stranger-Husband
A PUZZLING INTERLUDE IN THE MARRIED LIFE OF HAZEL AND JIM
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WHY, HONEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER? COULDN'T YOU GET TO SLEEP AGAIN LAST NIGHT?
FOR PETE'S SAKE, LEAVE ME ALONE! YOU DRIVE ME CRAZY WITH YOUR ETERNAL QUESTIONS!
WHY SO GLOOMY, HAZEL? YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU LOST YOUR LAST FRIEND.
I'M WORRIED ABOUT JIM. THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS ARE MAKING HIM SO NERVOUS AND IRRITABLE HE'S LIKE A STRANGER LATELY. AND HE LOOKS TERRIBLE!
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE HIM TRY OVALTINE? DR. HARVEY ADVISED IT FOR GEORGE THAT TIME HE WAS SO NERVOUS AND COULDN'T SLEEP. AND IT SIMPLY WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
WHY, HAZEL, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? IT'S THAT SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE WITH HOT MILK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME. GEORGE SIMPLY SWEARS BY IT ... SLEEPS LIKE A CHILD, EVERY NIGHT!
REALLY? I'LL CERTAINLY HAVE JIM TRY IT TONIGHT!
... AND WHAT'S MORE, DR. HARVEY SAYS IT HASN'T ANY DRUGS IN IT .. BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP .... THAT'S WHY HE LIKES TO RECOMMEND IT!
I'LL GET A CAN RIGHT NOW.
A CAN OF OVALTINE, PLEASE!
THAT NIGHT
SAY, HAZEL, THIS TASTES GREAT! WHAT DID YOU SAY IT WAS?
IT'S OVALTINE! AND THEY CALL IT "THE WORLD'S NIGHTCAP" BECAUSE IT BRINGS YOU NATURAL SLEEP ... SO HURRY ALONG TO BED.
TEN MINUTES LATER
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT! HE MUST HAVE GONE TO SLEEP ALMOST AS SOON AS HIS HEAD TOUCHED THE PILLOW.
NEXT MORNING
BOY, DID I SLEEP LAST NIGHT! I FEEL SO GOOD I COULD "LICK MY WEIGHT IN WILDCATS" RIGHT NOW! WAIT TILL I GET DOWN TO THAT OFFICE!
WHY JIM ... HOW MARVELOUS! WE'LL CERTAINLY NEVER BE WITHOUT OVALTINE IN THIS HOUSE AGAIN!
LATER
SAY, I HEAR TAYLOR GOT A BIG PROMOTION TODAY!
WELL, NO WONDER! HE'S GOING GREAT GUNS THESE DAYS — SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON LATELY!
HELLO, HONEY -- I'VE GOT BIG NEWS FOR YOU WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT! LET'S GO OUT AND CELEBRATE!
THAT NIGHT
... AND I OWE IT ALL TO YOU, HONEY. YOU CERTAINLY DESERVE A MILLION DOLLARS FOR FINDING OUT ABOUT OVALTINE!
MILLION DOLLARS NOTHING! HAVING YOU LIKE YOURSELF AGAIN IS REWARD ENOUGH FOR ME, DEAR!

What Ovaltine Is . .
and How It Acts!

OVALTINE is a delicious pure food concentrate approved by 20,000 physicians and used in 54 different countries today. You simply take it mixed with hot milk just before going to bed. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow.

In the morning, you awaken clear-eyed, refreshed – nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with new vitality and energy to last you throughout the day. For this remarkable food-drink does *more* than bring sleep at night. It also acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body cells while you are fast asleep. Thus helping to maintain nerve poise – and multiplying your ability to recover from fatigue.

So remarkable are the results accredited to Ovaltine that, during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. Thousands of nervous people, men and women, use it regularly to restore vitality when fatigued. And it is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, under-developed children – and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.

Get a can of Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store today. Or mail the coupon at the right for a trial supply.

SEND THIS IN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW MARVELOUS OVALTINE REALLY IS.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY TEST

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 7-C
180 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Print name and address clearly)
Address..
City..State..................
(One package to a person)

1067

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula